THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A FAWCETT PUBLICATION DECEMBER 1968 60¢

# TRUE

The Hated Draft—
Who Dodges It Now?
How Do They Do It?

Air Traffic Jams
Hold Your Life
In The Balance

Martin Luther King's
Final Christmas Sermon

Can You Lie
Your Way Into
A Better Job?

1969
SKI
FASHIONS
FOR
HOLIDAY FUN

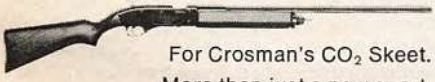
# 1969 Dodge Charger. How do you improve on the Success Car of the Year? Just look.

A 343% sales increase last year, and we're not through yet. Still five-passengers big, new Charger is a little more trim, more shapely. Even a new model: Charger Special Edition, fitted with splashes of leather and wood-grained luxury. New 1969 Charger. The family-sized sports car. A beautiful success. Again.

# This Christmas, shoot off your trap.

If you want the same old gifts—the too-big sweater, the too-small slippers, the too-too ties—keep mum.

But, if you're ready to swing into the new year with the most exciting new sport, now is the time to start hinting. Strongly.



For Crosman's $CO_2$ Skeet.

More than just a new sport, Crosman has designed an entirely new $CO_2$ gas shotgun. Not a firearm, but a real shotgun using "power without powder."

It's a full size shotgun, too. Shoots standard No. 8 shot from Crosman $CO_2$ Shotshells. The load of over 55 lead-chilled shot produces a pattern of about 14" at 40 ft.

The $CO_2$ Skeet system includes breakaway targets, that are quickly reassembled and used over and over again. A specially-designed trap includes a remote foot release to permit individual shooting.

The complete system contains the Trapmaster $CO_2$ Shotgun, 100 shotshells, 10 $CO_2$ Powerlets, 25 reusable targets, and the new skeet trap. The entire system sells for less than $90.00. An extra Trapmaster? Less than $50.00.

**Other gift suggestions:**

**Powermaster 760.**

BB and .177 cal. Pellet Air Rifle. The most popular BB and pellet gun in the world. Genuine hardwood stock, solid steel barrel. About $22.00.

**M-1 Carbine.**

Internal magazine loads up to 22 BBs. Clip stores 180 more. Slide action provides easy cocking. Heavy duty steel barrel, adjustable military sights. Sells for less than $20.00.

**Pellmaster 700 and 707.**

The Pellmaster 700 shoots .22 cal. pellets. The Pellmaster 707 shoots .177 cal. pellets and BBs. One Crosman $CO_2$ Powerlet provides 45 to 50 uniform shots. Either sells for less than $27.00.

**Mark I and Mark II Target Pistols.**

For shooting .22 pellets, or .177 pellets and BBs. The most accurate pistols Crosman has ever made. About $26.95.

**Model 38-C. Combat "38" $CO_2$ Pellgun Revolver.**

Here's a pistol that offers single and double action and revolving cylinder. Holds six .22 cal. Crosman Super Pells. About $34.50.

**The Fun Guns from Crosman**

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Crosman Arms (Canada) Ltd. Ontario

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**New York, N.Y. 10036**

## PRISON FARE

Concerning James Phelan's statement, "They were fed a diet that made a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp look good," in *The Prison Scandal That Won't Stay Buried* (October TRUE), it had to be hogwash or slop!

*—James O. Bennett*
*Ex-Jap POW, 3½ years*
*Wynne, Ark.*

Y'all got any more stories about them pore ole mistreated prison boys? I mean, it was real horrifyin' to hear about murderers and rapists set to guardin' other murderers and rapists. Course, it's comfortin' to know most of them will be gettin' out, at least till some brutal policeman catches the 79 percent who will end up in the pokey again.

Let folks know what else they can do for them boys. I mean, besides the things folks been doin' like raising daughters for them to rape, sons for them to murder, making money for them to steal, and paying taxes for policemen, judges and juries, food and shelter and, of course, lawyers to advise them about their rights.

Yessir! Y'all just gotta run more stories about them pore ole boys in southern prisons. (They got to be in the South, you understand; them stories about Cook County Jail in Illinois cain't be true. Ever'body knows you don't have substandard prisons, cruel guards, prejudice or segregation up there where the good guys live.)

*—Victor E. Turner*
*Fayetteville, N. C.*

## UNITED PACK RATS

Referring to an article in your August issue (*Why I Am A Pack Rat*), reader Jack Lajoi suggested in your October *Truely Yours* columns that the "Pack Rats" should form an association.

Please tell him that one has already been formed. The group originally started in Daytona Beach and now has members in Daytona, Syracuse, New York, Washington, D. C. and Boston.

See what you started.

*—Fred A. More*
*Ormond Beach, Fla.*

## STRANGER THAN STRANGE BUT TRUE

John DuBarry's *Strange But True* in the September issue says that "Alexander Hamilton joined fellow students at Columbia—then King's College—in driving their Tory college president off the campus and out of the country." This is an unfortunate impugnment of the character of Mr. Hamilton.

According to local legend, at least as popularized by Dr. Dwight C. Miner, Columbia's expert on Columbia's history, things were different. Hamilton, though politically opposed to Myles Cooper, Tory president of Columbia, made a valiant speech to the threatening mob on the night of May 10, 1775, counseling moderation. President Cooper, who was hard of hearing, was awakened to see Hamilton speaking heatedly to an angry mob. The president, assuming that Hamilton was urging the worst, leaned out of the window in his nightshirt and shouted to the crowd, "Pay no attention to him!" They didn't.

Despite Hamilton's elocutionary talents, the mob charged, although not before President Cooper had slipped out the back door. He was rowed out to a British warship in the harbor and left for England, never to return.

*—Dan Carlinsky*
*Director of College Relations*
*Columbia College, Columbia University*
*New York, N. Y.*

In your September *Strange But True*, you made reference to an Indian emperor Akbar who played live parcheesi in the 16th century. It might interest your readers to know that as far back as 1408 the Sultan Mahomed played live chess in Granada, Spain, according to the *Dictionary of Modern Chess*, by Byrne J. Horton.

*—Roger E. Britt, Jr.*
*Elizabethtown, N. C.*

## PHONY TROPHY HUNTERS

The points you mention in the September issue about deceit and fraud in the taking and displaying of big-game trophies, are quite interesting.

I am glad that somebody had the guts to come out and say it. There are too many hunting camps where the guide or one of the party members shoots the deer for everyone and then the hunting camp owner claims 100 percent success for his parties. I know of many cases where a hunter goes to the Adirondacks for a weekend and, if he does not get a deer, buys one for $50 or $100.

*—John W. Marsman*
*Adv. Man., Savage Arms*
*Westfield, Mass.*

## PIG TALES

I was intrigued by the article *My Permanent Piglet* in the September issue. I will vouch for every claim you made, because of the experiences we had with our pet pig, Billy McKinley. My father was an ardent admirer of the then President and did not hesitate to name his beloved pig for him.

Billy had black hair and a light pinkish skin, which showed between the bristles. He was never dirty in his life. He had the run of the yard and the house as he grew up.

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He was the best watchdog in the world and nobody came to our house unannounced, day or night. He was delighted when anyone would play the organ. He grew to be nearly 200 pounds.

The day we butchered him, my stepmother cried and played the organ so as not to hear anything of his last agony.

*—Robert L. Ringer*
*Cambria, Calif.*

Run more articles like *My Permanent Piglet,* which I spotted in a doctor's waiting room, and I, too, will become a subscriber. I promptly bought a copy out of the grocery money, and the family enjoyed the story thoroughly.

What's more, I tried the tummy-scratching trick on my own "Pygmalion," and he stopped eating and became dreamy-eyed. To my surprise, he started to lean to one side, then lay down and continued munching his ear of corn in that position. 'Twas the highlight of my day, thanks to Robert Gannon's cleverly written article.

*—Mrs. Richard Mahley*
*Shelbyville, Ind.*

**SPY STORY**

It may soothe those who died at Ypres and Gallipoli and the Somme to know they made the world safe for Maclean, Burgess and Philby—fagdom and foppery. . . .

And the Philby saga (August TRUE) doesn't harm the image of our much-maligned CIA, either. The upstart Yankee spies recognized a traitor well ahead of their "sister" services in clubby old London.

Anybody for some new allies?

*—Bill R. Davidson*
*Prescott, Ariz.*

**DRUNK DRIVERS**

After reading Roy Bongartz's article, *Wake Up America! It's Time To Stop Drunk Drivers From Killing,* in the September issue, I must congratulate you and Mr. Bongartz for this very pertinent and informative presentation.

This is of particular interest since presently a group is seeking to establish liquor stores in our city. With your permission we are going to reprint this article for distribution among some of our citizens so they will have these facts in hand before making their final decision.

*—Clyde Tucker*
*High Point, N. C.*

Your article on drunk driving was most interesting to me, particularly the comments on the British system of testing the alcohol level of suspect drivers.

I was in England and Scotland on a busi-

[*Continued on page* 8]

# The Working Ball.

Brunswick balls work for pin money.

They're alive and lively. They pick up more pins.
Frame in and frame out. All the way down the line.

At Brunswick, we make a variety of bowling balls—all with one thing in common. They're "working" balls.
That's why more bowlers bowl Brunswick than any other ball.

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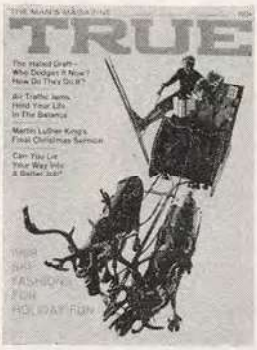
SEE THEM AT YOUR BRUNSWICK PRO DEALER

# this is true

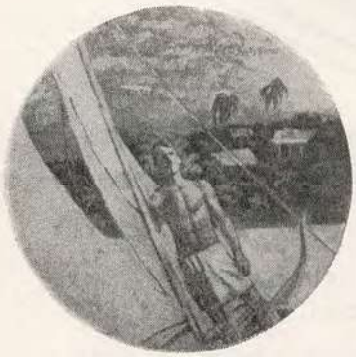



REINDEER, YES; SNOW, NO

**Just in case you are possessed of a suspicious and doubting mind** and think those aren't real reindeer on our cover this month, be reassured: they are as real as Christmas. These two critters are named (yes, Virginia) Prancer and Dasher and they were rented from owner John Zumstein of Star Rock, Redmond, Oregon. This cover, along with the ski fashions on pages 70 through 75, was shot at 5,000-feet altitude on the slopes of Mt. Hood last July 30. Our crew had traveled 3,000 miles cross-country to find snow—and, indeed, they found it, but by the time three models, photographer Terry Stevenson, fashion editor Mike Bonavita, several assistants and Prancer and Dasher had finished tramping around in it, the snow was so thoroughly mucked up that we had to silhouette the picture. We like it better this way anyway.

GUNS CAN BE FUN

**We have always believed there were at least two sides to the gun arguments** which have raged in the U.S. since the assassinations. This, of course, is a view which pleases nobody. Where zealots are concerned, either you're with them or you're a bum. Well, we don't happen to think that the future of the Republic depends upon the Minutemen's right to stockpile machine guns any more than we think every firearm is a creation of the devil. A case in point is a September weekend we spent in the Pennsylvania Poconos with our son Chuck, age 12. The occasion was a Winchester-Western seminar for fathers and sons. Many of the kids present had never fired a shotgun before in their lives. The same for some of the dads. By Sunday afternoon, after several thousand rounds of ammunition were expended, one lesson seemed clear: the camaraderie of shooting skeet, trap and ring-necked pheasants in father-son teams had closed up the generation gap tight as a handshake. Youngsters (like ours) were trudging in from the field with dead birds in hand and a somehow wiser look in their eyes. If hunting and shooting is one way to accomplish such good works, then hooray for guns we say.



SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

**And while we're about it, let's give a cheer for adventure, too,** and for adventurers like young Mark Richmond whose tale of the South Seas appears on page 48 herewith. Adventure has always been an important ingredient in this magazine, but more important, we think, it has always been a welcome quality in men and in societies. It is synonymous with courage. The man who dares face the unknown in a small boat on the open sea is the kind of man who can be counted on to face other perils—whether they are a sheriff's cattle prods in Alabama or imprisonment in North Viet Nam—and face them without loss of cool. We see a lot of adventurers here at TRUE—both amateurs and professionals. They come to us with schemes for 'round-the-world journeys, for marathon swims, for balloon ascents and—invariably—with plans for raising the liner *Andrea Doria*. Perhaps this quest for excitement is called doing your thing. Whatever name you give it, we hope the spirit of adventure is imperishable.

Charles N. Barnard

6313. Composed and performed by Simon and Garfunkel

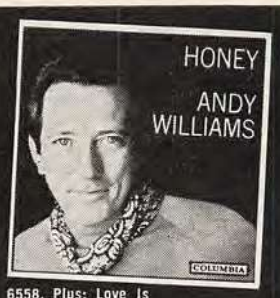
6152. Comedian's Galop, Anitra's Dance, etc.

6489. Plus: Up And At It, Georgia On My Mind, 10 in all

5944. Plus: The End, Soul Kitchen, Back Door Man, etc.

6343. Also: I Say A Little Prayer, Walk On By, etc.

6480. Includes: Honey, The Mighty Quinn, Lady Madonna, etc.



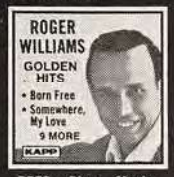

6558. Plus: Love Is Blue; Windy; Up, Up And Away; etc.

6093. Also: House Of The Risin' Sun, The Letter, etc.

6420. Also: Happy Talk, Falling In Love Again, Holiday, etc.

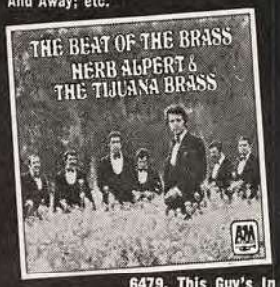
6550. Program taken from performances at Carnegie Hall

6509. Plus: The Look Of Love, Love Is Blue, 11 in all

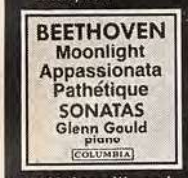



5553. Plus: Maria, Moon River, Yesterday, Dominique, etc.

6606. Plus: The World We Knew, Michelle, The Last Waltz, etc.

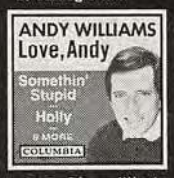



6479. This Guy's In Love With You, Panama, Cabaret, etc.




5883. A sensitive and illuminating performance.

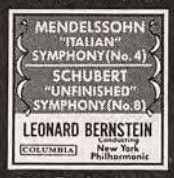
6511. Plus: I'll Get By, Love Is Blue, The Look Of Love, etc.



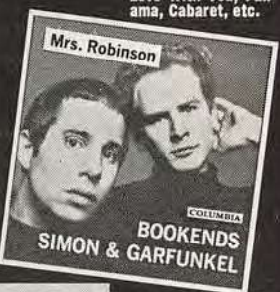

5787. Plus: What Now My Love, The Look Of Love, etc.

6367. Also: Distant Drums, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, etc.

5896. Stout-Hearted Men, When Sunny Gets Blue, Lover Man, etc.




5964. Top drawer performances of favorite standard symphonies




6366. Includes: 'Old Friends, At The Zoo, Fakin' It, etc.

6762. Plus Do You Know The Way To San Jose, Honey, etc.

6415. Plus: The Long Black Veil, Cocaine Blues, The Wall, etc.

3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.

2639. "The best musical score of '65." —Am. Record Guide

6599. Plus: This Is My Beloved, Fan The Flame, Cindy, 12 in all

6876. Includes: Ball And Chain, Summertime, etc.

6340. Also: Like A Lover, The Look Of Love, Roda, etc.

6278. Plus: Going To A Go Go, Come On Do The Jerk, etc.

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**SEND ME THESE 6 TAPES (fill in numbers)**

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Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

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ADDRESS .....

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J. H., Vice President—Oil Company

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE DECEMBER 1968

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*'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.*
BYRON

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# truely yours

[*Continued from page 3*]

ness trip this year and could see at firsthand the effect of this approach on my friends and business associates.

As you probably know, much of the real business in England was generally conducted in the boardroom, which in most cases is equipped with a bar. This resulted in some damn good business being transacted, but also resulted in some pretty tight executives going home from the boardroom meetings.

This has all changed as a result of the "Test."

Men do their business now during office hours, and are really fearful of getting in their cars if they have been drinking.

*—R. J. Harvey*
*Wooster, Ohio*

. . . I live across the street from a lot where wrecked autos are pulled in from such accidents, and the sights are not nearly so bad as when the blood of one or more teen-agers covers these cars.

I think every adult and teen-age driver in the country should read this article and *truly wake up*. Keep up the good work.

*—Warner H. Hileman*
*Anna, Ill.*

## SECOND-GUESSERS

Your October cover of TRUE really smells!

*—John I. Gent, Jr.*
*Pensacola, Fla.*

What in blazes has happened to our magazine, and who is the idiot responsible for it? Ran—didn't walk—down to the basement to compare this issue to those of '67, '66 and '65 which I have saved. Ugh!

Get back to the better layout, format or whatever—quick!

*—R. H. Fanning*
*Washington, N. J.*

You can't imagine my disappointment when I saw the new model cars in this year's issue. Why can't you use real photos?

*—Michael Mercolin*
*St. Mary's, Calif.*

## OFF OUR TROLLEY

Regarding the *Man to Man* answer in the October issue, about the number of cities in the United States which have streetcars, allow me to add four additional ones to the five you mentioned (San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Newark, Boston and New Orleans).

There are trolleys operating in Cleveland (Shaker Heights Rapid Transit operates two lines between Cleveland and the suburbs of Shaker Heights and Moreland); in El Paso (the line in El Paso runs over the International Bridge to Juarez, Mexico, making it the only international trolley on the North American continent); in Fort Worth (ex-Washington, D.C., trolleys operate between Leonard's Department Store and a huge parking lot); and in Philadelphia (where there is the largest trolley system in North America, with two operating trolley companies).

*—Harold A. Smith*
*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## PRANKS THANKS

Thanks for *Caltech Fun House* in the September issue. Let's have more funny pieces like this. It reminded me of the words of JFK in relation to God, human folly and laughter. It's too bad that the high jinks of some students these days are either being destroyed or are being turned in the wrong directions. I wonder how many readers noticed that none of the Caltech kids' pranks harmed anyone?

*—Mrs. C. J. W.*
*Nazareth, Texas*

I have read with some interest the article, *Caltech's Fun House*, by Joseph E. Brown, in your September, 1968 issue, which purported to recount my association with some of the pranks mentioned. While it was one of the friendlier articles I have seen on the subject, I feel obliged to point out a number of errors.

First, I have never seen, talked to or communicated with Mr. Brown. The quotes which he attributes to me are entirely his own invention, and in most cases are not anywhere near to anything I would ever have said under the circumstances described. Mr. Brown apparently limited his research to reading the articles on display at the Caltech Student Activities Center and talking to the secretary.

Second, Mr. Brown neglects to point out that the main criterion of a Caltech prank is that it must do no damage, injure no one. From this it is obvious that, for example, the description of the exploding log is pretty farfetched. The incident did actually occur, but not at all in that form.

Finally, the section on the UFO, while correct with respect to general purpose, was grossly wrong on all the details. I did not organize the project, there was no radar reflector, etc.

*—Robert D. Parker*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

## FIREPOWER

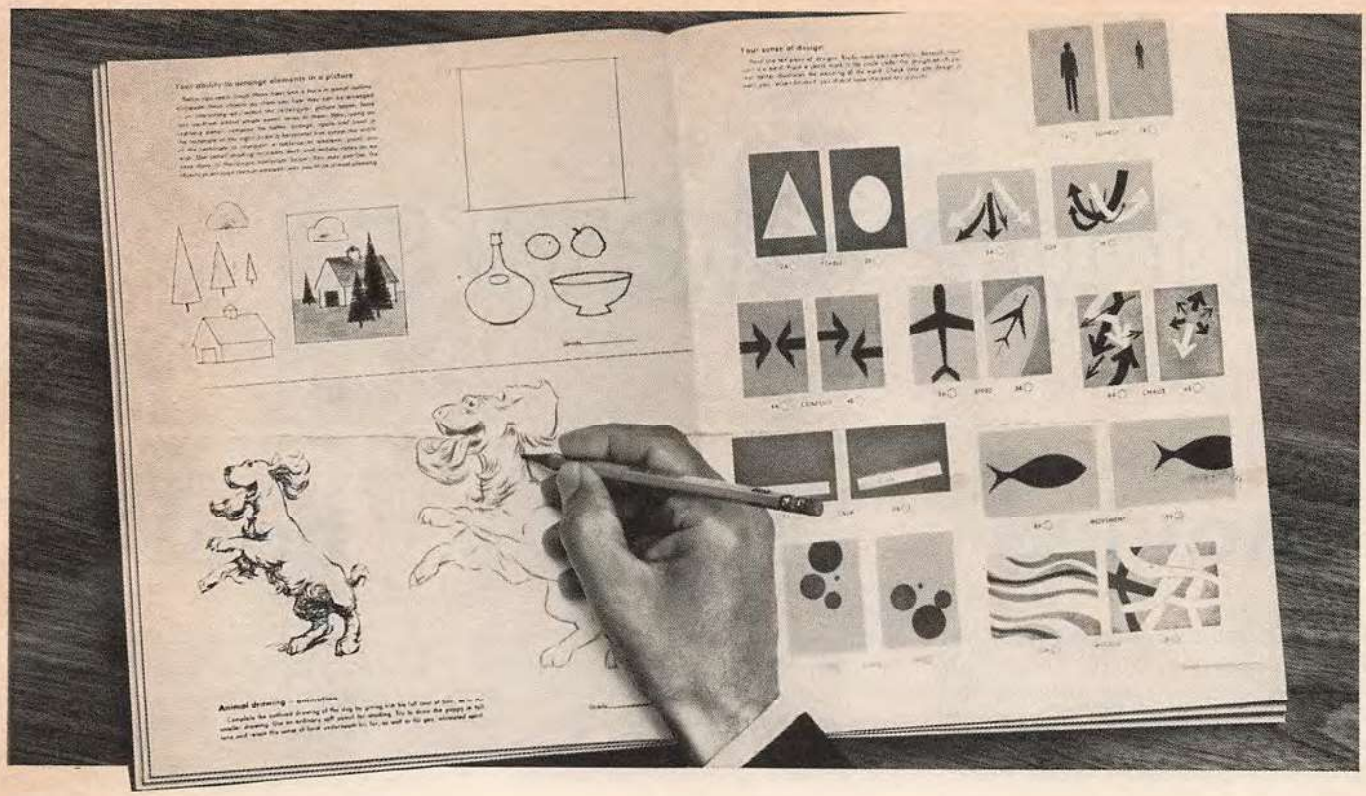
I just finished reading the short article and beautiful picture spread on the reconditioning of the battleship *New Jersey* (August TRUE). What was of interest to me more than anything else was the statement that all 64 of the 40mm. antiaircraft guns had been removed. Nothing was said about replacements.

During WW II, I was a sailor and remember the stories that were told of the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*, both battleships of the British navy, and how they were sunk within a two-hour period by dive bombers and torpedo planes in the South China Sea. No ship-to-ship combat was involved, just a quick demonstration of an old Billy Mitchell theory.

Does the U.S. Navy have a reason for the lack of antiaircraft guns on the *New Jersey* or is there something aboard this floating gun platform that they're not talking about?

*—SFC J. E. Begley*
*APO New York*

**The World War II 40mm.'s wouldn't be effective against jets. For antiaircraft protection, the *New Jersey* depends on supporting ships with missiles and air cover from carriers.**



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RING THE BELL on Archive.org

# trueviews: movies books records

## movies

YELLOW SUBMARINE. An animated movie featuring the Beatles. It's excellent. The art work is in a wild, avant-garde style and the humor is off-the-cuff, typical Beatles. The songs are mostly familiar, with a few new numbers. The plot, about the Beatles saving Pepper Land from the Blue Meanies, is just a vehicle for the music and the spectacular visual effects. Take the kids and enjoy.

*Leigh: free-loving hippie.*

I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS! Peter Sellers plays a square lawyer in Los Angeles. He's about to be married but when he gets to the altar, he runs away and becomes a happy, hilarious hippie. In the end, he rejects hairiness as well as conformity. The movie swings and Leigh Taylor-Young, free-loving and beautiful, helps it along.

A REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS. If you wonder what the Czechs think of Russian communism, see this brilliant movie, made and banned in Czechoslovakia. A group of picnickers is invited to a party. When they arrive, they are terrorized by other guests and intimidated by the host (who looks like Lenin). When at last they are utterly submissive, they are treated graciously. It's a horrifying and haunting metaphor.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. "Into the jaws of death . . . rode the 600," wrote Tennyson. A French general said, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." This muddled British movie succeeds in stripping away the magnificence of the foolish exploit; that is the film's only achievement. Its choppy Victorian drama makes it look like a 2½-hour trailer for an even bigger film. Trevor Howard, as the vain and stupid Lord Cardigan, gives the only outstanding performance.

FUNNY GIRL. Barbra Streisand makes her triumphant movie debut playing Fanny Brice, one of vaudeville's biggest stars, and immediately becomes one of Hollywood's. The story is familiar (chorus girl, on her way to stardom, loves and loses gambler), but extremely well done. The songs, including "People" and "My Man," are fine. Omar Sharif plays the gambler solidly.

THE LION IN WINTER. Late in the 12th century, Henry II, king of England, gathers his family to choose a successor to the throne from among his sons—a sodomite, a lout and a schemer. His verbal brawls with them, his queen, his mistress and the king of France are the substance of this eloquent, uproariously funny film. Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn are magnificent as the loving, vituperative monarchs.

COOGAN'S BLUFF. Clint Eastwood plays Coogan, a stubborn, arrogant deputy from Arizona who comes to New York to bring back a fugitive and sets the city on its ear with his rough-shod ways. Lee J. Cobb and Susan Clark try to blunt his rampage with little success. Tough and entertaining.

PAPER LION. A few years ago, writer George Plimpton tried out for quarterback of the Detroit Lions and wrote a good book about it. Now it's a movie, almost as good. Alan Alda plays George, and the Lions play themselves. As an inside view of football, it's terrific; as drama, it's just okay.

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES. Just after WW II, a soldier returns to his parents' home in New York. He is a man now, no longer a pawn in their battles, and this causes a crisis. From a series of minor moments of truth emerges a top-notch, moving drama; Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen are wonderful.

## books

THE SKI PEOPLE by Burton Hersh. In this brutal, realistic novel, a group of ruthlessly self-indulgent people battle for ego supremacy at a Vermont resort. An aging Austrian ski instructor is the focus. He is sexually involved with several females. Challenged by a young, up-and-coming skier, he breaks loose with a murderous gamble. *McGraw-Hill; $5.95.*

SEND DOWN A DOVE by Charles MacHardy. For most of its length, this World War II story is terrific—gritty and very gripping. In the end, however, it has no point or theme. It details the adventures of a British sub, its crew fighting not only Nazis but their captain. He is determined to get in one last lick before the war ends. *Coward-McCann; $5.95.*

THE MADONNA COMPLEX by Norman Bogner. In this long, impressive novel, the older man who falls in love with a younger woman is more to be pitied than laughed at. Because he treats her like a military objective, to be stormed and won, she resorts to guerrilla warfare. The resulting escalation ends in murder. A revealing map of love's byways. *Coward-McCann; $6.95.*

THE PORNOGRAPHERS by Akiyuki Nozaka. Two cheerful, humanistic pornographers in Japan are the bumbling heroes of this offbeat and funny tale. Their trials and tribulations, as they try to improve their product and branch out, are hilarious in a Laurel & Hardy kind of way. *Knopf; $5.95.*

THE OCCUPYING POWER by Gwyn Griffin. In the beginning of WW II, a British army group occupies an island in the Mediterranean. For five years, they run a hilarious, offbeat paradise (occasionally disrupted by the war), cheerfully going native until reality strikes with horrifying finality. This full-blooded tragicomic novel is a whale of a good story. *Putnam; $6.95.*

THE KILLER MOUNTAINS by Curt Gentry. The Superstition Mountains in Arizona hide the legendary Lost Dutchman Mine, supposed

site of fabulous treasure. At least 36 men have died there, and the man who found the mine (but not the gold) was almost added to the list. The true story of how he did it is exciting and suspenseful. *World; $5.50.*

THE MAN ON THE BALCONY by Maj Sjowall and Per Wahloo. In this mystery, Stockholm is a city terrorized by two criminals—a sex maniac and a vicious mugger. The mugger is a brilliant professional, and also the only person who might be able to identify the maniac—but he's impossible to catch. A first-rate detective story. *Pantheon; $4.50.*

# records

THE SINGLE MAN. Rod McKuen is one of the best-selling poets of all time and a very popular singer to boot. It's easy to see why: his singing and his songs have an ingenuous quality that's most appealing, as shown in "The Last of the Wine" and "In Passing" *RCA Victor.*

I KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE LONELY. As with olives, caviar and Greek wine, Morgana King's singing is a special taste. Her intense, stylized way with a song is beautiful to hear. "Feelin' Groovy," "Sunshine Superman" and "Didn't We" are especially fine. *MGM.*

CROWN OF CREATION. Jefferson Airplane, one of the best rock 'n' roll groups anywhere, is rather restrained on this album. However, it's still good, combining genuine musicianship with fairly trenchant lyrics. Catch "In Time" and "Triad." *RCA Victor.*

THE SECRET LIFE OF J. EDDY FINK. Janis Ian burst on the scene last year with a batch of songs generally considered too frank to be sung, let alone written, by a 15-year-old girl. Now she's back, blunter and better than before. Standouts: "Everybody Knows" and "Sweet Misery." *Verve.*

LATE AGAIN. And a dollar short; Peter, Paul & Mary's latest album is a disappointment—it's not all bad, but it's far from being their best. Many of the musical ideas are derivative, and the blues songs are pallid. *WB-7 Arts.*

WINDY. Astrud Gilberto, queen of the bossa nova, is branching out. Here she sings a batch of contemporary songs with upbeat arrangements. Her soft, sweet voice works best on "Never My Love" and "Where Are They Now." *Verve.*

SONG OF INNOCENCE. David Axelrod is a young composer-arranger. This is his most ambitious work: a seven-part rock suite based on themes from poet William Blake. Some of it sounds like a cross between Stan Kenton and the Beatles, but it's always interesting listening. *Capitol.*

ELLIS ISLAND. The Paupers is a new rock group, and a no-holds-barred fine one, too. Their only flaw (a small one) is their virtuosity. They perform in so many styles that they fuzz their image. It's mostly wild stuff, though; dig it. *Verve.*

DON SEBESKY & THE JAZZ-ROCK SYNDROME. This is the best exposition so far of a new musical hybrid: jazz-rock. A small orchestra barrels through 10 rock songs, leaving exhilaration in its wake. Best: "The Word" and "Big Mama Cass." *Verve.*

PETULA. That's Petula Clark, of course, a good girl singer who's getting better all the time. This bouquet includes her big hits, "Don't Give Up" and "Kiss Me Goodbye," and some bluesy pops like "Beautiful in the Rain." *WB-7 Arts.*

FATS IS BACK. An occasion for cheering among those who remember the funky, hard-driving style of Fats Domino. He pounds a piano as hard as ever, and still purrs out a lyric like a 500-pound tomcat. Here he spans the old and the new, including two Beatles songs: "Lady Madonna" and "Lovely Rita." *Reprise.*

LANA! Lovely Lana Cantrell is a most versatile singer—she can belt out a song or croon it sexily. Here she sings 10 good songs and one sticky mess ("Honey"). Highlights of this album are "Gentle on My Mind" and "For Me." *RCA Victor.*

ED AMES SINGS "APOLOGIZE." And well, too. His big voice soars on the title tune and "Born Free," but he scales it down without diminishing its effect on "Scarborough Fair" and "Elvira." Except for the gooey "Honey," it's all first-rate. *RCA Victor.*


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# man and his health

## IN AN EMERGENCY WILL ANY DOCTOR DO?

■ This winter many of you will find yourselves far from home, doing things in which the risk of accident is increased greatly above normal. Hunters out in the woods will shoot themselves or one another, fall off cliffs, cut themselves with knife or hatchet. Ice skaters will take their tumbles, and ice boaters will break up boats and crews with alarming regularity. And the largest number of accidents will happen on the snowy slopes among the nation's ski buffs.

Most winter sports areas are remote from big-town medical centers. If you suffer a spinal fracture on a ski slope, or dislocate an ankle or tear leg muscles, how do you get medical attention? Specifically, how do you get *good* medical attention and how do you know it's good?

You can't know for sure what kind of treatment is at hand—at least, not right away. Ironically, one of the safest places to be, medically speaking, is at the foot of an "expert" ski slope. Many orthopedic surgeons are ski nuts, and find it both pleasant and profitable to spend the winter at heavily patronized resorts where practice is as brisk and crackling as the air and the sound of snapping bones. These "orthopods" are mostly young men, and because of their special interest are usually extremely competent in treating unusual fractures. The slopes that send them business also generally have expert first-aid men on ski patrol.

First aid is important in any accident, whether on the ski slopes or in the woods. The foremost aim is to get you out as quickly as possible, without aggravating the injury. On a ski slope, patrolmen are trained to do this, and are equipped with splints, toboggan stretchers, bandages and blankets for the job. In a hunting accident, equipment may be much more meager. Every woods or field prowler should carry his own first-aid gear. Evacuation is another problem. It may be necessary to be helicoptered out of the woods.

But once the necessary emergency measures have been taken, it's almost certain that the first doctor who sees you will be a local practitioner. Consequently, there are some things you should bear in mind. It may be that the local physician has all the medical skills your condition requires. Some rural doctors are among the best doctors in the United States. But some do not have the necessary advanced training to handle complications. How do you tell?

If you have a sore throat with fever, or a minor injury, or cramps in the abdomen, or blood in the urine any local physician should be competent to do what is necessary until you can get home to your own doctor. But if your illness or injury is severe—to some extent, you have to be the judge of the severity—the rural physician will want to call in a specialist. His attitude about this is one of the best ways to judge his competence. If he insists that he can handle everything himself, including surgery—beware! A good doctor knows his limitations. For his own protection, let alone yours, he should welcome a second opinion. Don't worry about the cost—it's still cheaper than losing the use of a leg.

Suppose you're in Squeedunk Hospital under the care of this doctor who's a nice guy, but you don't know how good he is. You ask him some questions. If he answers straightforwardly, and even admits at some point, "I don't know," you should feel fairly confident. However, if you decide you want a consultation with a specialist, demand it. It's your right.

For most conditions other than injuries, you may need a specialist in internal medicine, an "internist"—not to be confused with an intern. An internist specializes in diagnosis and in the treatment of conditions that do not involve surgery, obstetrics or psychiatry. He is likely to be a member of the American College of Physicians, which means he takes refresher courses to keep up-to-date. You can trust the opinion of such a man, especially if it agrees with that of the first physician, without going further. But if they disagree or you're still dissatisfied, ask for a second consultation. Then quit. Anything beyond that would be "doctor shopping," which is as bad for your peace of mind as it is for your pocketbook.

Suppose you're lying broken-legged in a ski lodge a hundred miles from Walla Walla, and the friendly rural physician doesn't think you need a special surgeon. You think you do. How do you know who is right? Maybe you can't be sure, but you remember the friend who had a supposedly simple fracture of the left ankle, which a local practitioner set and put in a plaster cast. Everything seemed fine until, weeks later and hundreds of miles away, the cast came off and still your friend didn't regain full use of the ankle. Examination proved that besides the bone fracture, he had torn ligaments which should have been repaired promptly. You don't know that your case is like his, but it's better to be safe than sorry.

In such a situation time may be important, not so much for the bone fracture as for the ligament damage. What do you do? Phone ahead, then have yourself driven to the nearest medical center, hoping that it's hooked up with a medical

school. Even if it isn't, you may be almost as well off in a medical center run by a group of doctors or in private practice around a medical center. They not only help each other, but look over each other's shoulder, and are more likely to be up-to-date than a man practicing alone in the wilds. They're also more likely to have the specialized equipment necessary—X-ray machines, fluoroscopes, for example—and the staff to man it than is a lone practitioner. They may even have their own hospital facilities.

If there's no medical center nearby, you can always call your family doctor at home and get him to use his connections to find out which specialist you should see. Moreover, virtually every medical society in the United States—there are more than 3,000 of them, almost one to every county—has a referral service. Call the society and ask for the names of local specialists. Almost everywhere, you'll get three names. The societies aren't allowed to make a recommendation, but you can get enough information to guide you. If you prefer a more mature man to a younger doctor, you can ask the ages (or medical school graduation dates) of the three doctors named and what special societies they belong to. Not being a medical man yourself, you don't know just how these societies rate, but if a man is a member of three or four, one of which begins with "American College of ——," you can make a reasonable estimate of his ability. It's logical to assume that here is a man who's on his toes, who keeps up with developments in the profession, and is alert to patients' needs.

You have in your favor, in many popular hunting or skiing locales, network-style cooperative plans between doctors and hospitals set up to handle emergencies. Originally these "disaster plans" were started under the threat of nuclear war, but most have been adapted to handle emergencies from hunting or skiing injuries as well as from auto accidents. The idea is for the local practitioner to stabilize the injury—stop the bleeding, kill the pain temporarily, immobilize the fracture—then send you on to a facility and doctor who handle more complicated cases.

Whichever course you follow, don't be embarrassed if someone suggests that you're a crank to be so concerned about the quality of your care. Really good doctors are just as eager as you are to make sure that you get the best. It's the second-raters who try to soothe you with the nostrum, "Don't worry—just leave everything to me." There's a story about one man who had both legs broken in a chair-lift accident and was assured in a local hospital that he had nothing to worry about. Skeptical, he called friends in the city, and was soon in an ambulance on his way home, where skilled orthopedists concluded that if the friendly hospital's small-town treatment had been continued, he'd have been crippled for life. Now he's skiing again.

Perhaps you can never be absolutely sure that you're getting the best doctor or the best care—but you can do a lot to reduce the risk of getting inferior care. ■


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# man and his money

## THEY TAKES YOUR MONEY THEN THEY ONLY GIVES IT BACK

### BY JOHN QUIRT

■ Perhaps you are among the 15 million faithful. You made your payments religiously all year. A dollar a week, maybe five or 10. Now the money has been handed back: a check in a cheery red-and-green envelope with a Santa Claus on the cover. His jolly Yuletide reminder: *'Tis the season to commit yourself to another year of membership in the bank's Christmas Club.*

But take another look at the jolly Santa. Could it be that the laugh is on you? Does it make sense for you to join a Christmas Club?

Obviously the 15 million who joined such clubs this year consider it a good idea. Their number has doubled since about 1950, and there are no signs that the growth is slowing down. At one time, back in the 1940's, some bankers predicted that Christmas Clubs would grow less popular as the nation's affluence increased. The theory was that, as people accumulated more money, they'd rely less on formalized help in saving for Christmas. But the prediction was obviously wrong. Instead, the opposite seems to be the case: the wealthier the economy has become, the greater need people have apparently felt for this kind of assistance.

"It's hard to explain," admits one New York banker. "Maybe what we're seeing is something that might be called 'Christmas inflation.' As the nation gets richer, people seem to feel they're required to buy more expensive Christmas gifts than they used to. Twenty years ago you gave your wife a bottle of perfume. Now it's a fur coat. The average man's earnings growth may not have kept pace with this Christmas inflation, so he needs savings help more than he ever did."

The Christmas Club idea began in 1909 at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. A benevolent shoe manufacturer, concerned over the financial worries that seemed to clobber many of his employees every Christmas, went to the Carlisle Trust Company and asked whether some kind of systematic savings plan could be worked out. Merkel Landis, an officer of the bank, suggested a weekly payment system, and thus the first Christmas Club was born. Those early club members usually paid on an ascending scale: one cent the first week, two cents the second, and so on up to a year's total of $12.75. The Carlisle Trust Company (which has since been absorbed into another bank) paid 15 cents interest to each account for the year.

The idea has grown steadily in popularity ever since. Faithful club members are quick to sing the idea's praises, especially at this time of year. The savers are in the enviable position of having spare cash to spend on sleds, negligees and other holiday gifts at a time of year when many nonmembers are nearly broke.

Christmas Clubs work in various ways. Usually you kick in 50 cents to $20 a week—$2.50 is about average—for 50 weeks. Sometimes the money is withdrawn automatically from your checking account; with other plans you queue up each week at the teller's window with your funds and a book of 50 coupons, one for each payment. There may be some kind of penalty—a 25- or 50-cent fine—for missing a week's payment. It's a system of enforced saving for the December spending orgy.

Useful? Perhaps. But if your club is like a majority of the 10,000 or so in operation, it pays you no interest—*not a dime*—all year. Instead, the bank or loan association simply uses your money, perhaps profitably, then returns it and expects you to feel grateful.

Understandably, the idea has its critics. Why, they ask, should 15 million Americans be appreciative because their money has been borrowed interest-free for nearly a year? The deal seems distinctly one-sided, in favor of the banks. Consider what you get as a club member, the critics say: somebody invites you to fork over $2.50 a week for 11 months, threatens you with punishment if you fail to pay up, and offers to pay all your money back later with no interest. If your next-door neighbor or any other casual acquaintance offered you this peculiarly unattractive deal, the critics contend, you'd decline with thanks. But when a bank or other august loan-making institution makes the same offer, it gains respectability. Membership in a Christmas Club sounds like some kind of honor.

Public officials in several states are beginning to press for legislation to force payment of at least a small amount of interest. In New York, for example, where the clubs do a booming business, State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz held public hearings on the subject last January. He failed to get passage of a law that would have required interest but vowed to keep trying. Says Lefkowitz: "It is my firm opinion that . . . institutions holding the money of the public should pay interest on these accounts."

Similar pressure is being applied in other states, and not entirely without results. Partly because of it—and also because of increased competition for savings—a small but growing number of banks and loan associations now make interest payments voluntarily, usually one or two percent a year. This is more common in the West, but of late the trend has spread to the financially more conservative East as well.

Bankers, meanwhile, do not consider themselves miserly in this situation, even when they pay no interest at all. For one thing, they can argue, with support from Federal Reserve statistics, that the high cost of processing small weekly payments makes it uneconomic to pay interest. A company called "Christmas Club a Corporation," which organizes many of the clubs, advises bankers to pay no interest—and warns that they

may still lose money. They should be prepared to operate in the red indefinitely, the corporation says, to create goodwill and bring in potential customers for other bank services.

The corporation's executive vice-president, Robert Clarke, does not rule out the possibility of clubs earning a profit. Indeed, several claim privately that they do. But as Clarke explains, "Whether money is or is not lost depends mainly on the cost accounting system that is used. If you apply no overhead and say, for instance, the teller is there and the building is there, then maybe you come close to breaking even. But it is hard to see how the average bank can make a real profit on a club if normal overhead expense is taken into consideration."

Some banks and loan associations end with a small profit from club operations, some take a small loss, and some break about even. But few seem to make a killing on club accounts. Moreover, bankers can point to another reason why it is unfair to cast them as mercenary villains: as they themselves suggest, there is nothing to stop a club member from moving over to a different teller and opening a regular savings account which pays interest.

At that different teller's window the erstwhile Christmas Club member can deposit the same money and earn four to five percent interest on it. If his financial affairs get constricted at some point along the way and he can't come up with a payment, nobody will punish him. The only penalty will be the loss of interest on the skipped payment. At the end of the year he can draw out the money and go Christmas shopping with it exactly as though he were a club member.

The roughly $2 billion saved annually in Christmas Clubs, if deposited in regular accounts, would earn millions of dollars in interest. Critics regard this as a handsome gift from Christmas Clubbers to banks.

Bankers call it a payment, not a gift. They say they are providing—and should be compensated for providing—a psychologically valuable service. The weekly coupons, reminder letters and penalties for failing to complete payments are, they contend, all part of the carefully worked out and very necessary arrangement for keeping a member in line. He is treated—and often knows he is treated—much like a child requiring discipline. As one West Coast club member admitted: "If it weren't for having to take my coupon in each week I'd never make it. It becomes like a bill that either has to be paid or I get into trouble, and that's the way I have to have it."

A few bankers joke privately about how much more effective the program might be if club members who fall behind on payments could be tarred and feathered publicly. But they confess it is a rather sad joke, underscoring the indisputable fact that a craving to be forced to obey is part of the psychology.

Another part of the psychology concerns the way the money is retrieved at the end of the year. The club member withdraws his money and can spend it without any feeling of guilt. Says an official of Christmas Club a Corporation: "There are no conscious pangs about taking the money as there might be about closing a regular savings account. Once the last coupon has been turned in and it is time to receive the funds, there is the psychology of achieving a goal."

That, in effect, is the guts of the system—weekly payments and a goal. As one psychologist has described it: "Discipline plus a reward for behaving . . . the stick first, then the carrot." One can scoff at its simplicity and at the way it preys upon human frailties; but even the idea's detractors tend to concede that those who promote it know how to make people save.

Some students of banking believe that as the public gradually becomes more sophisticated in financial matters, the Christmas Club idea will lose some of its appeal. But there is little evidence so far to suggest that this is happening. Indeed, the scheme's success has prompted banks and loan associations to launch other, similar special-purpose savings clubs — vacation-money clubs, for example. So it is premature to write off the phenomenon as some sort of passing fad.

Should you join a Christmas Club? Many clubs are offering gifts this season to stimulate your interest and get you started. They give candles, usually, or a table cover. In some cases, a long-playing Christmas carole record is sold at a cut price.

Do you need candles or a carole record? Do you need any part of the Christmas Club idea? With a fair amount of self-discipline, you could come out ahead of this no-interest, forced-saving method. But if you feel your willpower is weak, the club system clearly can help you.

In effect, what a Christmas Club member does is to buy discipline. Note the word "buy." He doesn't get it for nothing. ■

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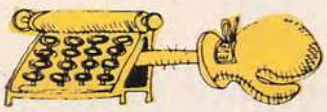
OPINION



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## EBENEZER SCROOGE — A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

### BY JEROME BEATTY, JR.

■ Since this is the month for charity and understanding, it's high time we pulled ourselves together and gave due credit to one of the most misunderstood personages of our era: Ebenezer Scrooge, the so-called villain of Charles Dickens's popular story, *A Christmas Carol*. Reviled for a century and a quarter, unable to clear his name, manipulated by special Yuletide interests, Scrooge has gone down in history as a monster exemplifying the worst in human nature.

As a monster, he is a myth. Let me rise to the defense of Scrooge's reputation. This fine gentleman showed traits that many of us would do well at least to tolerate, if not to emulate. A study of his character would do us a world of good.

The most famous charge against the London merchant is that he described Christmas as "humbug." Indeed he did, and his words have rung down through the years to show that he was ahead of his time. Back in the mid-19th century, when Dickens wrote about him, Scrooge saw the dangers of excessive celebration of the holiday, and was the first to call for a return to the true meaning of Christmas—a call we hear loudly today. (The old fellow not only had foresight, but was outspoken, a combination many people cannot abide.)

You must remember there were extenuating circumstances that caused him to blurt out his undying words, "Bah, humbug!" One was that he knew he had to give his clerk, Bob Cratchit, the day off. *Not* giving Christmas off was hardly a horrendous concept then, for it was not too much earlier that the Puritans of England and America had considered Christmas a frivolous thing and worked right through it. Scrooge went ahead and gave Bob the day off, anyway, so why all the shouting? As for Scrooge's supposed stinginess, he paid Cratchit 15 shillings a week, a not ungenerous salary for the times.

Another thing that got the old man's goat was when "two portly gentlemen" appeared at his office asking for money for the poor and destitute. "Are there no prisons?" Scrooge asks. "And the union workhouses, are they still in operation?" It was his sarcastic way of pointing out that since his taxes went to support the indigent, why should he contribute twice? I daresay there are many troubled people in 1968 who, approached again and again for donations, often wish they had the honesty of Ebenezer Scrooge. His attitude toward the welfare state would endear him to today's conservatives.

So far, then, we have the picture of a rather grumpy man of candor and insight. He's the sort of personality who is very funny on half-hour television shows, if I interpret canned laughter correctly, and I can envision a very high rating for a 13-week series entitled *Ebenezer*.

But what else do we know about the fellow? Well, his late partner, Jacob Marley, who had died seven years before the time of the story, made Scrooge his "sole executor, his sole administrator," leaving him everything. Dickens says that Scrooge was Marley's "sole mourner," too, all of which indicates that he was not only a man of honor but also a loyal friend, if he was the only one to show up at the funeral, as seems likely. Even after seven years, Scrooge's thoughts turn to his departed pal, for when he approaches his gloomy home that dark Christmas Eve, the door knocker seems to turn into Marley's face for a moment.

That's the kind of encounter to jolt most of us beyond recovery, but not our brave, sensible hero. He marches right into his quarters, lights a candle and searches the rooms for intruders. That takes guts. Later, as you well know from your familiarity with *A Christmas Carol*, a visitor does appear—the ghost of Marley. He walks through the closed door, whereupon Scrooge exhibits another remarkable quality: a sense of humor. He tells the apparition that he doesn't believe in ghosts and calls it "a slight disorder of the stomach."

"You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato," cracks the crusty chap, probably burping and patting his chest. (He has just come from a big meal in his favorite tavern, incidentally.) "There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are."

Marley, of course, convinces his surviving partner that Scrooge, too, will wander around the next world in chains if he doesn't improve his Yuletide image. He warns him that three ghosts will drop in, Christmas Past, Christmas Present and Christmas Yet to Come. When Ebenezer then hears that they'll arrive one at a time, he asks:

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?"

A man of action if there ever was one! Don't you have to admire him? After

[*Continued on page* 20]

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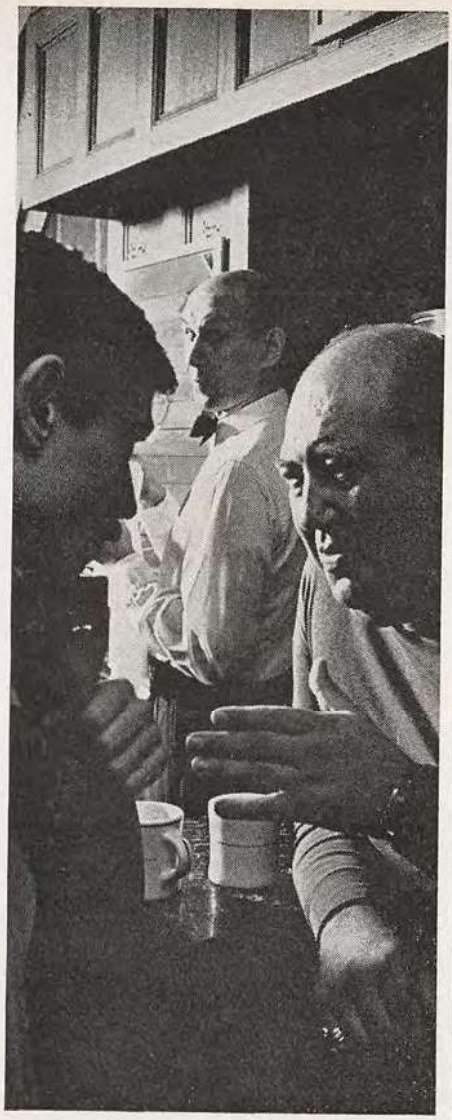

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[*Continued from page* 18]

Marley departs, Scrooge tucks himself in and falls asleep "upon the instant," according to Dickens. How about that for playing it Charlie Cool!

The ghosts take turns showing him the scenes of yore, of the present and of Christmas in the future. We learn much about the man, such as the fact that he loves to read good books—*Ali Baba, Robinson Crusoe*—and that as a boy he had to spend many a Christmas holiday at boarding school because his father was too miserably mean to let him come home. (That explains something, doesn't it?) But probably the most startling revelation about Scrooge is his love life. We are taken back to the painful scene when his loved one, Belle, is explaining to him why she is calling their relationship Splitsville. "The master passion, Gain, engrosses you," she declares to the young, ambitious businessman, and she breaks the engagement, to his apparent bewilderment. Here he was, struggling to make a success of himself so he could provide a comfortable life for her, and this smug girl comes up with a denunciation of both him and the profit system. No wonder he felt bitter for a long, long time. After all, she chose a Christmas Eve to give him her little lecture and to return the ring.

Rejected, the poor guy goes through life a lonely bachelor, forgetting his broken heart by plunging into the business world and by adopting his superficial, crotchety air, which everyone takes so seriously. Just beneath the surface, Ebenezer Scrooge is a sentimental, outgoing, gregarious, warm human being. There is much evidence of this as the Christmases Past, Present and Future whisk him around in time and place. At Bob Cratchit's family gathering we meet Tiny Tim (the original), the little lame boy. Scrooge's heart goes out, and he asks the Ghost if the lad will live. The answer is no, unless the future can be altered.

Scrooge breaks down, revealing to us his deep compassion for others. "Oh, no, kind Spirit!" he pleads. "Say he will be saved." Later, Scrooge shows his playful nature when he hovers over the Christmas Eve scene at his nephew's home. He watches youngsters and adults alike engaging in games such as blindman's buff, charades and other gaiety. He enjoys himself so much that he begs the ghost to let him remain longer.

So it goes throughout the night, incident after incident indicating the old man's true character. He wakes up in bed the next morning, knowing full well he has been dreaming—for he is above all a man of reason—yet his personality seems different. He has made his famous vow: "I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. . . ." Now he starts living up to his word with such acts as sending the Cratchits a huge turkey, donating money to the poor, attending church, raising his clerk's pay, becoming a second father to Tiny Tim—who therefore goes on to live a long, healthy life. In general, Scrooge sets an example of goodness that few of us could match.

There is only one explanation. To protect himself from the buffeting of the outside world, he had wrapped himself in a cantankerous mantle. He finally saw the futility of such an attitude, and overnight he transformed himself back to the generous, lovable human being he actually was. So let's pay our respects to Ebenezer Scrooge, a man for all seasons. Could any of you do better? ■

JEROME BEATTY, JR., FREE-LANCE WRITER AND CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF "SATURDAY REVIEW," DOES HIS DICKENS READING AND CHRISTMAS CELEBRATING ON CAPE COD. BETWEEN MAGAZINE ASSIGNMENTS, HE WRITES BOOKS, THE LATEST OF WHICH IS "ARCTIC ROVINGS: THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW BEDFORD BOY ON LAND AND SEA."

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# it happened in sports

BY RON SMITH

## A BLIND THROW HITS THE MARK

■ Back in the late 1940's the Philadelphia Eagles were pro football's version of World War II. Big, rugged and devastating, the Eagles steamrollered their opposition. They won three division titles and two world championships.

One reason was Tommy Thompson, the quarterback. As a runner, Thompson would have been an underdog in a foot race with a tree. His slowness afoot was a minor problem, however, compared with his vision: Thompson was blind in his left eye. For a passer, who needs a wide field of vision to spot all his receivers and depth perception to judge their distances, this was about as serious a handicap as you can get.

But Tommy was a winner. He knew how to make the big play at the right time—like one day against the New York Giants in 1947. The Eagles needed a win badly. Their lead was down to one game and the team wasn't playing well. The Giants were supposed to be pushovers, but it was Philadelphia that kept getting shoved around. New York led, 24-14, early in the second half.

On the sidelines, Eagles coach Greasy Neale decided the time had come for some action. He sent in a pass play. Jack Ferrante—Thompson's favorite receiver—was supposed to cut over the middle and head for the right corner of the end zone.

Ferrante made his move and raced for the corner while Thompson went back to pass. Ferrante kept running and Thompson kept looking. New York's defense was clawing away at Thompson. Tommy stepped back and nonchalantly heaved the ball toward the left corner of the end zone, his blind side.

Eagles halfback Ernie Steele was sprinting down the sidelines. He dashed under the ball, leaped high, and speared the pass for a touchdown. Thompson trotted off the field majestically.

It was just what the Eagles needed. The Giants folded up quietly and Philadelphia went on to win, 41-24, as it marched toward another championship.

In the locker room, Neale was pounding his passer on the back and complimenting him. "Great pass, Tommy," he kept saying. "But you were supposed to hit Ferrante. What went wrong?"

"He was covered," Tommy said, with a shrug. "I could hear a couple of Giants coming in from the side, so I decided to get rid of the ball. Guess I didn't throw it hard enough to get it out of bounds."

Neale was incredulous. "You mean," he said, "you didn't even see Steele over there?"

Now Thompson was incredulous. "Hell," he snorted, "you can't expect an old one-eyed guy like me to keep track of every pass chaser you send into the game."

Tommy Thompson usually spotted a way to win . . . even when he couldn't see it. ■

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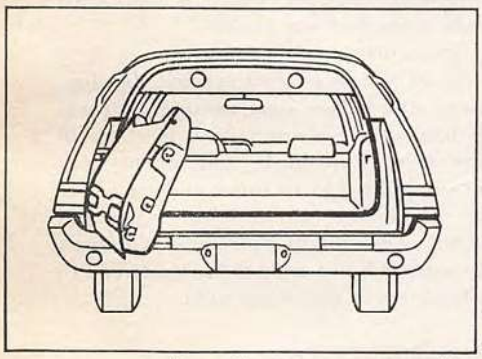

If they don't, we send in our engineers. They gave it the two-way tail gate. One handle opens it down for business. Or, turned the other way, opens it out for people.

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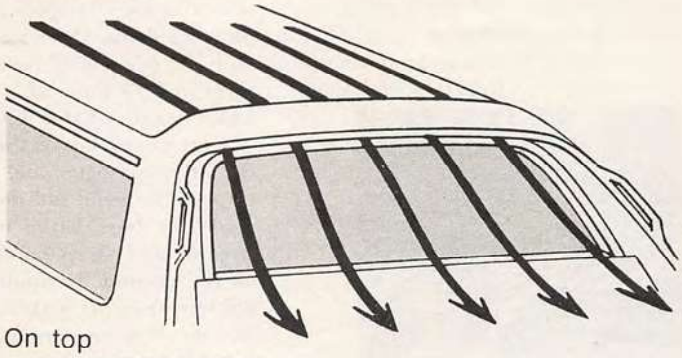

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# it's a man's world

## and here's a man's way of looking at it

### CHINESE CHECKMATE

It's been a rotten year for Mao Tse-tung, no doubt about it. First, he turned the Red Guards loose on the countryside and, spirited youths that they were, they ran amuck, caused a small civil war and set China back a couple of years. Then, being away from strict control in the cities, they discovered girls and were swept up in what one communist writer called "the evil wind of falling in love and early marriage," diverting them from the revolution.

Now Mao faces another antirevolutionary influence, a British journalist reports: a secretary from the French Embassy has begun wearing mini-skirts, and when she walks to work, she winds up leading a parade. After all, in a country where the women generally wear heavy-duty pajamas, eight inches of Gallic thigh is a novel and distracting sight, even to a fervent young communist.

Could it be that de Gaulle is secretly on our side?

### OLYMPIAN GRUB

**Red meat is supposedly the traditional grub that ferocious athletes feed on. But if meat was a mainstay of contestants at Mexico City, it's a vast change from the diet that put the Olympic Games on the map in the first place. A lot of contradictory things have been written about the diet of early Olympic athletes.**

**Dr. Allan J. Ryan of the department of physical education, University of Wisconsin, has probed into the eating habits of the first Olympians. A modern athlete who wants to duplicate their diet can do so easily, at risk of horrifying his coach. During training periods the early Olympians ate figs, cheese and bread, and drank milk or diluted wine. They didn't start meat-eating until the sixth century and then it was mainly the heavyweight boxers and wrestlers who went for it.**

**Some were prodigious trenchermen. The greatest hero of Greek sports was Milo of Crotona who won the wrestling crown in six Olympics and 28 crowns in other festivals. He is said to have stowed away 20 pounds of bread, 20 pounds of meat and 18 pints of wine in a day that knew naught of the W.C.T.U.**

**Critics complained that affluence made the athletes softer and called for a return to the good old days when trainers made the boys bathe in cold mountain streams and sleep on animal skins laid on the ground. In another way, too, the old Olympics set a standard that is gone forever. Women were not allowed to compete. They were not even allowed to watch.**

### THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING

*Last summer's single-handed transatlantic yacht race was supposedly won by Geoffrey Williams, in the* Sir Thomas Lipton. *But now it seems that he had a partner: he radioed to programmers of a KDF9 computer in London which programmed his course, using data on the boat's sailing characteristics and daily weather forecasts to give him the best route for the day. It's hardly "single-hand" and certainly not cricket.*

*It's no news that technocrats are taking a lot of joy out of life with their relentless pursuit of efficiency, but it is a surprise to see a sailor join in. Whatever happened to rugged individualism?*

### SON OF SWAMP GAS

Reactions to reports of flying saucers have varied widely, but one of the silliest was voiced in Argentina recently, where police flatly forbade anyone from talking about sightings of UFO's, threatening legal action against those who broke the rule. This was after two employees of a casino said they were stopped late at night by five small humanoids who held them for a while and took blood samples from their fingertips. Okay, so it sounds funny. Would you believe *three* small humanoids?

### MARVELOUS MONEY MACHINE

**Step up to a vending machine. Insert your coded key into a lock. Punch out your secret number on a push-button keyboard. Out spews a package of genuine money—provided you have a balance in your bank account, which is tapped by your secret key and number.**

**Just such a money machine is in a state of advanced engineering development, and before long we may find one in banks, so we won't have to stand in line to cash a check, and maybe even outside of banks or other centers where we can tap 'em at midnight or weekends when we're caught short and it doesn't do a damn bit of good to have a friend in a bank that's closed up tight.**

### BOWER POWER?

*They're rising up all over the Western world. Communists? Kids? No. Women. Taking their cue, perhaps, from their sons and daughters, they are picketing, protesting and striking. Mostly the complaints are focused on the "equal pay for equal work" theme, ignoring the facts that women are sometimes more expensive to train than men, that they rarely do* exactly *the same work (men generally handle the heavy part), and that the prospects of marriage and pregnancy make a woman's tenure uncertain.*

*But still they go on, in England, Wales, West Germany, Norway, Italy and New York, organizing with all the fervor they can muster, winning small concessions (the highly authoritative French dictionary,* Petit Larousse, *has changed the definition of "woman" from "companion of a man, or his wife" to "human being, of the female sex").*

*Perhaps the most subversive is Fiona Brown, in Wales. She is organizing a*

*(Continued on page 28)*

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# it's a man's world

*(Continued from page 26)*
*Women's Trade Union, including housewives, and her favorite form of protest is the Lysistrata strategy—refusing husbands their conjugal rights. Fie on you, Fiona!*

## BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS...

A serious crisis has arisen under the big top—there is a shortage of circus clowns these days. To alleviate the situation, Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey have established a "clown college" at their winter quarters in Venice, Florida. There is a clown shortage because kids don't run away to join the circus anymore.

As good as their solution may be, we have a better one, which occurred to us as we scanned the list of qualifications. A good clown must be able to juggle, take spills and come up smiling, do a lot of running, enjoy traveling, and be able to make people laugh. Well, right now there are a lot of people with those qualities in abundance, amply proven—ex-politicians. Why not get those clowns back to work?

## NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

*Twenty-two-year-old Gary Berkey of Goshen, Indiana, had a great job while it lasted. He went to bed last Christmas and never touched foot to the floor for seven months. When he finally got up, supported by a nurse, his knees were wobbly and the soles of his feet tender as a baby's. Otherwise he was in fine shape. So were two other healthy young men who bunked continuously from Christmas to September at the Public Health Service Hospital in San Francisco.*

*Absolute bed rest is fairly close to a state of weightlessness and these young men were guinea pigs in a study to determine what might happen to astronauts on long space flights. They were allowed to roll over in bed and shave themselves but not to sit up or take exercise of any kind. So what happened? Not much. They read a lot, listened to music, talked with visitors. One man played a guitar while lying on his back, an instance of virtuosity that could revitalize folk music. The men lost a little weight, ate well, slept less than usual—about six hours a night—and occasionally became irritable, like anybody else.*

*Medical tests showed that the men lost some calcium for a few weeks but then the loss decreased and never became serious. Astronauts evidently can cruise in space for months on end without getting flabby bones or anything worse than knee-wobbles. We conclude that a man who wants to get away from the rat race can go to bed and stay there for months without physical harm, and likely no detriment to the community. Just knowing this can give a fellow a tremendous lift at moments of desperation, such as when he happens to be reading the day's newspaper headlines.*

## SOUR BLADES

**News we wouldn't mention except from sense of duty: A lousy shave may result from fast corrosion of the razor blade edge caused by acids in your skin. The Shick people tell us that this can happen from eating a lot of tomatoes or oranges or acid comestibles. Or from belting down a few whisky sours. Well, in our opinion, blades are dirt cheap.**

## PLASTIC HOUSE

How'd you like to foam up a nice house for yourself in about six hours? It's not a wild idea. Patent applications have been filed for a novel construction system that may have carpenters, roofers, masons and lumbermen gnawing their fingernails to the quick.

Two men are all that are needed to operate a truck from which liquid epoxy resins are carried on an endless belt to a traveling mold of two steel plates hung from a truck boom. The resin foams inside the mold like a stein of beer, solidifies and is cured in 10 seconds. The stuff is deposited continuously to form walls, partitions and roof.

Developers figure that a building enclosing 1,000 square feet of space can be foamed in place for $3,800. If you think it's an impractical idea, argue with technologists of Purdue University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who worked it out.

## YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY...

*By any reasonable standard, divorce courts are not bastions of logic. This was proven once more in New York when a man was ordered to shell out $5,000 to investigate his own alleged infidelity.*

*The fellow had sued his wife for divorce, charging her with indiscretions on half a dozen different occasions; she promptly countersued, accused him of hanky-panky, and asked the judge for funds to check out her accusation. The judge generously complied. After all, it's the law, which hasn't changed since 1807, when Charles Dickens's Mr. Bumble issued his immortal words: "The law is a ass, a idiot."*

## THAT CONVENTION TOWN

With apparently no sense of irony, the Tourism Council of Greater Chicago has sent out a clutch of press releases extolling the city's virtues in what can only be called ambiguous terms. Some sample headlines:

City of hospitality offers a variety of attractions
Chicago is fun for children
Sight-seeing is easy in exciting Chicago
Go on a safari, or visit a jungle—all in Chicago

## DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

**England's first topless restaurant has closed for lack of business. The owner said it was because "Englishmen were too shy to eat here."**

**A folk-singing duo has rendered a movie star the ultimate accolade. They call themselves John & Wayne.**

**A biologist in Dundee, Scotland, has reported that female mosquitos, which do all the biting, have "internal clocks" that trigger the bloodsucking urge just after midnight and before dawn.**

**A psychologist from Wayne State University in Detroit conducted tests that showed what goes on during college lectures: At any given moment, 20 percent of both male and female students are thinking about sex.** **THE EDITORS**

# 1969 Buick GS 400.

You asked for an enthusiast's machine from Buick. It's happened.

The 1969 GS 400.

Those hood scoops are functional. They breathe. And beneath them breathes a 400 cubic inch, 340 hp V8. With a 10.25 to 1 compression ratio. And a 4-barrel quadrajet carburetor.

You get heavy-duty coil springs and a front stabilizer bar.

Inside, you discover a floor-mounted, 3-speed manual transmission. A 4-speed stick and a 3-speed automatic are also available to you.

You can order the Stage I GS 400 high-performance package that features a very enthusiastic high-lift camshaft and a 3.64 positraction rear axle. A super-tight rallye suspension with front and rear stabilizer bars is yours at modest extra cost.

You asked for something enthusiastic. You've got it.

The 1969 Buick GS 400.

**Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?**

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

flavor your fun with winston
Winston tastes good...
like a cigarette should!
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER CIGARETTES
FULL-RICH TOBACCO FLAVOR
© 1968 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

# HELL NO, THEY WON'T GO!

*At the risk of jail, some young Americans burn their draft cards, or hide out or leave the country. But others play it cool and slip quietly through loopholes in the law*

**BY LARRY L. KING**
PHOTOGRAPHED BY OWEN BUTLER

TURN PAGE

*You can beat the draft by taking up chicken farming...*

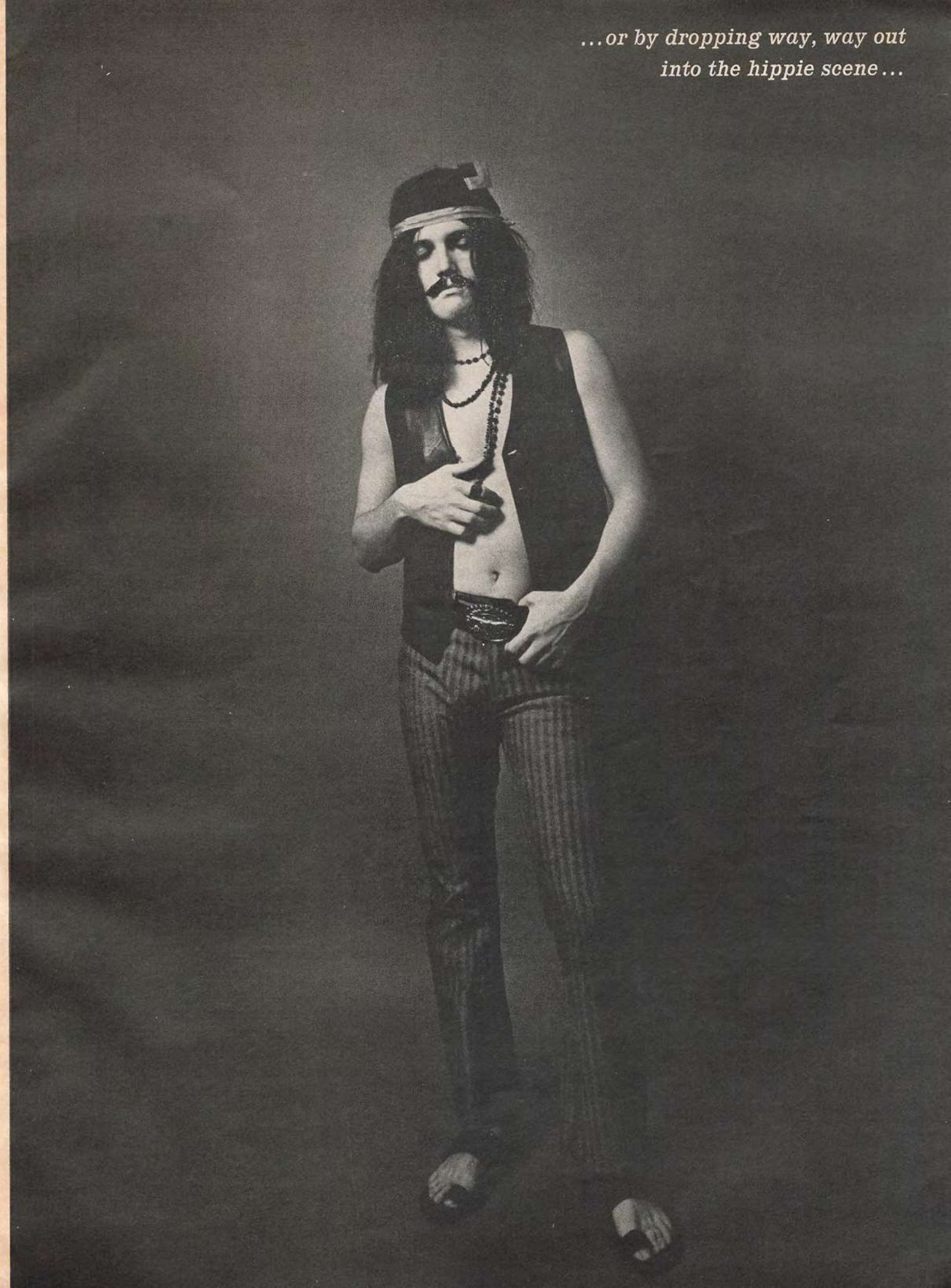
■ Though it is not flattering to American history to say so, not all of this nation's sons have always rushed to bear arms in its defense. There were even reports from Valley Forge of half-frozen militiamen sacrificing toes to their muskets.

The exact number of draft-eligible young men now ducking duty's call is in dispute. Almost everyone agrees, however, that draft resistance today is more prevalent than at any time within the last 100 years. Department of Justice authorities report that some 58,000 "violations of Selective Service laws" (ranging from minor technicalities to the refusal of induction) were recorded in fiscal 1967. This year's total is expected to climb even higher.

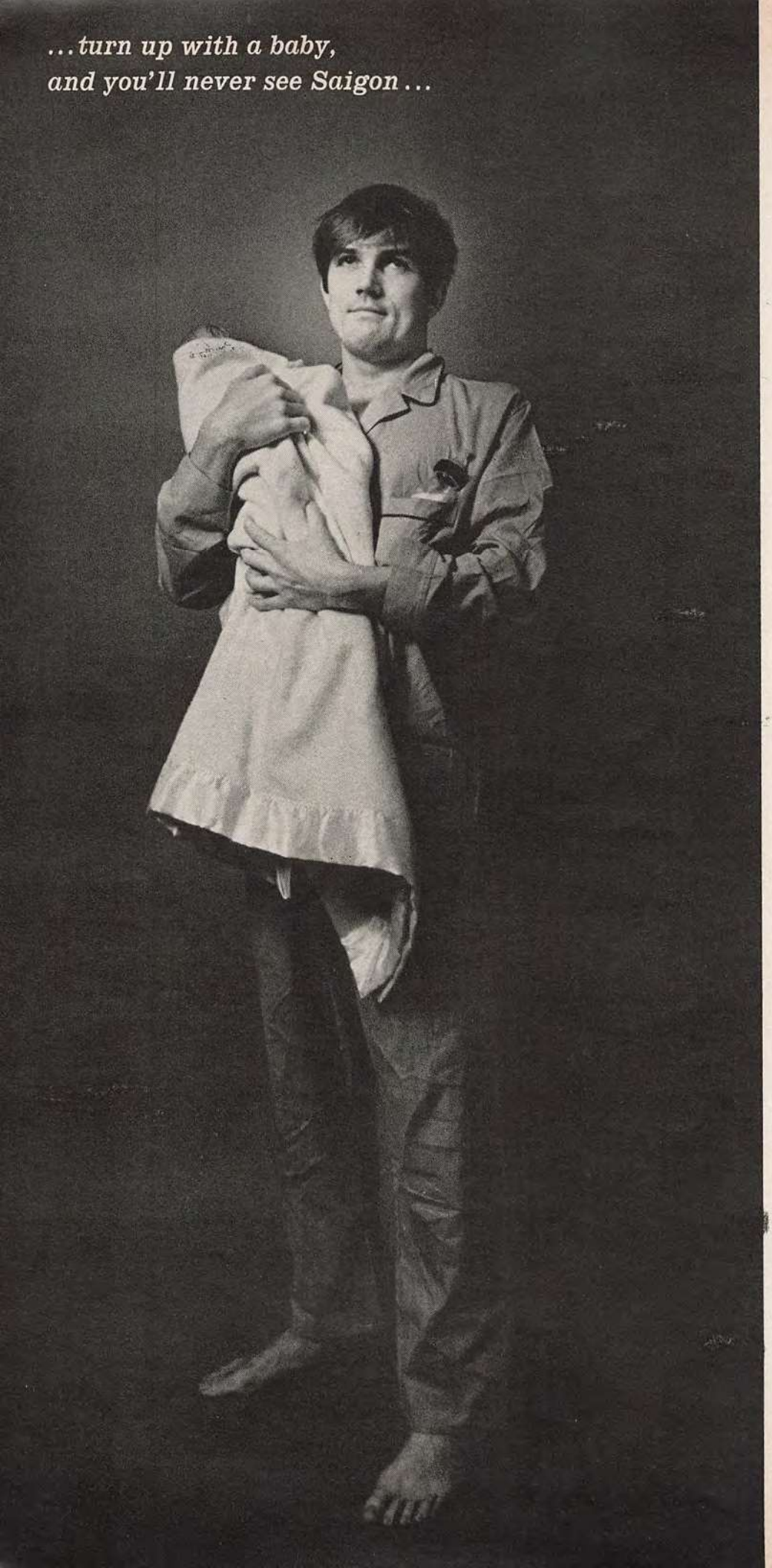
Though federal authorities, worried parents and many draft-age young men consider draft-dodging to be as grim as the mortuary business, it is not without its comic overtones. In Florida a reluctant warrior claiming deferment on the grounds of "defective eyesight" offered in evidence his homely wife. A New York conscriptee reported for induction chained to his wife and seven others, including four clergymen.

A Texan, learning that he might escape the horrors of

*...or by dropping way, way out into the hippie scene...*



*...turn up with a baby, and you'll never see Saigon...*

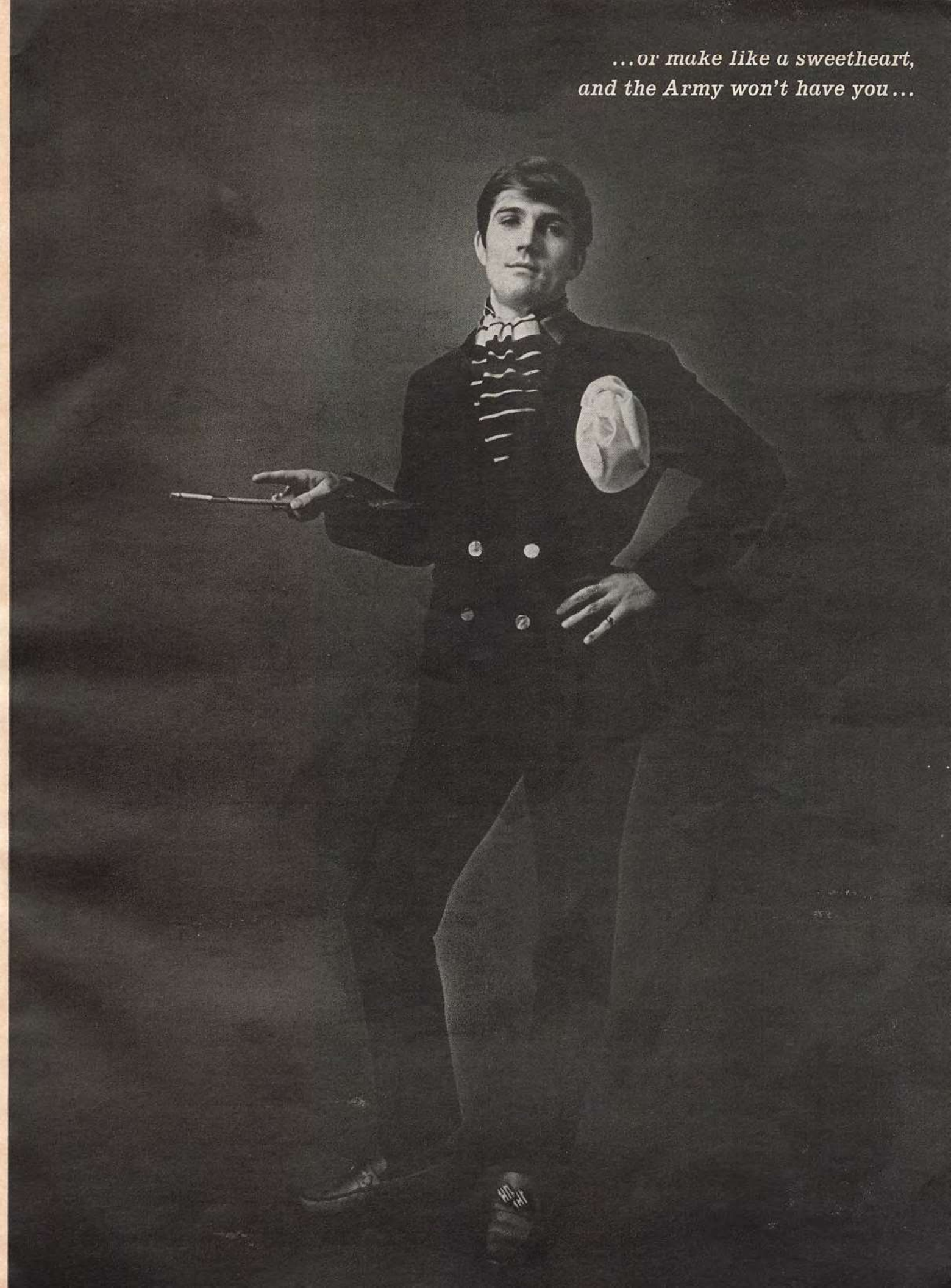


military service by claiming support of his "illegitimate" child, arranged for a ready-made family through a well-meaning intermediary. The scheme might have worked had he troubled to visit his instant child before inviting official inspection. As it turned out, neither the "father" nor the "mother," both natural blonds, could convincingly explain how they had produced an offspring the approximate shade of Sammy Davis, Jr.

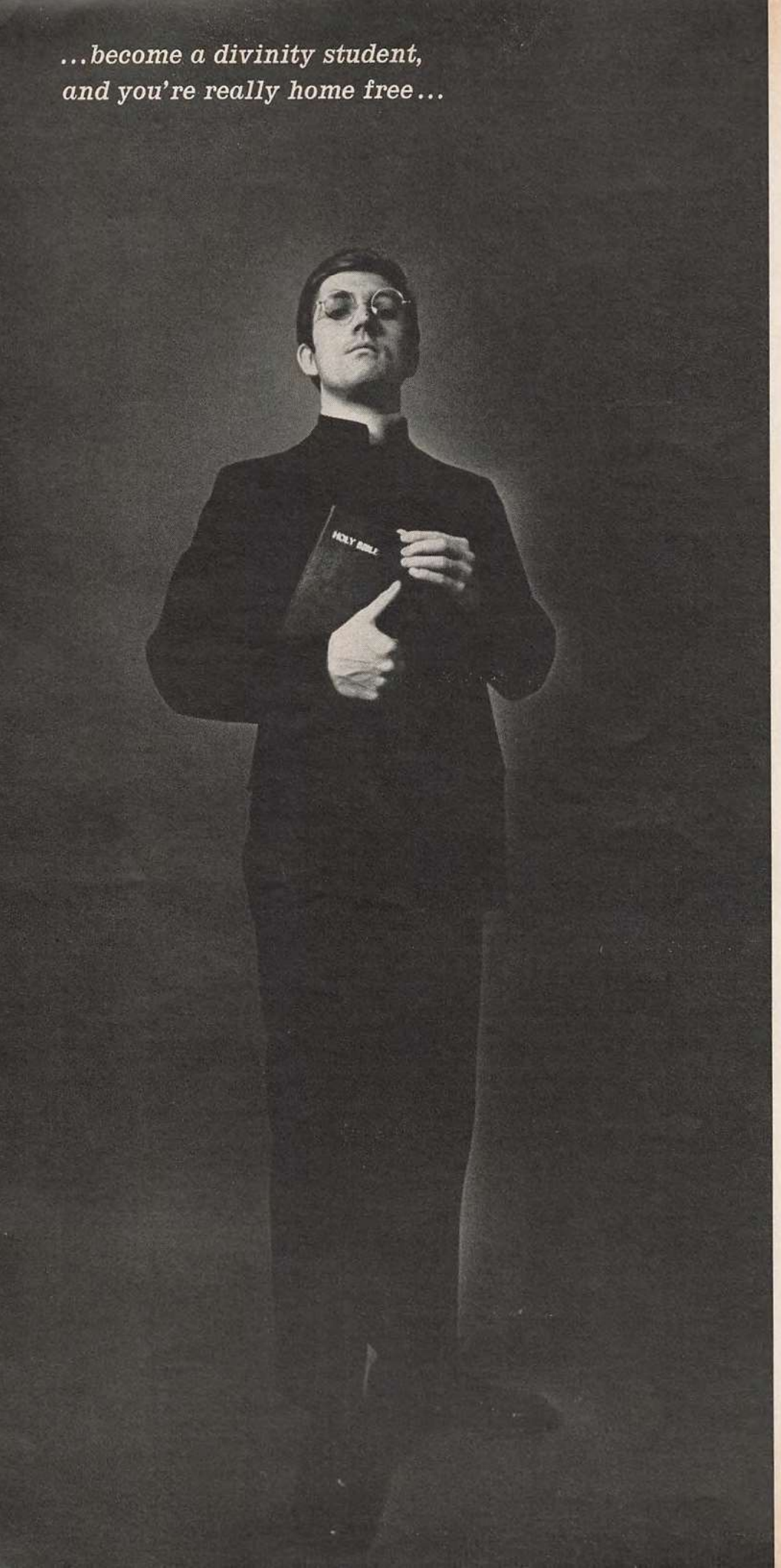
Though there are malingerers among today's reluctant conscriptees, and possibly some cowards, draft resistance generally appears to be based more on moral or political grounds than on purely selfish ones. Many young men who have publicly cremated their draft cards, for example, already possessed student or 4-F deferments.

Larry Francis, a young Californian, mailed in his draft card because "it was not right to hide behind my school deferment when others did not have or could not get school deferments." His father, an oil company employee and Republican regular, was originally against his son's seemingly senseless action, "because I knew what the consequences were." The father and his

*...or make like a sweetheart,*
*and the Army won't have you...*



*...become a divinity student, and you're really home free...*



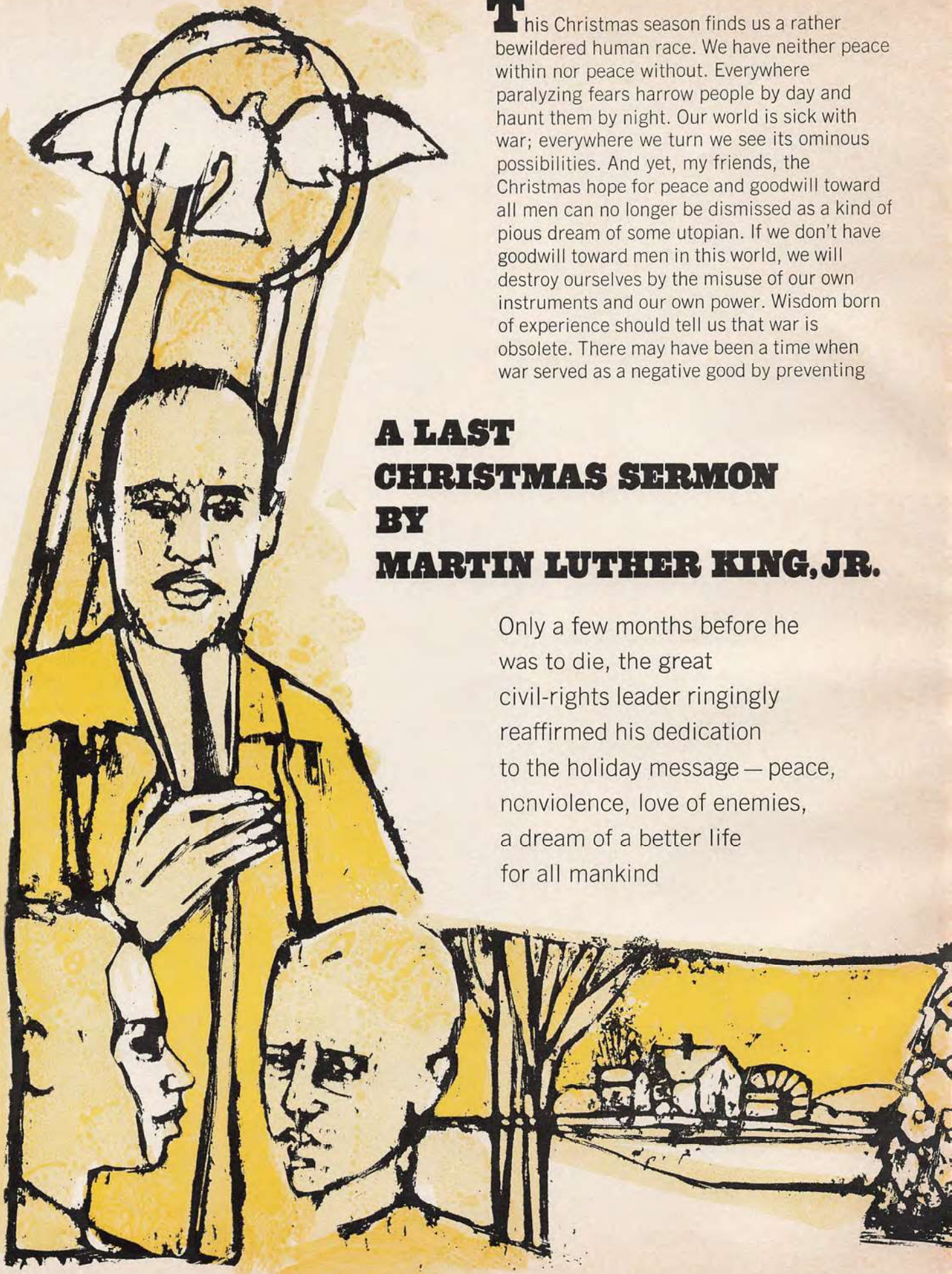

son retreated into the Sierra Nevada mountains. A few days later Mr. Francis emerged to declare that he had come not only to admire his son's courage, but also to believe him morally right. "Whatever happens to Larry," he now says, "I'm behind him all the way."

Not all fathers agree with draft resistance. Recently I met in a Greenwich Village steak house a young man we'll call Donnie Howard. Donnie, 19, son of a professional Army officer, is in hiding because he has not registered for the draft. Donnie fancies himself a hippie. But a 100-percent hippie does not keep his weeping mother informed of his changing addresses, which she must hold secret from a father who has sworn to betray his own flesh to the fuzz.

Donnie Howard lives a fugitive's shadowy life, moving his sleeping bag from loft to basement in decaying old tenements in New York's East Village. He fears his own father as much as he fears FBI agents who grow beards to infiltrate hippie circles in search of draft dodgers.

"They'll eventually catch up with me," Donnie admits. "One of the advisers from the [*Continued on page* 91]

*...or you can cop out*
*by going on horse or pot*



This Christmas season finds us a rather bewildered human race. We have neither peace within nor peace without. Everywhere paralyzing fears harrow people by day and haunt them by night. Our world is sick with war; everywhere we turn we see its ominous possibilities. And yet, my friends, the Christmas hope for peace and goodwill toward all men can no longer be dismissed as a kind of pious dream of some utopian. If we don't have goodwill toward men in this world, we will destroy ourselves by the misuse of our own instruments and our own power. Wisdom born of experience should tell us that war is obsolete. There may have been a time when war served as a negative good by preventing

# A LAST CHRISTMAS SERMON BY MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

Only a few months before he was to die, the great civil-rights leader ringingly reaffirmed his dedication to the holiday message — peace, nonviolence, love of enemies, a dream of a better life for all mankind

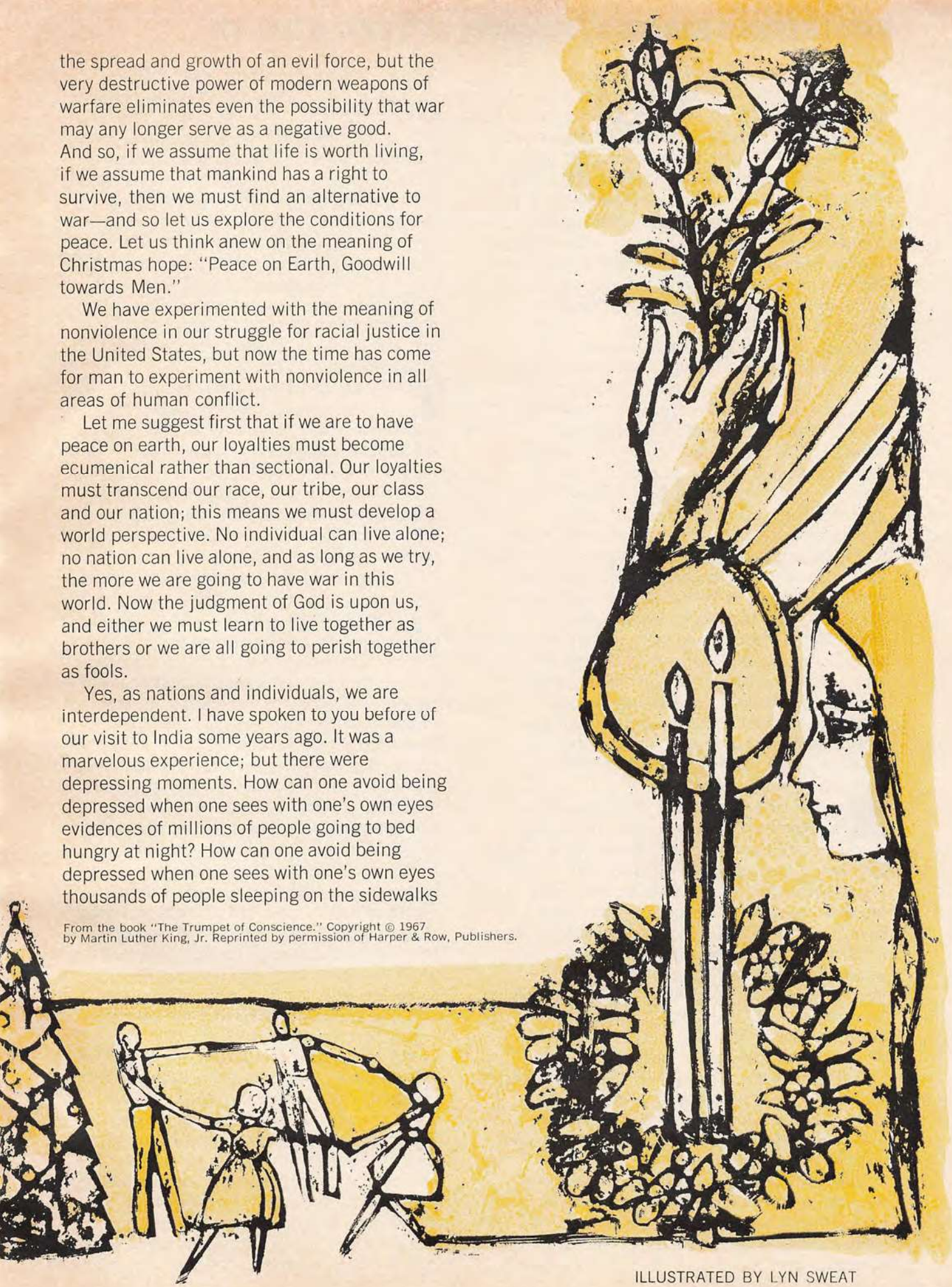
the spread and growth of an evil force, but the very destructive power of modern weapons of warfare eliminates even the possibility that war may any longer serve as a negative good. And so, if we assume that life is worth living, if we assume that mankind has a right to survive, then we must find an alternative to war—and so let us explore the conditions for peace. Let us think anew on the meaning of Christmas hope: "Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men."

We have experimented with the meaning of nonviolence in our struggle for racial justice in the United States, but now the time has come for man to experiment with nonviolence in all areas of human conflict.

Let me suggest first that if we are to have peace on earth, our loyalties must become ecumenical rather than sectional. Our loyalties must transcend our race, our tribe, our class and our nation; this means we must develop a world perspective. No individual can live alone; no nation can live alone, and as long as we try, the more we are going to have war in this world. Now the judgment of God is upon us, and either we must learn to live together as brothers or we are all going to perish together as fools.

Yes, as nations and individuals, we are interdependent. I have spoken to you before of our visit to India some years ago. It was a marvelous experience; but there were depressing moments. How can one avoid being depressed when one sees with one's own eyes evidences of millions of people going to bed hungry at night? How can one avoid being depressed when one sees with one's own eyes thousands of people sleeping on the sidewalks

From the book "The Trumpet of Conscience." Copyright © 1967 by Martin Luther King, Jr. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers.



ILLUSTRATED BY LYN SWEAT

at night? More than a million people sleep on the sidewalks of Bombay every night. As I beheld these conditions, something within me cried out: "Can we in America stand idly by and not be concerned?" And an answer came: "Oh, no!" And I started thinking about the fact that right here in our country we spend millions of dollars every day to store surplus food; and I said to myself, "I know where we can store that food free of charge —in the wrinkled stomachs of the millions of God's children in Asia, Africa, Latin America, and even in our own nation, who go to bed hungry at night."

It really boils down to this: that all life is interrelated. We are all caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied into a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. We are made to live together because of the interrelated structure of reality. Did you ever stop to think that you can't leave for your job in the morning without being dependent on most of the world? You get up in the morning and go to the bathroom and reach for the sponge, and that's handed to you by a Pacific islander. You reach for a bar of soap, and that's given to you at the hands of a Frenchman. Then you go into the kitchen to drink your coffee for the morning, and that's poured into your cup by a South American. Or maybe you want tea; that's poured into your cup by a Chinese. Or maybe you're desirous of having cocoa for breakfast, and that's poured into your cup by a West African. And before you finish eating breakfast in the morning, you've depended on more than half of the world.

Now let me say, secondly, that if we are to have peace in the world, men and nations must embrace the nonviolent affirmation that ends and means must cohere. One of the great philosophical debates of history has been over the whole question of means and ends. There have always been those who argued that the end justifies the means, that if you're seeking a just society, the important thing is to get there; the means may be violent, they may be untruthful, they may even be unjust means to a just end. But we will never have peace in the world until men everywhere recognize that ends are not cut off from means, because the means represent the ideal in the making and the end in process. Ultimately you can't reach good ends through evil means, because the means represent the seed and the end represents the tree.

The next thing we must be concerned about if we are to have peace on earth and goodwill toward men is the nonviolent affirmation of the sacredness of all human life. Every man is somebody because he is a child of God. So when we say, "Thou shalt not kill," we're really saying that human life is too sacred to be taken on the battlefields of the world. Man is more than a tiny vagary of whirling electrons or a wisp of smoke from a limitless smoldering. Man is a child of God, made in His image, and therefore must be respected as such. Until men see this everywhere, until nations see this everywhere, we will be fighting wars. One day somebody should remind us that, even though there may be political and ideological differences between us, the Vietnamese are our brothers, the Russians are our brothers, the Chinese are our brothers; and one day we've got to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

There are three words for "love" in the Greek New Testament. One is the word *eros*. Eros is a sort of aesthetic, romantic love. Plato used to talk about it a great deal in his dialogues, the yearning of the soul for the realm of the divine. There is and can always be something beautiful about eros, even in its expressions of romance. Some of the most beautiful love in all the world has been expressed this way.

Then the Greek language talks about *philos*, a kind of intimate love between personal friends. This is the kind of love you have for those people that you get along with well, and those whom you like on this level you love because you are loved.

Then the Greek language has another word for love, and that is the word *agape*. Agape is more than romantic love, it is more than friendship. Agape is understanding, creative, redemptive goodwill toward all men. Agape is an overflowing love which seeks nothing in return. Theologians would say that it is the love of God operating in the human heart. When you rise to love on this level, you love all men not because you like them, not because their ways appeal to you, but you love them because God loves them. This is what Jesus meant when He said, "Love your enemies." I'm happy that He didn't say, "Like your enemies," because there are some people that I find it pretty difficult to like. Liking is an affectionate emotion, and I can't like anybody who would bomb my home. I can't like anybody who would exploit me. I can't like anybody who would trample over me with injustices. I can't like them. But Jesus reminds us that love is greater than liking.

I've seen too much hate to want to hate, myself. I've seen hate on the faces of too many sheriffs, too many White Citizens' Councillors, and too many Klansmen of the South to want to hate, myself. And every time I see it, I say to myself, hate is too great a burden to bear. Somehow we must be able to stand up before our most bitter opponents and say, "We shall

match your capacity to inflict suffering by our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet your physical force with soul force. Do to us what you will and we will still love you. We cannot in all good conscience obey your unjust laws and abide by the unjust system, because noncooperation with evil is as much a moral obligation as is cooperation with good, and so throw us in jail and we will still love you. Bomb our homes and threaten our children, and, as difficult as it is, we will still love you. Send your hooded perpetrators of violence into our communities at the midnight hour and drag us out on some wayside road and leave us half-dead as you beat us, and we will still love you. Send your propaganda agents around the country, and make it appear that we are not fit, culturally and otherwise, for integration, and we'll still love you. But be assured that we'll wear you down by our capacity to suffer, and one day we will win our freedom. We will not only win freedom for ourselves; we will so appeal to your heart and conscience that we will win you in the process, and our victory will be a double victory."

If there is to be peace on earth and goodwill toward men, we must finally believe in the ultimate morality of the universe, and believe that all reality hinges on moral foundations. Something must remind us of this as we once again stand in the Christmas season and think of the Easter season simultaneously, for the two somehow go together. Christ came to show us the way. Men love darkness rather than the light, and they crucify Him, and there on Good Friday on the Cross it was still dark, but then Easter came, and Easter is an eternal reminder of the fact that the truth-crushed earth will rise again. Easter justified Carlyle in saying, "No lie can live forever."

On a sweltering August afternoon in 1963, we stood in Washington, D.C., and talked to the nation about many things. Toward the end of that afternoon, I tried to talk to the nation about a dream that I had had, and I must confess to you today that not long after talking about that dream I started seeing it turn into a nightmare. I remember the first time I saw that dream turn into a nightmare. It was when four beautiful, unoffending, innocent Negro girls were murdered in a church in Birmingham, Alabama. I watched that dream turn into a nightmare as I moved through the ghettos of the nation and saw my black brothers and sisters perishing on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity, and saw the nation doing nothing to grapple with the Negroes' problem. I saw that dream turn into a nightmare as I watched my black brothers and sisters, in the midst of anger and understandable outrage, in the midst of their hurt, in the midst of their disappointment, turn to misguided riots to try to solve that problem. I saw that dream turn into a nightmare as I watched the war in Viet Nam escalating, and as I saw so-called military advisers, 16,000 strong, turn into fighting soldiers until today over 500,000 American boys are fighting on Asian soil. Yes, I am personally the victim of deferred dreams, of blasted hopes, but in spite of that I close today by saying I still have a dream, because, you know, you can't give up in life. If you lose hope, somehow you lose that vitality that keeps life moving, you lose that courage to be, that quality that helps you go on.

I have a dream that one day men will rise up and come to see that they are made to live together as brothers. I still have a dream this morning that one day every Negro in this country, every colored person in the world, will be judged on the basis of the content of his character rather than the color of his skin, and every man will respect the dignity and worth of human personality. I still have a dream today that one day the idle industries of Appalachia will be revitalized, and the empty stomachs of Mississippi will be filled, and brotherhood will be more than a few words at the end of a prayer, but rather the first order of business on every legislative agenda. I still have a dream today that one day justice will roll down like water, and righteousness like a mighty stream. I still have a dream today that in all of our statehouses and city halls, men will be elected who will do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with their God. I still have a dream today that one day war will come to an end, that men will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, that nations will no longer rise up against nations, neither will they study war any more. I still have a dream today that one day the lamb and the lion will lie down together and every man will sit under his own vine and fig tree and none shall be afraid. I still have a dream today that one day every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill will be made low, the rough places will be made smooth and the crooked places straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. I still have a dream that with this faith we will be able to adjourn the councils of despair and bring new light into the dark chambers of pessimism. With this faith we will be able to speed up the day when there will be peace on earth and goodwill toward men. It will be a glorious day, the morning stars will sing together, and the sons of God will shout for joy.

BY MYRON COPE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN REGAN

# WHO'S THE BROAD IN PRO FOOTBALL'S HUDDLE?

***She's Elinor Kaine, a young, pretty Smith graduate with rich parents. Why does she spend all her time talking to halfbacks, coaches, trainers and players' wives? How else would a girl reporter find out what's going on?***

10 A.M., WESTERN MARYLAND CAMPUS

■ On the training-camp practice field, at the foot of a grassy slope, the Baltimore Colts are laboring through calisthenics when suddenly the torture in their expressions vanishes. Heads turn. Advancing down the hill at a swishing gait is the prettiest sportswriter on the pro football beat.

Elinor Kaine, 32-year-old bachelor girl, comes on like a melody in pink, outlined against a cool blue summer sky. Her athletic five-foot-seven figure evenly tanned, her dark brown hair a mound of curls, she wears a sleeveless pink-and-white striped jersey, a pink mini-skirt and shell-rimmed sunglasses. She has just arrived in camp, having tooled down from her Upper East Side New York apartment in a sporty car stocked with pâté, melba toast and Italian white wine on ice, in case she hungered en route.

Now, as she sweeps through the ranks of Saturday-morning spectators clinging to the hillside, her voice —a sort of Judy Holliday soprano—sends a breathless whimsy across the field. "Ohhhh, the Colts look so chic in their royal blue!"

Instantly, front-office men and sportswriters surround her on the sideline, gallantly peppering her with inside poop for *Line Back*, a gossipy pro football newsletter she publishes weekly throughout the season. Sooner or later, football was bound to suffer the emergence of a Hedda Hopper; and Elinor Kaine appointed herself to fill the role. "Here's an idea for *Line Back*, Elinor," a heavyset Baltimore newspaperman, Cameron Snyder, says. "Why not do a story on all the babies born as a result of these ballplayers being turned out on the country in July and August?"

"Oh, Cameron!" Elinor cries. "That's strictly *Line Back* material. And you can't use it yourself because you're a family newspaper."

For 15 frantic weeks in the fall, Elinor writes, edits and publishes *Line Back*, whipping it together in a contemporary apartment cluttered by stacks of out-of-town sports pages, football tomes and a white football shoe stolen by a friend from Jet quarterback Joe Namath's locker. Every Tuesday night she presides over a mailing staff consisting of (a) two teen-age cuties who live on a floor above, (b) a merchant seaman who shows up between voyages as soon as he has blown his pay, and (c) a delicate young man Elinor describes as an "out-of-work collage-maker," whose ability to lick 500 envelopes an hour she prizes. At Christmastime, when the season's last issue has been raced to the post office, the staff and a small coterie of *Line Back* well-wishers quietly celebrate in Elinor's apartment. "We play the Supremes and drink daiquiris," she says, "and the two neighbor girls go home to their mothers very, very happy." They, too, have been in training.

"Oh, here's Harry baby!" Elinor chirps as Colt general manager Harry Hulmes, a wiry man with a shiny pate, draws alongside her, intent on the players. "Harry is loaded with inside [*Continued on page* 87]

*Black Friday at Kennedy Airport: Stalled jets wait hours for takeoff during air controllers' rules slowdown in July.*

# The Job That Kills

*One slight miscalculation by an air traffic controller can send a whole planeload of people to their death. No wonder these traffic cops of the skies chain-smoke, can't sleep and have heart attacks at 26*

**BY MARK STRAGE**
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALBERT FENN

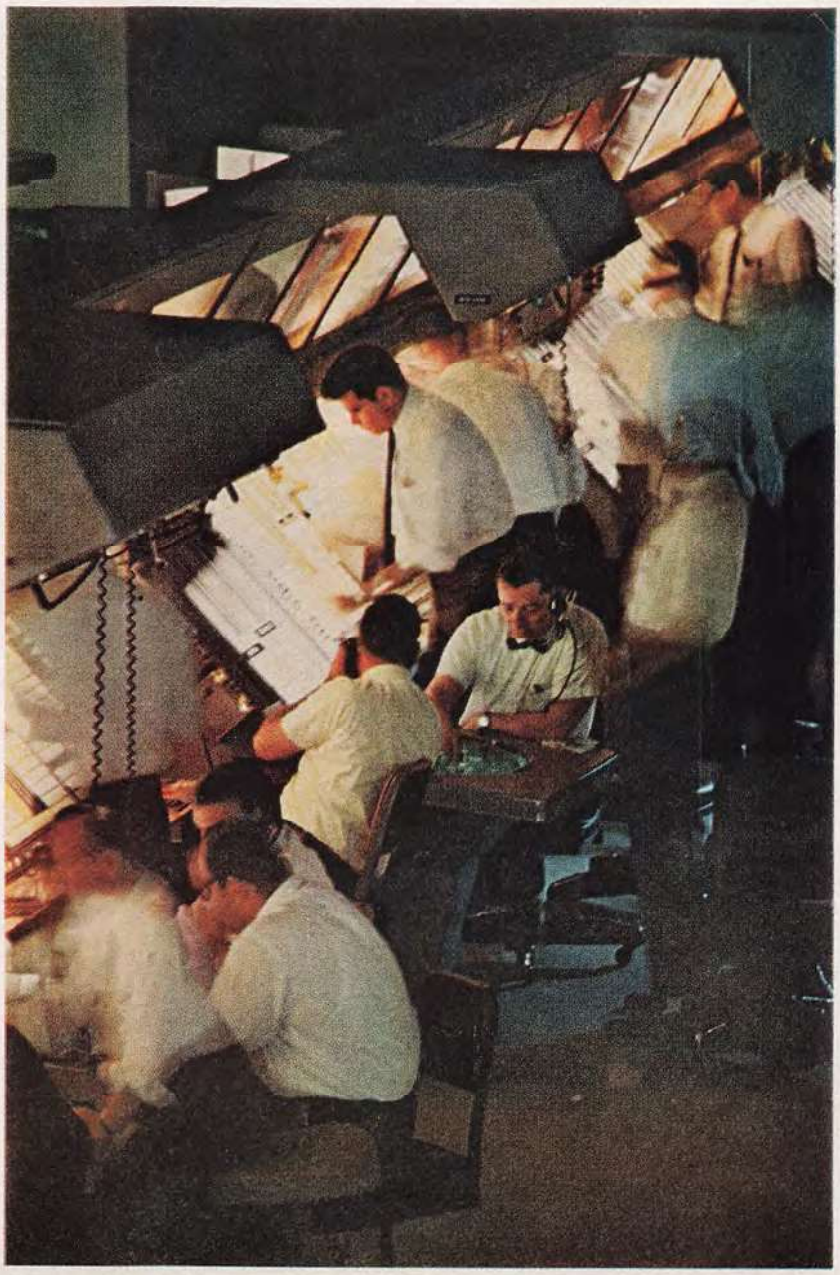
■ Most Americans this month will be looking forward to the Christmas holidays, but one of them will not be John Dickson. To most of us Christmas means kids home from college, family reunions, packages in the mail, snowflakes in the air, fun, gaiety, laughter. To Dickson it means the year's worst week in the world's toughest job.

Dickson is an air-traffic controller. All that he and his fellow controllers have to do during December is to see that more than 11 million airline passengers (a million above normal) arrive and leave America's airports—and that no one is killed in the process.

Until last July 3, only a handful of people was aware of John Dickson and his role in commercial aviation. But that day this role was dramatized with a vengeance.

Anyone who wanted to take an airliner during the first weeks of July will never forget the harrowing details. On the day before Independence Day, when summer off-to-Europe travel and domestic holidaying travel both reach their peak, passengers suddenly found themselves stuck endlessly on the ground.

The trouble began at the New York airports—at Kennedy, at La Guardia, just 10 miles away, at Newark, 21 miles off. Unaccountably, instead of zipping off the runways, the big planes merely lined up on the taxi ramps like so many waddling ducks. Overhead, other dozens of planes made graceful but useless circles in the sky while passengers fumed and stewardesses smiled bravely. Delays ran up to two hours. Connections were missed. Airport lounges filled up, as



*Regional control center funnels flights into New York's three airports.*

*An arsenal of radar, radios and consoles makes up regional center. Equipment breakdowns add to controllers' woes.*

*New instrument landing facility at Kennedy features giant-sized radar screens. Such facilities are expensive—and rare.*

did parking lots and access roads.

The next day was worse, and the one after that worse still. Schedules and destinations lost most of their meaning. Planes on the ground took off 6½ hours late. Planes in the air ran out of fuel and landed where they could.

By Friday, July 12, the confusion had radiated out of New York City, where one of every four commercial flights either takes off or lands. In Chicago, Washington and New York, 2,079 flights were delayed, and airlines paid more than $1 million in additional fuel and crew time. Since pilots cannot fly more than 85 hours a month, flights had to be cancelled because no one could take the controls.

The situation stretched on, full of touches of the absurd. On July 15, after 10 years of negotiation, direct air service between New York and Moscow was being opened; then the first Russian plane, a big Aeroflot Tupelov, had to wait an hour and three quarters to land. On July 24, New York's Mayor John V. Lindsay rushed into a plane for Hartford, Connecticut, normally 20 minutes away; after sitting on the ramp for 90 minutes, His Honor got off and was whirled away by a police helicopter in time to make his speech.

On July 22, a man in Detroit heading for Chicago lost his temper at the continuous delays of his flight and stomped over to the rental car counter. He beat the flight into Chicago by 15 minutes.

On July 24, the *average* delay on New York-Chicago flights was three hours and 14 minutes. The scheduled time for the flight is usually less than two hours.

Behind this virtual shutdown of American commercial aviation were the air-traffic controllers.

There are about 14,000 controllers in the United States, mostly young men in their 20's and 30's, employees of the Federal Aviation Administration. They man, around the clock, 310 airport traffic-control towers, 333 flight-service stations and 21 air-route traffic-control centers, which together form the links of a three-dimensional highway system crisscrossing the skies over the country. [*Continued on page* 98]

*Tense moment in Kennedy tower is reflected in controllers' taut faces. Below, crew at regional center coordinates peak traffic, "flying" 20 planes at once.*

## When controllers called a slowdown, Americans learned how crowded our skies really are

**In a Samoan paradise where papayas fell off the trees and pretty girls joined my bath,**

# I BUILT MY SOUTH SEAS DREAM BOAT

The sea was a challenge I couldn't resist.

■ *"Va'ai lea!"* cried one of my crew—"Look there!" A school of porpoises leaped ahead of our canoe. To keep up with these creatures would be the supreme test of the craft's speed—and the ultimate test of myself as her creator and builder.

The canoe was a sleek, virgin double-hulled beauty hewn from solid hardwood logs; in a few seconds I would ask her to perform for the first time. I would see the result of eight months of intense, back-breaking labor.

I ran my hand across the smooth sideboard, thinking that a casual observer would declare it to be finished lumber. The waves buffeted us gently as we lay offshore, and I looked back to the verdant tropical island, the white beach dotted with laughing children and, beyond, rude spindly houses. Since the September day nine months ago when the 40-foot hull of my canoe first tasted the ax, I had changed a lot. I was still the 21-year-old college boy from Colorado, but my six-foot frame was tempered to a hard 175 pounds of well-used muscle. I was as dark as my native friends; only my ice-blue eyes set me apart. I had changed inside, too. No longer was I a 20th-century American; slowly this primitive village in what had become the independent country of Western Samoa had engulfed me in the enchantment and the timelessness of Polynesia. Here I spoke and lived like an island native. Even my canoe was an anachronism, for she had been fashioned after ancient Polynesian craft with primitive tools and could have sailed out of the past.

I had worked in a fever for most of a year to build her. And now she was ready.

*"Alo!"* I shouted.

Eight strapping Samoans picked up their paddles. I joined them and began the paddling chant: *"Hoy! Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!"* The canoe bit into the waves, riding high and proud as the men strained into their paddles. The rhythm became faster; the graceful hulls slid smoothly over the tide-chopped sea. We raced with the porpoises, who can swim 20 knots with little effort. They easily outdistanced us—but in their carefree antics they looked as joyful as I felt. My canoe had proven to be seaworthy—swift and steady.

*"Ua lava!"* I said—"That's enough!" The chanting stopped and the paddles were

**Women came to laugh and tease when I bathed in the spring.**

**BY MARK RICHMOND**

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ALLEN

**Villagers helped with ancestral tools to build in the ancient way.**

drawn in. My crew and I grinned happily at each other.

"We will have to do a lot of training if we're going to make it to Pago Pago," I told them. Pago Pago is the capital of American Samoa. They agreed, as Samoans would, to train as hard as I. But no harder.

Nine months earlier my partner and I had boarded an airplane at Honolulu, headed for this moment. I had been to Samoa before, and vowed I would return to build and sail my own Polynesian *alia*, an authentic version of the large voyaging canoes, carrying dozens of passengers, which had enabled the Southeast Asians to migrate through the islands of the Pacific. I wanted to re-create a part of this migration by building an alia with primitive tools, as similar as possible to those used for hewing out the migrating canoes, and by sailing the open ocean among the islands of the Samoan group, in the Pacific northeast of New Zealand.

All my life, I have felt challenged by heavy odds. The more difficult a project, the better I like it. Building a huge and intricately constructed canoe was a challenge indeed to me.

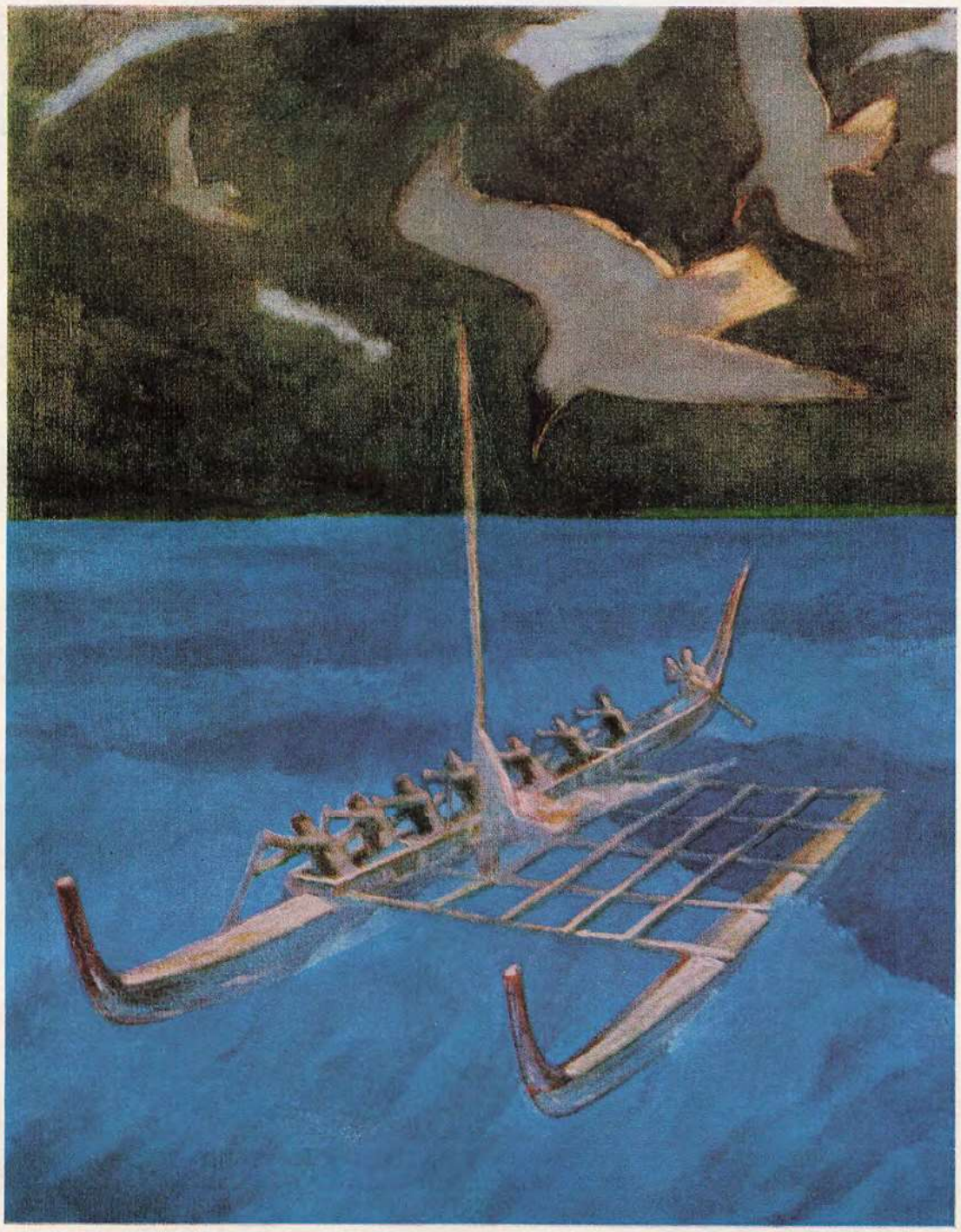
A friend in Hawaii had suggested that we go to a village on the island of Upolu, where his father was high chief and we could expect warm hospitality. We found the village and presented Faumui, the high chief, and his family with gifts of cloth. Although his white hair betrayed his more than 80 years, his bright eyes searched our own with youthful curiosity.

Faumui listened as his granddaughter translated our description of the canoe we wanted to build. He was skeptical; he felt our plan was ludicrous, if not impossible. Nevertheless, he accepted our gifts and insisted we be his guests for the duration of the project—which, undoubtedly, he thought would be short indeed.

We settled into his home and set out to search the rain forest for trees with trunks large enough for our purpose. Our original plan called for a canoe with two hulls each 60 feet long, connected by an eight-foot-wide platform. We planned to form each hull from a single hardwood log. The trees to be hollowed out, therefore, had to be perfect.

After a couple of days of searching, we found what appeared to be two suitable *ma'ali* trees, which are exotic hardwoods. We felled one [*Continued on page* 106]

# We sailed the Pacific like earliest man



We paddled for our lives against the Pacific current when the wind failed us.

# TRUE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT-IN

No pajamas, no slippers—
here's what men really want
in their stockings

PRODUCED BY
MICHAEL BONAVITA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
GEORGE RATKAI—
PAUL DOME

E F G H I M R S T U

FOR LISTINGS,
TURN TO PAGE 76

ORYX

BLACK BUCK

MOUFLON

SIKA DEER

RUSSIAN BOAR

RED STAG

AXIS DEER

FALLOW DEER

ELAND

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

# The name of the game is IMPORTED

Suddenly hunting preserves stocked with foreign big game are springing up all over. And at $200 or more a trophy, it's standing room only

■ We leaned our rifles against the low branches of a tree and flopped upon the ridge to rest and run our binoculars over the flat below. Game was everywhere. I spotted a bull eland bedded beneath some scrub. In a grassy, open portion of the flat an oryx strolled idly toward cover, its long horns glinting in the sun.

The man with me was from Iowa and was a rather long way from home. "Fantastic," he said. "Just fantastic."

With my glass I tried to follow his glance. A band of aoudad, the heavy-horned wild sheep of Africa's Barbary Coast, stood off in the near distance, placidly staring. Back in the low scrub I could pick out the handsome head of a white-spotted axis deer, native to India, and not far away a group of its distant relatives from Malaysia and Japan, the dark-chocolate sika, a chunkily built deer.

"I just can't believe we're in America," the Iowa hunter said. "But I don't see a trophy black buck—that's what I really want."

"We'll find one," I told him. I had agreed to take this man out and show him some game, not as a hired guide but as a favor, since I knew the terrain. I said, "How'd you like to settle for an extra-nice whitetail deer? It'll cost you only $150, and there's a dandy standing in the cedars to the right of that eland."

He found the buck, then lowered his glass and shook his head. "That does it. This is the most amazing hunting I've ever experienced."

I could agree. For we were only a short drive from my home in Kerr County, Texas, on one of the preserves where for a specified fee one may try his hand at collecting wild-roaming game from many parts of the world.

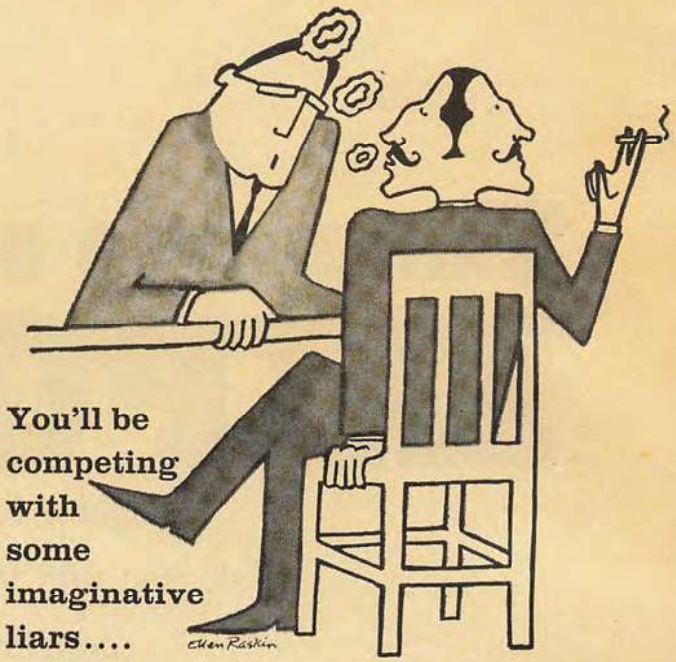
Fee hunting for "exotic" big game—foreign animals—is not new in the United States but few persons realize how big the sport has grown and the kind of money that can be made in it.

Twenty years ago the Eddie Rickenbacker Ranch at Hunt, Texas, run by son David Rickenbacker, placed the first national ads for this type of hunting, offering axis and sika deer and black buck antelope to hunters. It was a novelty. Nobody thought it would catch on. Prices, at $100 to $150 per trophy, seemed high. Today, operators double, triple or quadruple those prices. There are preserves literally from coast to coast offering exotic trophies, with a wide variety of species, and hunters are eager to book reservations.

A preserve in New [*Continued on page* 104]

# CAN YOU LIE YOUR WAY INTO A BETTER JOB?

BY MAX GUNTHER




You'll be competing with some imaginative liars....

■ "PLEASE READ CAREFULLY!" the notice shouts in large red letters. It is clipped onto application forms and handed to all job hunters who turn up at International Register Company in Chicago—all of them, stock clerks or executives. "In spite of any well-intentioned advice you may have received . . . to enhance the attractiveness of your background," the notice rumbles, "the accuracy of all information placed upon our application is of utmost importance. It is carefully investigated for all leading position candidates. . . . Omissions or misstatements of fact would be cause for disqualification."

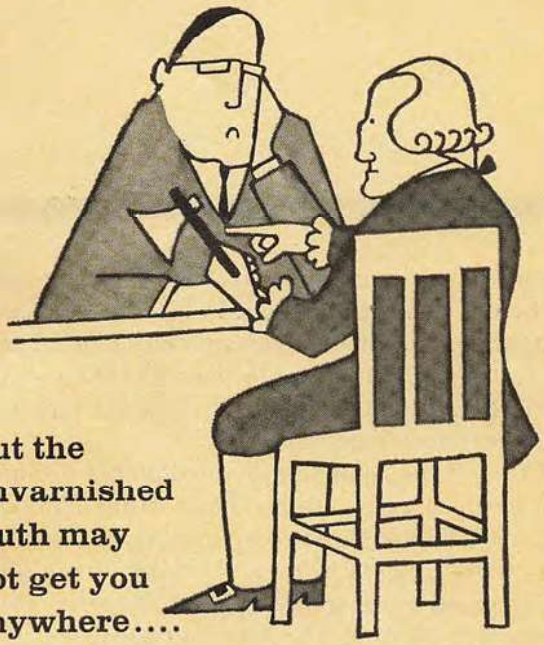
In its politely grumpy way, this notice says a number of things that every job seeker should take time to wonder about. It says, don't lie. It says you'll be caught if you do. With the sardonic phrase, "well-intentioned advice," and by the very existence of the notice, it seems to say that large numbers of applicants in recent years have tried to lie their way into bigger jobs than they deserve. It says an obvious thing: that International Register doesn't like to be lied to. And it implies a less obvious thing: that the American business community, after being rather lax about lying for a decade or more, may be getting less lax.

This is a lot of meaning to read into one short notice. What are the facts behind it? What should you know about lying next time you prowl the job market? Or, to make the question more discreet, how far can you go in selling yourself?

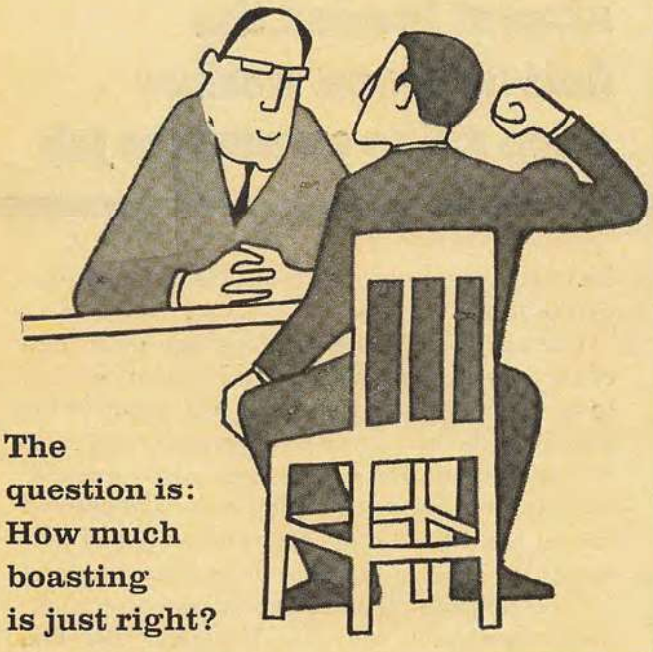
The author of International Register's red-lettered notice is the company's personnel director, Richard Sadler. An amiable and basically optimistic man is Sadler, a man with an honest fondness for his fellows but with a practical eye for their weaknesses. An ideal personnel director, perhaps. Sadler believes the average man is compounded something like a very dry Martini: mostly honest gin with a dash of adulterant. "The average man is basically truthful. He wants to tell the truth and will do so as long as you don't make it too hard for him, as long as you don't put him in a situation where he's competing with liars and the liars stand to win. Mixed into his nature, you see, is a bit of—well, temptability. Temptation can overwhelm him if it gets too strong. But the honest part of his nature is by far the strongest part. He needs only a little push to make him stay honest."

The red-lettered notice is Sadler's "little push." He began handing it to job candidates late last year, and shortly afterward he wrote an

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLEN RASKIN



**But the unvarnished truth may not get you anywhere....**



**The question is: How much boasting is just right?**

essay about it for *The Personnel Administrator*, a professional magazine for men in the hiring-firing business. Other personnel chiefs read about Sadler's little push with interest, and some have told him they're planning similar gambits themselves. The practice of exaggerating or falsifying data on job applications is widespread and growing, and has become enough of a problem to worry personnel men seriously.

How widespread? This is a hard question to answer, but a few statistics are available. One startling figure is offered by Jack K. Mumford, a former FBI man who runs the Dallas, Texas, office of Fidelifacts, a national outfit specializing in checking out job candidates. According to Mumford, Fidelifacts finds what he calls "derogatory information" on 27 percent of the men and women it investigates.

In other words, one job hunter in four tells less or more than the truth about himself. Indeed, the actual figure may be higher than one-in-four. Normally a company won't hire an agency such as Fidelifacts to screen all the candidates for a job. Only the finalists get this thorough check-out. The "derogatory information" figure among nonfinalists could be bigger than anything Mumford has encountered.

From your viewpoint as a job hunter, the most baffling fact is that companies vary widely in this checking out of candidates. Some hire private gumshoes. Some assign their own staff members to check references. Some do hardly any checking at all. In most companies the depth of checking depends on who is doing the hiring and how busy everybody happens to be at the moment. Therefore, you can never know enough about a company to plan your job-hunting strategy well. No hiring executive will ever lean across his desk with a cheery grin and say, "We never check anything, so you can tell me whatever you think I'll believe." On the other hand, if he tells you that he always checks everything, you may or may not believe him. You have two bad choices. Stretch the truth about yourself, and you may get caught. Scrupulously stick to the facts, and you may lose the job to an imaginative liar who doesn't get caught.

Imaginative liars are part of your competition in any job hunt. "There are hordes of them," says New York private eye Bill Herman. Herman is a small man with a friendly face, a casual appearance and a dark penetrating gaze. He specializes in finding out whether high-level job candidates are really who and what they say they are. His clients, who treasure their anonymity and would fire him if he revealed their

# His fabricated résumé almost landed the delicatessen worker a top sales executive job

identities, include many multimillion-dollar corporations.

Gazing into a drink not long ago in an out-of-the-way Manhattan bar, Bill Herman recalled some of his favorite liars. One was a man in his mid-50's who had applied for an important sales executive berth. He was an impeccably dressed, sharply intelligent, charming man who seemed almost ideal for the job. The company had narrowed the field to him and three other finalists.

"All four look good to us," the vice-president-in-charge-of-sales told Bill Herman. "But this particular guy looks more than good. He's terrific. He's the man I think I'm going to hire, if he stands up under your probe."

Herman studied the man's résumé. It painted a picture of grand and uninterrupted success: a picture of a fast-track man who had worked for seven companies, had tangibly improved each company's sales statistics during his tenure, had left each of his first six jobs for a pay raise of several thousand dollars. On his last job, the résumé said, he had earned $45,000 a year and had left to take what he called a "sabbatical." Now, after a year of reading and thinking, he was ready to apply his many talents to a new and invigorating challenge.

Bill Herman checked him out and turned in a report. Most of Herman's reports are typed on stationery that bears the imprint, "William A. Herman Investigation Bureau, Inc." But when a report is to contain an unusual amount of damning information, the private eye puts it on plain white paper and signs it simply, "Investigator." The precaution reduces the chances that somebody will happen upon an adverse report years later and decide to make legal trouble for the detective.

This particular report was typed on plain white paper. "The candidate," it declared, "is not quite what he says he is." This was a gross understatement. The candidate was an impostor. He had actually worked for only four of the seven companies claimed. In those four, he had not held high-level positions. In fact, he had been a minor on-the-road salesman—and a bad one. He had never earned more than $9,000 a year in his life. He had been fired from his last job for sheer incompetence.

Three of the companies named on his résumé had never heard of him. These were chronologically the last three companies in his beautifully written career history. His nonexistent jobs had spanned a period of 12 years. Actually, Bill Herman discovered, the man had spent the last 12 years working behind the counter in his father's delicatessen.

It doesn't amaze Bill Herman to turn up stories like this. He runs into them often. What does amaze him is that so many impostors can get their stories believed—and get hired. "Companies don't check thoroughly enough," he says. "My clients check, of course, but others don't. I wouldn't be surprised to learn the delicatessen guy eventually landed a 40- or 50-grand job somewhere. He'd be fired after a while when they found he couldn't handle the job, but meanwhile he'd draw a salary."

Herman recalls one candidate who pursued a grandiose lie through four different jobs without being caught because none of the companies bothered to check. The lie had to do with his educational background. According to his résumé, he had had his brain pumped full of knowledge like this:

1948-52: a large East Coast college; BA degree.
1953-54: a technological institute; math and chemistry courses.
1954-55: a midwestern college; chemistry and physics.
(1955-58: an engineering job.)
1958-59: another technological institute; a course in extrusion of plastics.
1959-61: the original large eastern college; BS degree.

The facts, as reported by Bill Herman, were as follows:

1. He had attended the East Coast college but had not graduated and had received no degree.

2. The first technological institute refused information because the student had a delinquent tuition bill.

3. The midwestern college said he had attended one semester, taken a chemistry course, earned a "C" grade and dropped out.

4. The second technological institute had never heard of him.

5. The East Coast college had not seen him since he left in the early 1950's and had not awarded him a BS degree.

Bill Herman's client company did not give this man a job. But four other companies had believed him and hired him. He hadn't been notably successful in any of those jobs, but he had managed to hold them for a while and draw the salaries. "You could almost say he stole the salaries," says Bill Herman. "He sat in those jobs in place of other guys who really had the education for the work. He grabbed what should have been their paychecks."

His job-stealing plan, like that of the delicatessen man, depended on not being checked. This gambit has succeeded outrageously often, but it may be less successful now that companies are growing more wary. As a result, a more clever breed of impostor will predictably come to the fore. He'll be the type who figures his story *will* be checked, and who takes steps in advance to make sure the story will stand up.

R. James Lotz, Jr., of Battalia, Lotz & Associates, a New York executive-recruiting firm, tells a typical tale of such a cautious poseur. Lotz had been assigned by a big corporation to find a new director of manufacturing—a high-level job carrying a large salary and a glittering array of fringe benefits. The field had been narrowed to a half-dozen candidates, among whom one man was outstanding. "I'll call him Bob Smith," says Lotz. "He had extensive interviews with me and my colleagues, and with high-level executives of the client company. He was the outstanding candidate right down to the end. We were ready to offer him the job. The only task remaining was to check with his present employer and find out how valuable that employer considered him to be."

Bob Smith's résumé gave as his employer a well-known manufacturing outfit with many plants and offices scattered across several states. It said he had been running manufacturing operations in a remote plant near a small midwestern town. Bob cheerfully volunteered the phone number of that plant and the name of his superior there. Early one morning Lotz phoned the superior, a Mr. Williamson.

The plant phone operator was both crisp and friendly. "Good morning," she said. "XYZ Corporation."

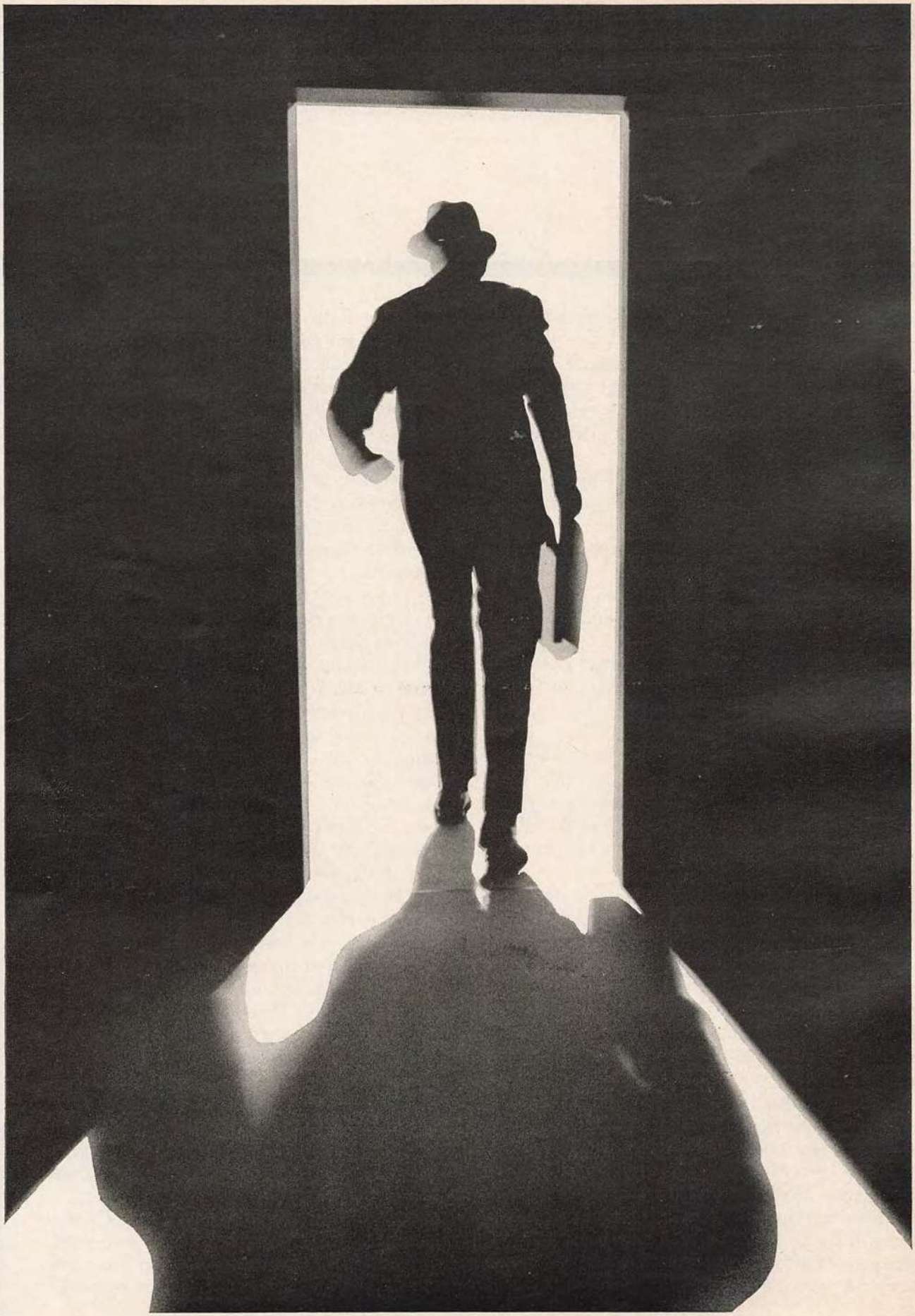
Lotz asked for Mr. Williamson. In a few moments there was another woman's voice on the phone, cool, cultured. "Good morning," the voice said. "Mr. Williamson's wire."

Then Williamson himself was on the phone. At first he sounded sad when he learned that Lotz was about to hire Bob Smith away. "Smith is the best man I've ever had around here," he said. Then he appeared to cheer up. "Well, I won't stand in a good man's way. Frankly, Smith deserves a bigger job. He's bright, he's cool in an emergency, he's a born leader...."

As Williamson's eulogy lilted on, Lotz began to have the odd feeling that he had listened to this voice somewhere before. Where? Puzzled, he encouraged Williamson to keep talking. Finally the connection clicked in Lotz's memory.

He *had* heard the voice—a few days before, in his own office. It was Bob Smith's voice.

Lotz double-checked by phoning XYZ's corporate headquarters. It was as he suspected. None of the plant locations had the phone number given by Bob [Continued on page 76]



# Did Janice Wylie's Killer Walk Out Free?

*Dr. James A. Brussel is a psychiatrist-criminologist who has helped police track down such famed criminals as the Boston Strangler and the Mad Bomber. His method is to examine a crime in minute detail and, from that starting point, construct an image of the criminal: his mental illness, motives, habits, probable appearance, even style of dress. This method has led Doctor Brussel to some remarkable successes—for instance, he predicted that New York's Mad Bomber would turn out to be a middle-aged man wearing a buttoned-up double-breasted suit. The prediction was accurate right down to the last button.*

*Doctor Brussel tells about some of his famous cases in his new* Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist, *published this fall by Bernard Geis Associates. This is a chapter from the book.*

■ Once, when I was an Army psychiatrist, I was called to a small barracks room where a lieutenant had put the muzzle of a .45 Colt in his mouth and pulled the trigger. There was no head left on the body. What had been the head was literally sprayed over the walls and ceiling. Although I'm a physician and accustomed to the sight of blood, that ghastly scene tied my stomach in knots. It was the goriest scene I had ever witnessed, and it remained the goriest until September, 1963.

In that month, late one afternoon, the New York police showed me a set of color photographs. The photographs had been taken in the apartment of three Manhattan career girls: Patricia Tolles, Emily Hoffert and Janice Wylie. Never, before or since, have I seen anything that filled me with such horror. I didn't eat dinner that night.

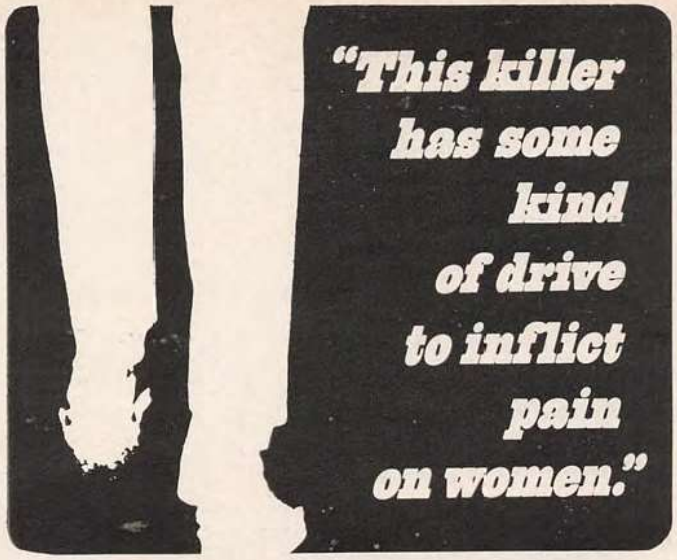
Emily and Janice had been murdered. Their bodies lay on the floor in a bedroom of their apartment. Janice was nude; Emily was clothed. Both had been stabbed savagely and repeatedly with kitchen knives. Janice's abdomen had been ripped open. The two girls were bound together in a grotesque embrace with strips of torn bedsheet: Janice lying on her back, Emily on her side facing Janice. Blood was everywhere. The dominant color of the photographs was red.

A psychiatrist is popularly supposed to be a calm sort of fellow who, understanding what makes people as they are, tries not to pass judgment on them. He isn't supposed to become emotionally involved; he tries to keep his professional cool. I may be a psy-

***A drifter named Richard Robles was convicted of the career-girl murder in 1965. Now a famous psychiatrist says the police got the wrong man***

**BY JAMES A. BRUSSEL, M.D.**
PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRV BAHRT

Excerpted from *Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist*, published by Bernard Geis Associates. Copyright © 1968 by James A. Brussel.




chiatrist, but I'm human. As I stared at those terrible photographs, I loathed the man who had perpetrated this nightmare.

Could I help find the killer? I told the police I'd do my best.

THEY WERE THREE young women like millions of others who have been drawn by Manhattan's bright lights, excitement, and promise of adventure. Not long ago they had been college girls. Now they were independent career girls, with an apartment of their own and money of their own and the great city as their playground.

Pat Tolles, 21 at the time, was a pretty, dark-haired girl. Her father was the dean of Hamilton College in Clinton, New York. Pat was working as an apprentice researcher for *Time* magazine.

Janice Wylie, 21, was the daughter of author Max Wylie and the niece of author Philip Gordon Wylie. She was a strikingly attractive blonde who had ambitions to become an actress. While waiting for her opportunity, she was working at the clipping desk of *Newsweek* magazine.

Emily Hoffert, 23, was the daughter of a prominent Minneapolis doctor. A teacher's job in September was waiting for her in the Long Island town of Valley Stream and she was using the last weeks of summer to move into another apartment closer to the Long Island Railroad. Brown-haired, she wore glasses and had a pleasant, gentle face. She had recently moved from Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she had lived a short distance from one of the victims of a sex criminal called the Boston Strangler. Emily had worried about sex crimes ever since and was reluctant to go out on New York's streets at night.

The $250-a-month, two-bedroom, third-floor apartment they shared was on East 88th Street between Madison and Park Avenues, a few blocks below the southern edge of Harlem. It was in a neighborhood still referred to as "fashionable." The building was nine stories high, well maintained, with a doorman on duty from 7 to midnight.

Pat Tolles' brother Ted had lived in the apartment with roommates before the three girls took it over that June. The landlord and neighbors spoke highly of Ted and his roommates and of the three girls. The girls had an occasional small party and a steady stream of young gentlemen callers, but they kept the noise to a minimum.

Thus had started a Manhattan idyll. It ended sometime around noon on Wednesday, August 28, 1963.

That Wednesday began as a comfortable summer morning, sunny but cool. Janice had planned to attend a civil-rights demonstration in Washington, D.C., and had arranged to take the day off. But a lack of funds had caused her to cancel the trip, so she now intended to spend the day shopping and doing chores. She stayed in bed late that morning—sleeping in the nude, as was her custom in warm weather.

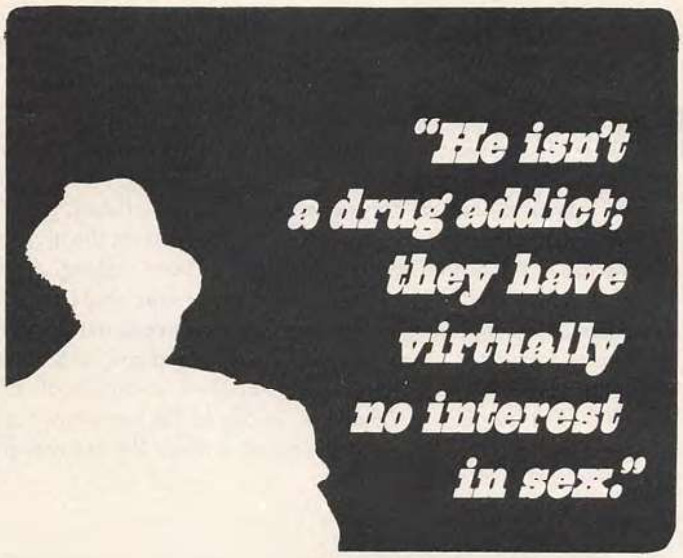
Emily was busy packing; later that day she planned to move some of her belongings to her new apartment. About 9:25 a.m. she left to visit a friend who lived a half-hour's distance away. The friend was going to lend her a car for moving.

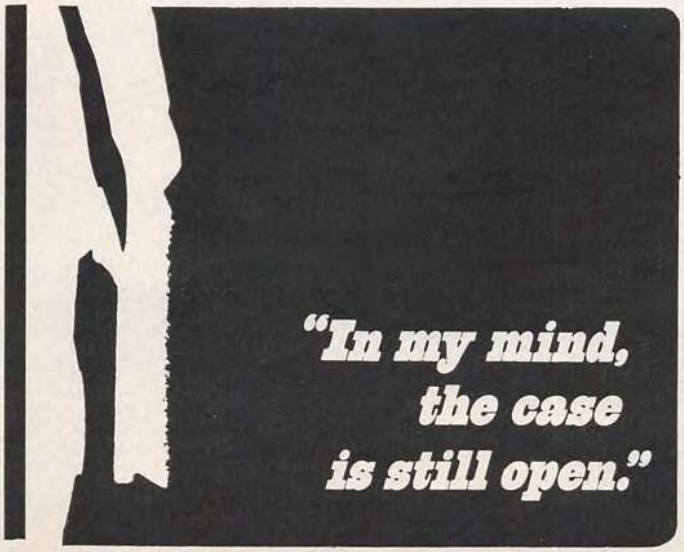
At 9:30, Pat left for her job at *Time*. Janice was still in bed.

For Pat most of the day passed like any other workday. She came home about 5:30. The door of the apartment was locked, as usual. Pat unlocked it, walked across the entrance foyer, started to go into the living room, and stopped cold.

The living room looked as though a stampede of cattle had run through it. Lamps and chairs were overturned; papers and bric-a-brac were scattered all over the floor. Pat took one step into the room, suddenly became frightened, turned and fled. She hurried two blocks to the apartment of Max Wylie. Wylie liked his daughter's two roommates and had occasionally had all three girls as guests for dinner. He listened to Pat's breathless report and went back to the girls' apartment with her.

He looked around the living room, the kitchen, one bedroom. Then he looked into the second bedroom—into a scene of [*Continued on page* 81]



# HIGH SEAS WHALE HUNT

Fishermen of the Azores, and their Madeiran kin, are the last brave men to hunt the sperm whale in the old way—from small boats in the open sea. These modern whalers follow the tradition of their forefathers, superior boat handlers who sailed with the famous 19th-century Yankee fleets as harpooners and whaling officers. Now in summer the islanders sit on old casks along the beach waiting for lookouts on the mountain above to send a short-wave radio signal that a whale's blow has been sighted. At the signal, the men hastily hitch their narrow, 37-foot-long boats to motor craft and head out to open ocean as fast as possible. About half a mile from a reported whale spout the seven-man crew in each boat cut loose from their motor tow, hoist a mast and sail, and move toward the last sighting.

Now skill in boat handling counts because several boats are racing toward the same quarry—first harpoon in claims the whale. In the hunt shown on these pages, the winning boat sailed to within 40 feet of a huge, dark mass. The sail was dropped and at six yards the

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTIAN DE RUDDER

Towed behind a motorboat, fishermen of the Azores strain through mist to sight their whale.

Harpoonist poises for thrust into wildly thrashing, wounded whale.

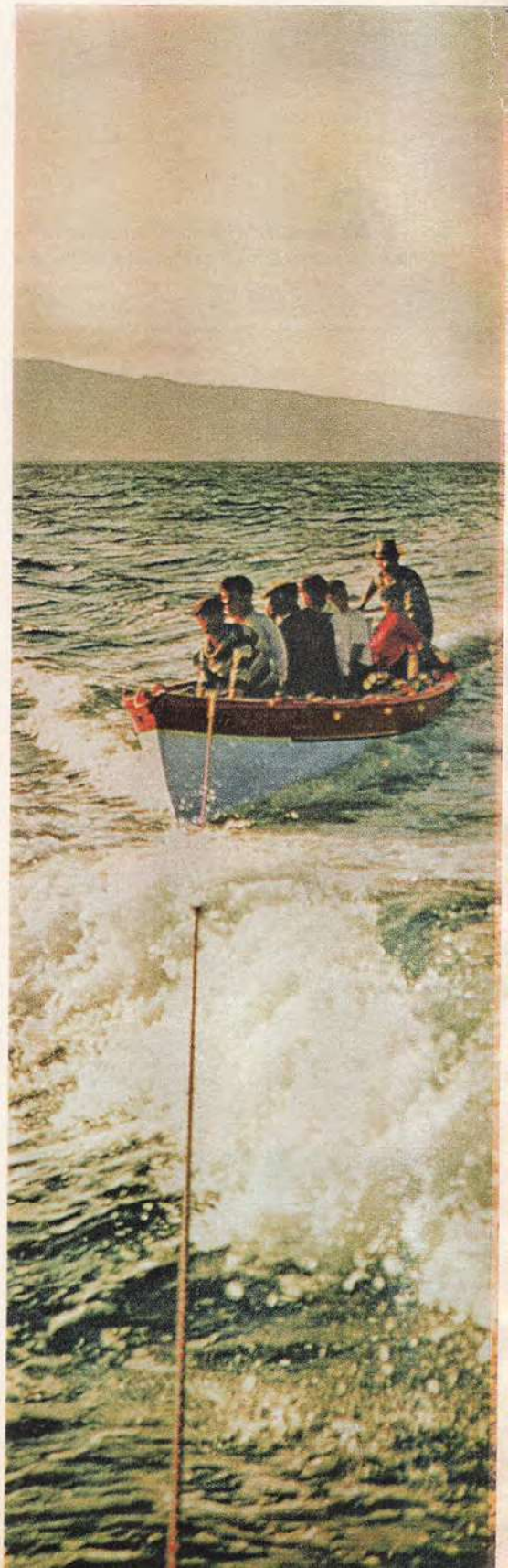
Bloody hulk turns to attack its attackers, plunging toward the boats.

Bowmen keep tense watch on huge tail as harpooned whale dives.

# They're the last men who still hunt whales from small boats

After three-hour battle whale finally dies and is secured with lines.

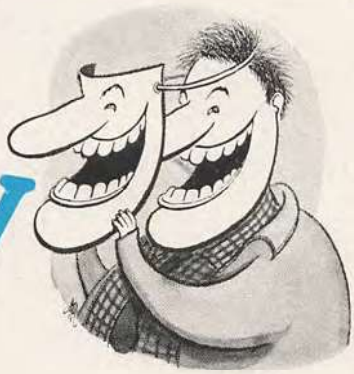
Whale is hauled in to factory on the land where the cutting up begins.



mast taken down. At four yards the crew bent to oars. At two yards the harpooner stood up in the prow, his wooden lance tipped with a barbed iron spear poised and aimed. Giving a mighty thrust, the harpooner sank his tiny weapon in the whale's gigantic body, striking deep into a lung. The bleeding, thrashing whale charged across the ocean, dragging the whale boat rapidly along. The hunters let out more and more line as the whale sounded. But it came up quickly, turned rapidly and headed for the boat. Each man grabbed an oar and by skillful maneuvering managed to stay out of the whale's path. Other boats came up to sink in more harpoons and spears. Still the battle went on for three hours until the tired whale could be brought alongside and finished off. The whale was towed off to the factory for rendering but the fishermen set off again in response to yet another tingling cry of "There she blows!" —Pat Graves

*At the end of a long day's whale hunt, the exhausted fishermen are towed back to their home port.*

# this funny life



Recently my husband and I, along with two other couples, attended the wedding of one of my husband's friends.

When we arrived at the church, our husbands decided to have a cigarette outside while we women went on into the church.

The three of us, all showing our pregnancy, gave our arms to the shocked ushers and announced we were friends of the groom.

*Mrs. John Errico*
*Dunmore, Pa.*

A senior citizen of 84—call him Mr. G—is delightfully unfreudian and could be considered an engaging senile delinquent. His passion is building kites and flying them. Frequently they get stuck in tall trees, whereupon he climbs up after them and can't get down, necessitating urgent calls from his frantic relatives for the fire department's help.

After the latest incident, one of Mr. G's granddaughters-in-law caustically suggested that the old man should visit her psychiatrist.

Mr. G's reply was classic: "Why, of course, I shall be happy to see your psychiatrist, my dear, if you think I can help him. What seems to be his trouble?"

*William Moreland*
*New York, N.Y.*

Being a new mother, I decided on the "old-fashioned" method of nursing my new son.

Grandpa has a different idea about the matter. He goes around bragging about his "modern" grandson—who eats at a topless restaurant!

*Mrs. Ron N. Scheel*
*Hermiston, Ore.*

A sportswriter friend of mine, who usually covers the baseball beat, was asked by his editor to report on a championship boxing match. The challenger in the fight proved no match for the champion and didn't lay a glove on him.

Afterward my friend made his way to the loser's corner. Not knowing just what to say, my buddy took refuge in an old baseball standby and blurted out: "When did you first realize you had a no-hitter going?"

*Ron Greer*
*Hollywood, Calif.*

My husband, along with a number of other men, flies regularly between two cities on business. They catch the same flight out every Monday and return every Friday at the same time. The meals are always identical, and they have become tired of the lack of variety. They have complained to the airline, but to no avail.

Recently, they decided to perk up one return trip. Before boarding the plane, two of the men purchased a can of stew. After taking a seat by the window, one of the fellows opened the can and emptied it into one of the "bags" for airsickness provided by the line.

As the stewardess came down the aisle, he indicated that he would like her to take the bag. He handed it to his friend on the aisle to pass along, but the friend said, "Hey, wait a minute! This looks better than what they've been serving us." Whereupon he reached into the bag and popped a few pieces into his mouth.

The stewardess fainted dead away!

*Name withheld at writer's request*
*Los Alamos, N.M.*

One of the instructors at an officer-candidate school was an Air Force flyer who brashly disregarded orders against classroom recruiting for any specific branch of the armed forces. He took every opportunity during his lectures to point out why the Air Force was so much superior to all other branches.

Not content with this, he began proselytizing the students during their very brief rest and recreation periods. One afternoon he walked up to a group at the tennis court, singled out one young man and gave him a sales pitch for the Air Force. Finally he asked the man point blank, "When you graduate, what branch of the service do you intend to enter?"

"Until I heard all you had to say about the Air Force, sir, I hadn't made up my mind," was the reply. "But now I've definitely decided—on antiaircraft!"

*Dan Bennett*
*Pacific Palisades, Calif.*

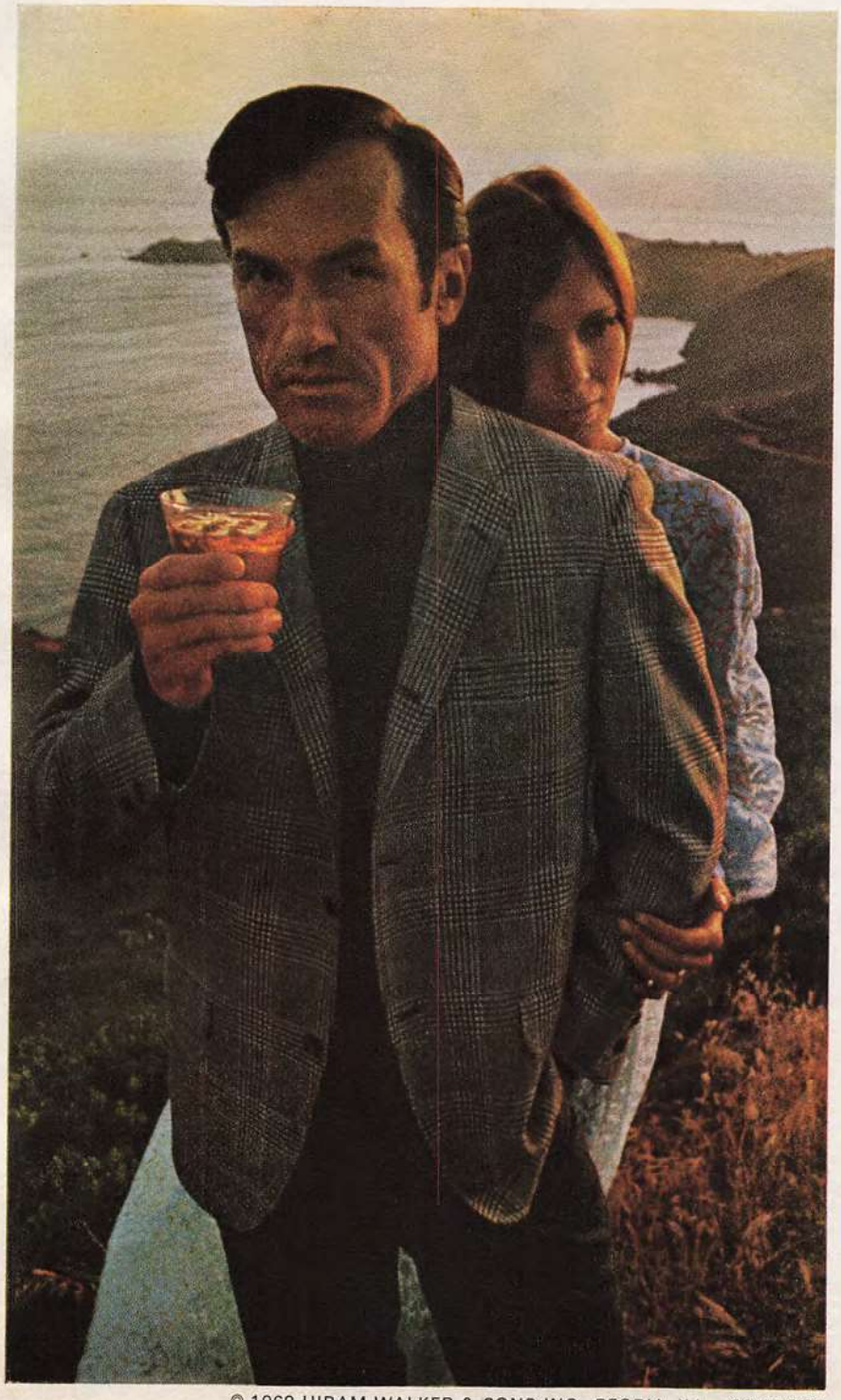
After my nephew's first day in nursery school we asked him how many boys and girls were in school with him.

His surprising reply was, "I don't know. They all had clothes on."

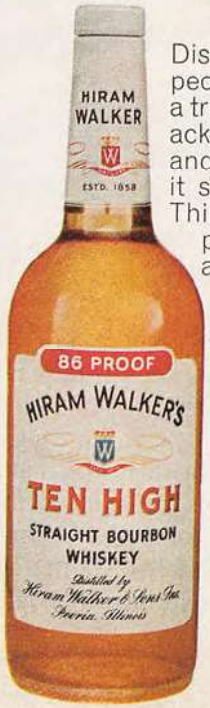
*Erick G. Erickson*
*Hammond, La.*

**$100** will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

# Set your bourbon standards high.



## Ten High




Discover why so many people enjoy Ten High, a true Bourbon of acknowledged quality and character. Sip it slow and easy. Think of the welcome price, too. It'll certainly add to your pleasure.

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PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BONAVITA
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TERRY STEVENSON

■ As more and better ski areas are born to prosper, ski fashions keep the pace with a bold variety of clothes for active skiers. A popular look this year is the belted parka. Above, from left to right, are White Stag's, in blue nylon with concealed hood ($65), teamed with matching stretch pants ($28); Silton of California's, in yellow nylon, also with a concealable hood ($35); Windbreaker's, in brown nylon with a knit collar and flap pockets ($28). On the opposite page, left, Ernst Engle's lift suit consists of a hooded nylon parka with thigh-to-neck side zippers ($65) and wool stretch pants ($75). Next to it, Mighty Mac's blue nylon parka with extra side zippers, going all the way from waist to hip ($75). Snowmobile by Polaris.

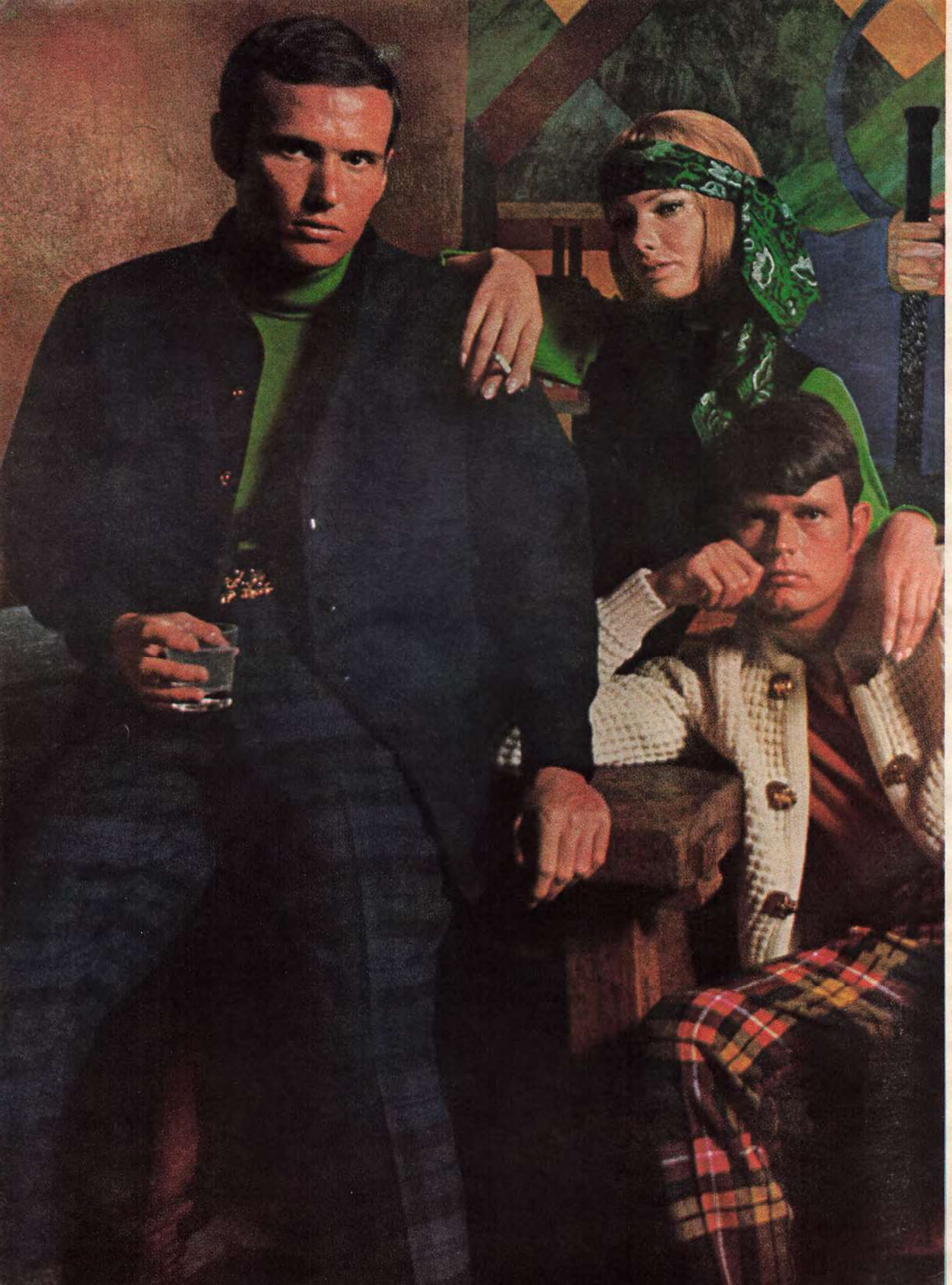
# Ski Slope Put-Ons

TURN PAGE

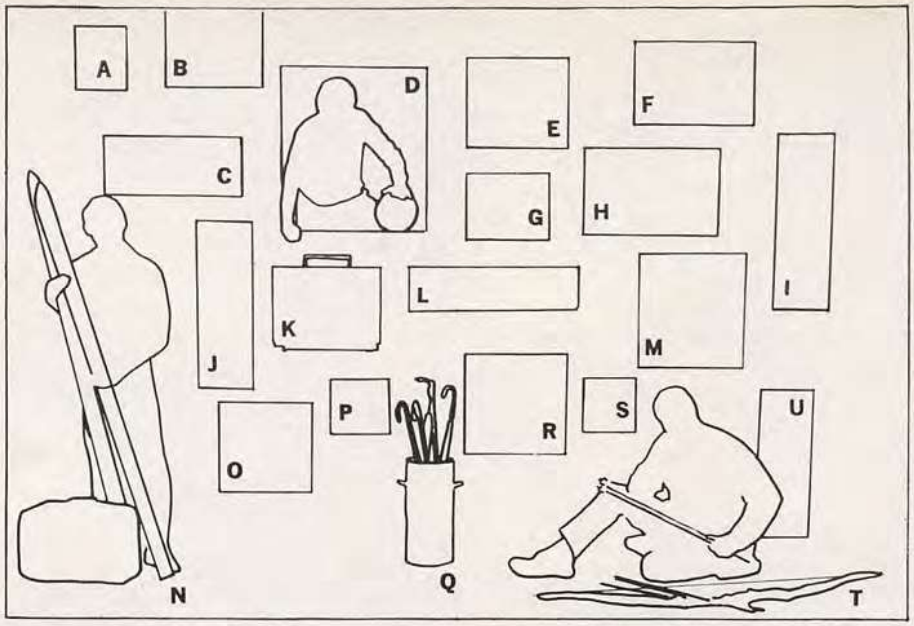
The rugged appeal of leather now applies to skiwear, too. A Western-style jacket in simulated leather (Catalina Martin, $40) is worn here with all-cotton knickers by White Stag ($19); a fleece-lined leather parka (Head, $400) goes over fully lined leather pants ($120); the double-breasted leather jacket is by Burma Bibas ($135).

Skiers with notions of going into orbit will find these jump suits particularly appropriate. The one at left, in stretch wool, has two slanting chest zippers that reach to the waist (Ernst Engle, $150); the other formfitter, by Head, with a stitched collar, is made of wool, nylon and Lycra and sports a long front zipper ($200).

TURN PAGE



An important part of the fashion action in ski country comes *après*. Here, from left to right: his navy melton shirt ($11) goes over an Arnel tricot mock turtleneck ($12), with wool tartan pants ($20; all by McGregor); her wool jump suit and nylon turtleneck are by Ernst Engle; his bulky wool cardigan with metal buckles ($30) is worn over a lamb's-wool turtleneck ($13; both by Jantzen), with wool plaid slacks (Branford, $30). Above, with the Russian-style wool sweater (Himalaya, $25) go a gold-mesh belt by William deLillo ($70) and wool pants (Moyer, $28), militarized with wide grosgrain side stripes; patent loafers by Gucci ($45). Photographed at Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood, Oregon, where the skiing is year-round. ■




## GUIDE TO TRUE'S GIFT-IN: (SEE PAGES 52-53)

**A.** Pipes by Venturi Co., $15 each.

**B.** RCA "Argosy" stereo recorder and tape player, $129.95; Norelco automatic stereo cassette playback deck, $129.95.

**C.** "Copy Mate" unit for home use in reproducing printed material, by Graphic Products, Inc., $29.95.

**D.** Wool turtleneck sweater by Burma Bibas, Inc., $21.95; Brunswick Black Diamond bowling ball, $29.95.

**E.** Hitachi FM/AM stereo portable, $80; Bulova "Prestige" cordless clock-radio, $59.95; "The Floater," waterproof transistor radio by RCA, $19.95.

**F.** Home Photo Developer by Graphic Products, Inc., $39.95.

**G.** Do-it-yourself sculpting kit from Foil-Sculpt, $20.

**H.** Yamaha International Twin Scrambler 125, $484.

**I.** Crosman $CO_2$-powered skeet gun with trap and targets, $90.

**J.** Golf bag, $75; woods, $108; irons, $166.50. All from Professional Golf Co.

**K.** Panasonic portable color TV, $359.

**L.** The watches: Egg-shaped, gold-cased by Baum Mercier, $250; Hamilton automatic gold calendar, $395; Accutron weatherproof calendar by Bulova, $225; Caribbean 1000 automatic diver's, $125; automatic calendar with gold-link strap by Longines, $175; stainless-steel 27-jewel waterproof by Gubelin, $110.

**M.** Minolta Hi-matic 9 with range finder, $109.95; Fujica instant-load reflex zoom movie camera, $125; Polaroid 250 Color Pack Land Camera, $159.95.

**N.** Pendleton all-wool "Home-Tartan" jump suit, $30; Fischer "President" skis, $200; Samsonite carry-on one-suiter, $45.

**O.** Pigskin driving gloves by Gates, $13; ties by Polo: silk, $12.50, Shetland paisley, $8.50; gold-ball cuff links by Pierre Cardin for Swank, $15; key case, $5, thin-fold wallet, $15, by Lord Buxton.

**P.** Gold butane cigarette lighter by S. T. Dupont, $130.

**Q.** Umbrella stand of nickeloid with brass bands by B. L. Designs, $30. Umbrellas and walking sticks by Uncle Sam, New York.

**R.** Motorola stereo phonograph with FM/AM radio, $359.88.

**S.** Cordless shaver by Remington, $30.

**T.** Natural-seal jacket by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport, $650; Temujin bow by Bear Archery, $135, arrows also by Bear; Brunswick bowling shoes, $14.

**U.** Shakespeare Wonder Troll Super 606 electric outboard motor, $125.

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### CAN YOU LIE YOUR WAY INTO A BETTER JOB?

[*Continued from page* 59]

Smith. Apparently the resourceful Bob had set himself up with a phone somewhere and probably had his wife and, perhaps, sister posing as phone operator and secretary.

A trick some candidates use to make a fake story stand up against checking is that of the duplicate name. "Suppose there's a guy named Joe Friday," says private eye Herman. "He wants to prove he has had education or employment experience he hasn't had. Okay, so he goes through student rosters of various colleges or through lists of employees in company phone books. He hunts until he finds somebody named Joe Friday who actually attended some college or worked at some company. When you call either of them, it says, 'Sure, Joe Friday was here.' In many companies, the checking ends right there, and the fake Joe Friday gets the job."

Then there's the unsolicited reference. One man who keeps his guard up against this ruse is Bob Hayes, an executive of Kelly Services, Inc., which makes its living by providing companies with temporary office, engineering and technical employees. First at IBM and now at Kelly, Bob Hayes has hired or supervised the hiring of literally hundreds of men and women ranging from secretaries to executives. He knows all the tricks.

"The unsolicited reference can fool you if you don't watch out," he muses. "It throws you off your guard. I guess I first encountered it when I was a sales-office manager at IBM. A guy came in and applied for a job. He was an average kind, didn't make much of an impression one way or the other. We happened to have an opening, and we toyed with the idea of giving this man a chance. He must have sensed our indecision and figured we needed a push."

The push came in the form of a phone call. The caller identified himself as Monsignor O'Brien, a priest at a nearby Catholic church. "I've been following this man's career with great interest," said the monsignor. "He's an excellent man, utterly honest, quiet but clever. I hope you'll give him this job."

The monsignor had a faint Irish accent. The voice did not have a familiar tone as in the case of Jim Lotz's candidate. Nobody suspected the voice might be that of the job candidate himself, until, for some reason, Bob Hayes called the church back a few days later and was told that no Monsignor O'Brien existed.

This is the kind of competition you must fight—and fight blindfolded—when you hunt for your big job. What should your weapons be? Should you exaggerate your own qualifications?

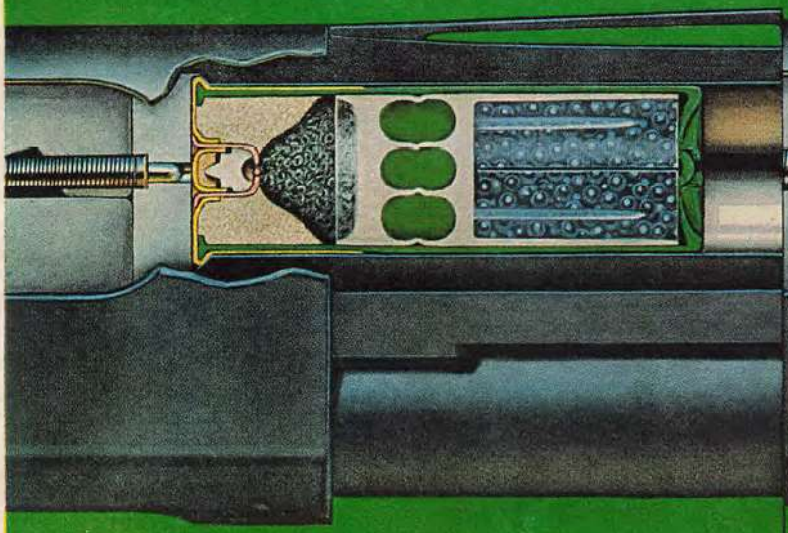
Asked this major question, Bob Hayes leans back in his chair, folds his arms and thinks for a long time. "It's an intelligent question and deserves a careful answer," he says after a while, apologizing for the delay. "I won't answer it by moralizing, but neither can I answer it by counseling a man to lie. There's a fine line to be drawn—somewhere."

Hayes is an affable man. He has been around. In his head are the memories of thousands of faces, thousands of job-hunting approaches. He remembers liking some people and not liking others, admiring some approaches and feeling irritated or queasy about others. He guesses he has been conned in his time by artful liars, and he acknowledges with equal regret that he has probably turned away worthy men who failed to market themselves well.

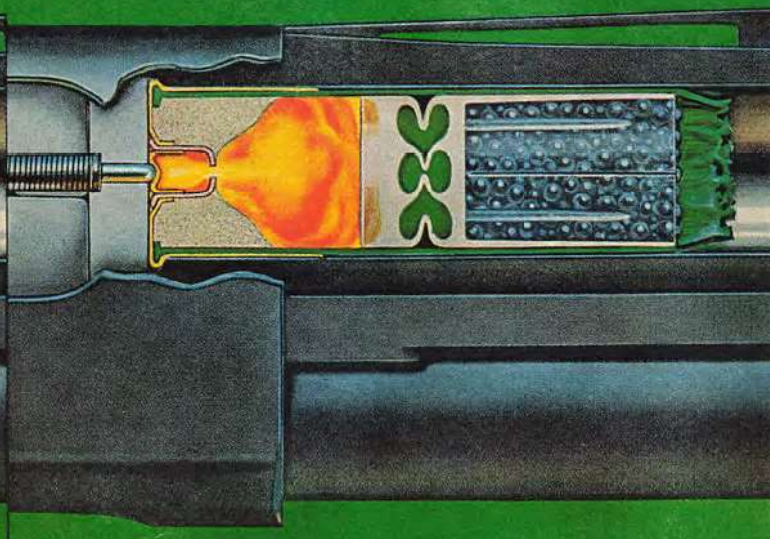
"It's basically a self-selling problem," he says finally. "You should neither undersell nor oversell yourself. This seems obvious. What isn't obvious is the line you draw between the extremes. Where do you draw it? Well. . . ."

He pulls out some sheets of scrap

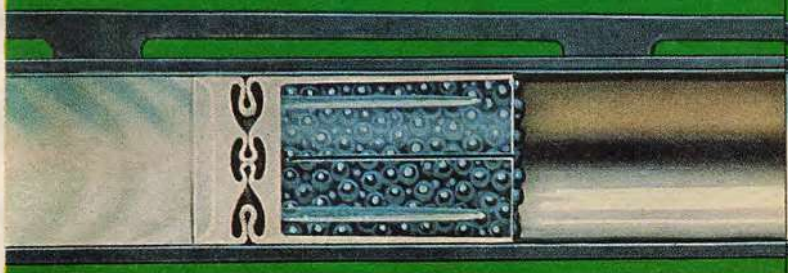
# 5 milliseconds in the life of a "Power Piston" wad.



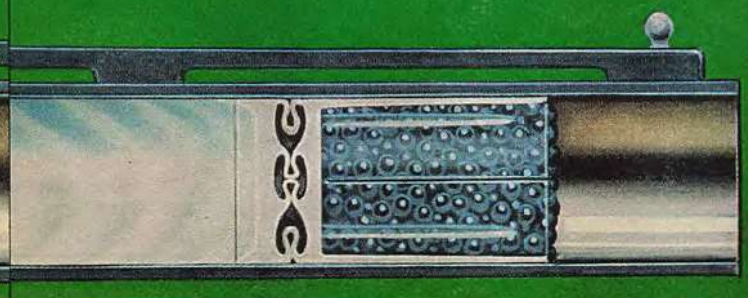
**1** This is what the "Power Piston" one-piece wad (loaded in a Remington Express plastic shell) looks like from the time it leaves the factory until you pull the trigger.



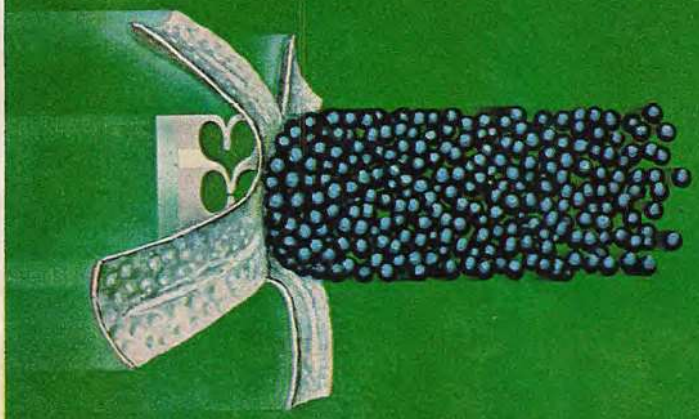
**2** Right after firing. The built-in shock absorber in the "Power Piston" compresses and absorbs the initial impact of the explosion, so the shot won't be crunched together.



**3** Halfway down the gun barrel. The back end of the Remington "Power Piston" opens up to seal the barrel and keep the expanding gas from leaking past and losing power.



**4** At the muzzle. Though the shot column is moving at top speed, the sides of the Remington "Power Piston" have kept it from touching the barrel and flattening the pellets.



**5** A few feet past the muzzle. The "Power Piston" now peels back and drops away, but the shot column is on its way at full power, with no flattened pellets to spoil the pattern.

For some time we've been telling you that Remington and Peters shells with "Power Piston" wads shoot harder, keep your barrel clean longer and put up to 10% more shot in the pattern. But let's face it—you were taking our word for something you couldn't see. And while you may have noticed an improvement in your shooting, it was just as easy to give the credit to your new shotgun or just plain luck.

That's why this little demonstration. We feel that if we can show you what a "Power Piston" does you'll have more confidence in our shells. Also we can clear up a common misunderstanding. The "Power Piston" does not make the pattern smaller. It just puts more pellets into it by eliminating "flyers"—flattened shot that goes wild. No matter what gauge you shoot—12, 16, 20 or 28. And that's a fact.

**Remington® DUPONT PETERS®**

**Try a box of Remington/Peters shells with "Power Piston." See how good a shot you really are.**

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The one that wets down a thirst with cold, foaming flavor.

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# Falstaff®

paper and scribbles on them while talking. After a couple of hours, after many abortive starts and crossings out, he produces a document like this:

*Underselling:* Stating facts flatly and unemotionally, with no bias in favor of yourself, as on a stock prospectus. Being modest. Making the interviewer find out your good features instead of actively calling his attention to them. Volunteering bad information about yourself, like the health-hazard warning on a cigarette pack: "I'm ashamed to say I was fired from that job. . . . Didn't make the grade. . . ."

*Overselling:* Directly lying about facts. Grossly exaggerating your importance to a company. ("When I decided to quit, they almost got down on their knees and begged me to stay. . . .") Evading questions that would elicit bad information, or giving clearly untrue answers. ("Fired? Me? Never!")

*Smart Selling:* Displaying a clear and honest bias in favor of yourself. Marshaling every helpful fact. Not volunteering derogatory facts, but not lying when the interviewer probes for these facts; answering in a way that shows you in the best possible light consistent with the truth. ("Since you ask, I was fired. I had some ideas about how to run the department which I still think were good ideas, but my boss had his own thoughts. . . .")

Hayes concludes: "What I'm saying, I guess, is that I like a man to be prejudiced in his own favor—maybe exaggerate a little." Other counselors agree. Jerome Mayer, a veteran career counselor who has taught at Cornell and now runs a consultant service in New York for job hunters, compares underselling and overselling in this manner: "If you're selling a compact car, you don't emphasize that it's less roomy than a big car, has less power and is made of thinner sheet metal. But you don't hide these facts either; you don't lie about them if the customer asks about them. You just don't emphasize them, you don't volunteer them if he doesn't ask. What you emphasize is that the little car costs less, is more maneuverable and uses less gas."

All counselors point out that direct lying is risky. If you're caught in a lie when applying for a job, you don't get the job.

*If* you're caught. This is the risk you've got to assess, and it is a hard one to assess intelligently because you can't know in advance how carefully your prospective new employer will check. "There are no statistics I know of," says Bill Herman, "that tell what a man's chances are of getting away with a fiction. Hundreds of thousands of men do get away with it—some for a few years, some all the way to retirement. I'd say a man's chances of making a lie stand up in any one job situation are something like two out of three. Pretty good odds."

Bill Herman sells an anti-lie service and naturally can be expected to say lying is common. Corporate personnel men, on the other hand, would like job applicants to think lying is impossible or at least ridiculously foolhardy. Most say the two-chances-in-three figure is too high—without, however, offering any figures of their own. But one hiring chief of a major electronics outfit admits: "The chances of getting away with a lie are too damned good. I'm talking about my own company." He has been trying to institute a system of more thorough checking.

Companies' lie-catching practices vary along several levels. These levels are among the things a prospective fictioneer should ponder before making up his story.

*Job level:* A man applying for a $25,000-a-year executive post is far more likely to have his story checked than is a clerk or secretary. Also more likely to be checked are men applying for trainee jobs in which the company will spend money on schooling before the employee starts to earn his keep; men applying for positions of trust in which they'll handle money or other valuables; and men applying for outpost-type jobs in which they'll spend time away from the office.

*Nature of business:* Some industries and employer groups traditionally do more checking than others. The U.S. government runs thorough background checks on almost all employees above clerk-typist level. Banks, stockbrokers, retailing companies and transportation companies tend to do a relatively good job of checking; manufacturing companies and outfits in the "creative" businesses (ad agencies, publishers, television producers) tend to do less. "It also depends what year you're talking about," says an officer of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, a big Wall Street brokerage house. "Five years ago we checked almost all applicants with care. This year we're up against a paper-work avalanche, and we hire people as fast as we can and don't check as well as we should."

*References:* A man can probably get away with a fake reference more easily than with any other fiction. Joseph Klapper, employee relations chief of Worthington Corp., echoes a common company philosophy when he says, "Worthington · many instances disregards personal references. An applicant wouldn't list anyone who might give him a poor reference." In other words, the references you give are often taken at face value—but the value attached to them is not high.

*Last job:* When a hiring executive does check your story, the source he's most likely to depend on is your last place of employment. The checking may take the form of a curt, impersonal exchange of letters between personnel departments. Your old employer may simply say: "Our records indicate that Joseph B. Smith was employed in our Marketing Services Department from April, 1965, to December, 1968, and performed his duties satisfactorily." On the other hand, the checking may be more thorough; your prospective new boss may phone your former superiors and chat about you at length. A lie about your last job is the riskiest of all lies. Less chancy are fictions about previous jobs, especially if the men you worked with back then have since moved to other companies. The bare fact that you were employed by XYZ Corp. back in 1960 is recorded—and if a man says he had a job at XYZ when he didn't, that's a risky lie. But if he actually had a job there, he can exaggerate its importance without enormous risk.

*Draft status:* By a gentlemen's agree-

**New Tall n' Slim.**

**The first 100mm low nicotine cigar.**

**We just invented the cigar for cigarette smokers.**

The first thing you'll notice is smoothness. Tall n' Slims don't bite like most cigars. Next, you'll discover a smoke with independent taste. You don't have to inhale. But if you do, Tall n' Slims probably have less nicotine than the cigarettes you're now smoking. You can't say that about any other cigar.

United States Tobacco Company, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10020

ment (not a law) dating back to the early 1940's, companies aren't supposed to discriminate against a man because he has a 1-A draft status. Many don't discriminate. Some do. A lie about your draft status is risky because an interviewer can check simply by asking to see your draft card.

*Salary:* A story in itself.

Exaggerations of past salaries are not only common; they are almost expected. "When a guy tells me he made 20 grand a year on his last job," says one personnel man, "I chuckle to myself and subtract maybe two or three grand. I figure he's telling me his salary plus all his fringe benefits plus a few bucks to grow on. It's all right, I don't mind it. It's the fashion these days."

This cheerily tolerant attitude probably stems from the fact that many companies, especially in industries where there is hot competition for talent, refuse to divulge salary information except in the broadest terms. A company may grudgingly allow that Joe Smith's salary is "in the teens," or "in the 20-30 area," or—the ultimate in noninformation—"high." An experienced sleuth such as Bill Herman can sometimes bore down to more precise data, but even he often finds himself stumped. "Since salary information is so hard to get, there's a lot of lying in this area," he says sadly.

One of Herman's favorite cases involved a man who had held six jobs. "His sixth company was about to offer him a big promotion into a critical job, one where he could damage the company badly if he goofed. The top executives decided to check him out thoroughly before making the offer, and they called me in. I worked on the case for months. I did something unusual—I found his exact salaries in all of his previous jobs."

Herman drew up a tabulation of the man's salary progress through his jobs. It was a fascinating panorama of small lies which, accumulating over the years, added up to a grand lie representing thousands of dollars. Each time the man changed jobs, he overstated the salary he'd been getting previously. He never overstated by a great deal—never more than five or 10 percent. Each new employer would give him a raise over what he said he'd been making. Thus he'd start a job on a higher salary plane than he'd have reached if he'd been honest, and he'd end on a higher plane, and overstate again on his way into the next job. Bill Herman's tabulation (changed slightly to prevent identification) looked like this:

| JOB CHANGE NUMBER | ON LEAVING OLD JOB | | ON STARTING NEW JOB | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Salary was | Overstated by | Got a raise of | To a total of |
| 1 | 7,000 | 500 | 1,000 | 8,500 |
| 2 | 9,000 | 500 | 1,000 | 10,500 |
| 3 | 11,750 | 750 | 1,500 | 14,000 |
| 4 | 15,500 | 1,000 | 2,000 | 18,500 |
| 5 | 20,000 | 2,000 | 3,000 | 25,000 |

In the end, as the man was on the doorstep of his biggest promotion, his lies about salary were getting him $4,750 a year more than the truth entitled him to.

When Herman turned in his report on this artful strategist, the top executives reacted in a way that typifies American companies' attitude toward salary exaggerations. The man wasn't fired. Nobody said anything to him at all. He simply wasn't offered the promotion.

Whether you stretch the truth on your way into a job is your own business, of course. Obviously the safest strategy is to stick to the facts, perhaps bending the truth gently with what Bob Hayes calls a "bias" in your own favor. As long as your record is basically a good one, this approach should cause you no difficulties.

If there is a troublesome spot in your record—a firing, for instance—your strategy will require more thought. The counselors suggest that you say nothing about it in your résumé or job application. Simply indicate when you left the company. Maybe the job interviewer won't ask why you left. If he does, give him a truthful but biased answer.

"Bear in mind that the interviewer is more or less on your side," says counselor Jerome Mayer. "He has been given the job of hiring a man. He *wants* to hire you. Even if there's trouble in your record, he'll see things your way if you give him half a chance."

Mayer once counseled a young man who had been to prison for stealing. After getting out of prison he had straightened himself out, worked at a series of unskilled jobs and put himself through college. Now he was ready to go for an executive trainee's job, but he felt his prison record would stand in his way. He doubted that any big, high-paying company would hire him. He wanted to lie about his prison stretch—pretend he'd spent that year traveling.

Mayer nixed the idea. His suggestion: "Say nothing about prison on your résumé. Leave the year unaccounted for. When an interviewer asks about it, put it to him like this. Point out that any jerk with money can go to college. But it takes a man with guts and dedication to get where you are from where you started. You're an exceptional man, and you should make the interviewer realize it. Instead of hiding your prison record, make a major selling point out of it."

The young job hunter took the advice. Today, in his middle 30's, he is climbing smoothly through the ranks of a mighty corporation.

Above all, say the counselors, don't fall into the trap of lying about facts that don't need to be lied about. Bob Hayes recalls a bright 30-year-old man who was the leading candidate for a solid-gold job until he was caught in two "just plain stupid" lies. He said he was married; in fact, he was divorced. He said he'd spent a certain year in the U.S. Marine Corps; actually he'd spent the year in a mental hospital. "These lies cost him the job," says Hayes, "and the sad fact is that neither lie was necessary. His divorced status certainly would have been unimportant if he'd been truthful about it, and the hospital stay probably wouldn't have mattered. He flushed himself down the drain for nothing."

Viewed purely as gambling propositions, some lies seem more intelligent than others—that is, the potential gains are bigger, the potential losses smaller, the risks more acceptable. "To lie about your marital status," says Hayes, "leaving all moral questions aside, is sheer foolishness." But if a delicatessen man can yarn his way into a 40-grand job, he can consider himself ahead of the game. If he loses the job later, he can still feel ahead—unless he has locked himself into a 40-grand living standard by then. To him, a grand lie may seem like a reasonable gamble.

You'll be competing with men like him next time you hunt a job. There are a lot of such gamblers around. "There are so many of them, in fact," says one cynical young executive, "that the only way to compete with them is to play the game their way. A lot of my friends play it. I've played it myself. It sounds bad, but it's the way life is."

He pauses, looks vaguely pained, finally shrugs. "The only piece of advice I have to give on the subject is this. Before you play, be sure the game is worth the prize."

—Max Gunther

TRUE

"Don't you grandma me! You'd still be eating my dust if it wasn't for that red light back there."

## DID JANICE WYLIE'S KILLER WALK OUT FREE?

[*Continued from page 63*]

blood and horror. As soon as he could muster sufficient strength, he called the police.

Among the first arrivals at the apartment were Deputy Inspector Walter Arm and Chief of Detectives Lawrence McKearney, who was to supervise the investigation. Other detectives and specialists were rapidly drawn into the affair in the next few days. By the weekend, a huge force of men were combing Manhattan.

There were abundant fingerprints in the apartment. Most belonged to the three girls or to young men and women who had visited the apartment legitimately. There were no bloody fingerprints. The killer had been careful. It was apparent from blood smears in the bathroom sink and on the towels that he had washed himself before leaving.

The girls' time of death had been shortly after noon, as nearly as could be determined. Emily had left her friend's home with the borrowed car at about 11 a.m. The contents of her stomach indicated to Dr. Milton Helpern, New York's Chief Medical Examiner, that she had stopped for lunch on the way. Allowing perhaps an hour for the trip in heavy midday traffic and for parking the car, plus another half hour or so for lunch, police guessed Emily might have arrived at the apartment at 12:30 or a little later—certainly no earlier than 12. Janice had eaten no lunch—a fact indicating that the murder had probably not taken place much later than 1 p.m.

Though the crime looked like the work of a "sex maniac," as the newspapers put it, there was no conclusive evidence that the killer had used the girls sexually in any way—except in the sense that knives may have symbolized his potency. No semen was found on their bodies or anywhere in the apartment. This certainly did not rule out sex as the motive for the crime, but it added new questions to an already frustrating puzzle. Perhaps the killer had been interrupted by a knock on the door. Perhaps he had ejaculated prematurely.

Pat Tolles had found the front door locked when she came home from work. The killer could have opened it with a celluloid collar tab (a detective later showed how easy it was), or he could have been let in by one of the girls.

A service door leading from the apartment to a fire stairway was ajar when Max Wylie arrived. Possibly the killer left by this door. The girls had always kept it bolted from the inside.

Three knives were found: two, blood-smeared, in the bedroom with the girls; a third in a bloodied washbasin in the bathroom. All three knives had come from the girls' own kitchen. On the bedroom floor near the bodies lay the smashed remains of a soft-drink bottle. Janice had apparently been hit on the head with this bottle, but Emily had not. Pieces of glass were ground deeply into the palms of Emily's hands, indicating perhaps that she had been conscious and struggling before dying.

Also on the bedroom floor, amid glass splinters and blood, lay an object that was less easy to account for. It was an open jar of cold cream.

Almost all who entered the apartment had the first impression that the gruesome crime had started as a burglary and suddenly changed to a sadistic murder when Janice or Emily, or both, had surprised the intruder. The disarray in the living room could have been evidence of an attempted burglary. There was the fact that the crime had occurred during a working day. A burglar would choose such a time to enter career women's apartments. A sex criminal would wait until evening when he could expect to find women home.

Pat Tolles, however, found nothing of significant value missing from the apartment. The police postulated that the burglar performed the double murder to protect himself, then became so excited that he forgot his original purpose and went away with no loot.

This seemed possible, but not likely. Other tenants in the building had been home that day at noon—the elderly lady on the floor below, for example. None had noticed any strangers in the corridors or heard anything unusual. A daytime apartment burglar normally takes the precaution of ringing at doors until he comes to an apartment where there is no answer. To those who open their doors to him, he offers some legitimate errand as explanation—says he is checking electric meters or taking a political poll. No such man had been in the building.

The evidence, therefore, was that the killer had gone straight to the three girls' apartment. Why had he singled that one out? To consummate some odd sexual drive with one of the girls? One piece of evidence pointed that way. Over the past few weeks, Janice had received obscene and vaguely threatening telephone calls at her *Newsweek* office.

Anonymous obscene calls are an occupational hazard of career girls. The caller is usually a man who, because of some emotional problem, obtains his thrills by talking about sex while shielded by the safe darkness of a telephone booth. Often he will simply have picked the girl's name at random out of the phone book. At other times he will be a man who has had some fleeting contact with the girl. Janice's caller was of the latter variety. He knew not only her name, but other facts about her.

He would call her at her office in the daytime. She did not recognize his voice. He would talk about sex organs.

Once, when she was not at her desk, one of her office friends answered his call. "Tell Janice to call me back," he said, "or her father won't be alive this time next week." He gave a phone number for Janice to call. Janice told her father about the incident. Max Wylie advised her to forget it—but, worried, she called the number the man had given. There was no answer. Police later determined that it was the number of a phone booth in a drugstore near the *Newsweek* building.

About two weeks before the murders,

**"You requested a Mrs. Harper to come see you—to discuss the way her daughter dresses for school."**

the mysterious caller talked to Janice for what turned out to be the last time. As soon as he had uttered his first few words, Janice interrupted: "I'm not going to listen to you anymore! Don't ever call me again!"

He replied, "All right. You'll have to take the consequences."

The police speculated that he might have been a fellow worker. The night before the murders, Janice had been at a party attended mainly by *Newsweek* employees. Had the anonymous caller been among those present? And had he visited Janice the next day?

"Yes, it's a tough case," one of the detectives told me as I looked through the lurid photographs. He was a lieutenant, a tall, thin man with a worried face. We were sitting in my Manhattan office.

"The weapons were kitchen knives and a soft-drink bottle?" I asked.

"Right."

"So he probably didn't go there with the intention of killing anybody?"

"Probably not. He seems to have found the weapons in the kitchen after he got there."

I thought it over: the killer hadn't planned to kill. He apparently wasn't a burglar. He had gone straight to the girls' apartment. For what purpose?

I studied the photographs and handed one of the pictures to the lieutenant. "Do you see anything unusual?" I asked.

He looked at it. "You mean the savageness of it?"

I shook my head. "No. Look at Miss Wylie's thighs. The rest of the body is splattered with blood, and so are the bedclothes, the floor, even the walls. The thighs should be, too. But they aren't. Instead, we see a broad, slightly wavy single streak of blood on each thigh, from the knee to the pelvis. It looks as though a finger-painter had used the side of his palm to make a wavy design with the blood."

"I'll be damned!" said the lieutenant. "What do you make of it?"

"Ritualism. Those streaks weren't made by the murderer having some kind of sexual relations with the body. They were made by hand and they were made carefully."

"Why?"

I shook my head again. "I don't know. A caress of farewell, maybe, or of forgiveness. The murderer apparently has some kind of drive to inflict pain on women, or obtain revenge. Odds are that this twisted ideation goes back to his childhood. This ritual of his multiple stabbing, evisceration, smoothing out the blood—must have taken time."

Emily Hoffert's body was fully clothed. Some of her clothes had been ripped in her struggle, but there was no evidence that the killer had attempted to undress her. To me, the evidence strongly suggested that he had killed Janice Wylie before Emily arrived at the apartment. He was performing his long ritual upon Janice, or had already finished performing it, when Emily Hoffert came home. It was necessary to kill Emily to silence her. By then he may have felt he lacked time to perform a second long ritual, or may no longer have had any desire to do so. He had satisfied his desires with Janice.

Therefore he performed no ritual upon Emily. But he stayed long enough to tie the two girls together. Why? A twisted attempt to console her with her friend's companionship in death?

I couldn't answer that question. But I was sure that Janice had been alone in the apartment when the killer arrived. Consider the time and weather: high noon on a pleasant day. Many people must have been strolling on the sidewalks three floors below. If both girls had been in the apartment, how could the killer have attacked one and simultaneously kept the other from screaming out the window for help? Perhaps he could have done so by quietly killing Janice in one room while Emily was in another. It was possible—but highly unlikely. The odds were that he and Janice were alone at first.

Why? What had brought him there?

I was beginning to get some ideas. I was beginning to form a picture of the man in my mind.

I saw him as a paranoid schizophrenic. Obviously he was a man who, in the typical schizophrenic pattern, was partly withdrawn from reality. He could not accept women as they are nor life as it is. He was obsessed by fantasies of ambivalent love and hate, of knives and blood.

According to research performed by the late Ernst Kretschmer, a German psychiatrist, schizophrenics are most often thin and wiry. But when a schizophrenic has strong paranoid features, he may instead have the well-proportioned build of a paranoiac. In the case of paranoid schizophrenia, it's hard to guess what the man might look like. On a hunch, I inclined toward a man of well-proportioned physique. His careful housecleaning made me see him as neat, perhaps fastidious.

He must have known either Janice or Emily. Otherwise, why would he have expected either one to be home on this particular workday?

If he had known Emily, he may have been aware she was not scheduled to start work for another two weeks. In this case he might have gone to the apartment expecting to see Emily and found Janice there instead.

If he had known Janice—and the anonymous phone calls made me think this to be more likely—then he may have been at the *Newsweek* party with her on Tuesday night. He may have heard her mention that she was taking the day off to go to Washington but at the last moment had canceled the trip. In this way, perhaps, he had learned she would be home on Wednesday. Or he had phoned her at her office Wednesday morning to indulge in obscene conversation. Somebody had picked up the phone and casually told him Janice was staying home that day.

Again, if he knew Janice, it was likely that he moved in her smart young East Side social set, or else was connected to her world of journalists, photographers, public-relations men. He would be well educated, well dressed. If he was a member of Janice's night-spot crowd, he would be near her own age—certainly not over 35. If he belonged to her daytime world, he could be older—but certainly not over 50, considering the physical effort involved in the crime. I had the feeling he was a younger man.

Many features of the crime troubled me. One was the fact that Janice was nude, and all her clothes were hung neatly in her closet. Did this mean she had at first submitted to him willingly? The police had toyed with this idea. Janice habitually slept in the nude. Had she thrown on a robe to answer his knock, recognized him as a lover and taken the

robe off and hung it up? There were snags to this theory. If Janice gave her visitor what he wanted, why kill her? A lovers' quarrel? Conceivable, but all of Janice's known men friends had been able to establish that they were nowhere near the apartment at noon that day. Moreover, Janice had no reputation for being sexually promiscuous; quite the opposite, in fact.

Another feature that troubled me was the blood. The killer must have been covered with it. How had he walked out onto a well-populated street without attracting attention?

Then there was the mysterious jar of cold cream on the bedroom floor. What did its presence signify?

"We figure it was used as a lubricant," the lieutenant told me.

"By the killer? For himself, or for an instrument?"

"Postmortem tests were inconclusive."

"Were there any cuts, inflamed areas in the vaginal mucosa, injuries to the cervix—?"

"Inconclusive."

"And no seminal traces were found anywhere?"

"None."

I frowned. "It hardly adds up, does it? If Janice was alive and if this man intended to attack her, can you imagine her lying there docile while he goes to the bathroom or a bureau to get cold cream? Can you even imagine his being that considerate, worrying about her discomfort? And if she was dead or unconscious at the time he wanted to perform his ritual upon her, why would he need the cream? To lubricate himself? Where is there evidence of his having consummated sex?"

I thought about the puzzle for a while longer. I had already formed a picture of the killer. Now I began to form a tentative picture of his actions.

I saw him. . . .

. . . A young man, impeccably dressed in the latest style, carrying an attaché case: the perfect urban sophisticate. He has a high-paying job with a Madison Avenue public-relations firm, perhaps—the kind of responsible, creative job in which he makes his own schedule. Nobody cares how long he takes for lunch.

It is noon. He stands on the sidewalk of East 88th Street watching the door of Janice Wylie's apartment building. He is waiting for the doorman to leave his post to tend to other duties.

It is not a hot day, but the young man is sweating. He has aimed at this moment for months. He first saw Janice Wylie in an East Side nightclub that catered to the young-adult crowd. She was at another table. Her blonde vivacious good looks excited him. Several weeks later he saw her again when he was visiting *Newsweek* to place a story for a client. He found out her name. She does not know his name—in fact, probably has never noticed him. But he has thought about her a lot in these months. He looked her up in the phone book one day to find where she lived. Several times, in the evenings, he followed her home on the Lexington Avenue subway. Several times he phoned her at *Newsweek*. He enjoyed bombarding her with dirty words. Her fear and anger gave him satisfaction. He hated women, particularly attractive ones. They had no right to beguile and entrap men as they did.

This morning he phoned Janice at her office and was told he would find her at home. And now he is waiting.

The doorman finally leaves to run a service elevator. The young man crosses the street and enters the building. He quickly scans the mailboxes in the foyer, finds Janice's apartment number, and rides the passenger elevator to the third floor.

He knocks on Janice's apartment door. Janice calls: "Who is it?" He gives a false name and some plausible explanation of his visit. Janice, in a bathrobe, opens the door a crack. She sees a clean-cut young man with a charming manner. He talks his way in.

Perhaps Janice offers him a cup of coffee. They are in the kitchen when he begins to use obscene language. He means to conquer her, first with words and then with his body. She becomes frightened and escapes into the living room. He picks up a Coca-Cola bottle and runs after her. She screams, but the neighboring apartments are empty at this time, and traffic noise on the street muffles her cries. He chases her about the living room. He had not come with the intention of injuring her, but now he is blinded by rage and passion. Perhaps he is infuriated by her escaping him. Her wriggling from his hungry grasp may remind him of something his mother did. Perhaps she deserted him, or sent him to a boys' boarding school—symbolically rejecting him.

But, in all likelihood, he is not clearly aware of the sources of his passion. He knows only that he wants to hurt Janice, punish her for what she has done to him. She makes for the door; he blocks her way. She runs for the bedroom, probably intending to open the window wide and scream for help to the street below. He runs up behind her and hits her on the head with the bottle. She staggers against a bureau, knocking a jar of cold cream to the floor, then slumps unconscious.

He stands looking at her for a second, then stoops quickly and takes off her robe. He is a very neat man. Throughout his life he has habitually hung clothes up in their closets rather than simply tossing them in a heap on chairs or the floor. Without thinking about it, he hangs her robe in her closet.

He looks at her nude body on the floor. Now he wants to penetrate her flesh and he wants to do so in a way that will hurt her. He remembers seeing knives in the kitchen. He goes there, selects three sharp knives, returns to Janice. He stabs her savagely.

Blood spatters his hand, and suddenly he realizes that there is going to be a lot of blood. Even in his red rage, he maintains his habitual caution. How will he leave the apartment if there is blood on his clothes? He doesn't want people to notice him. Moreover, he has never tolerated spots or smudges on his shirts and suits. He stands up, goes to the bathroom and washes his hands. He takes off


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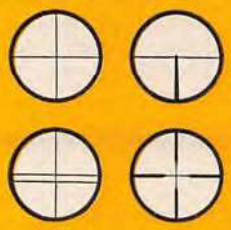

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his shoes, pants, jacket and shirt. He puts his shoes on the floor, neatly, side by side, and he folds the clothes carefully and places them on a chair.

Then he allows his throbbing passion to overcome him again. He takes a knife and eviscerates Janice. Perhaps he recites some sort of childish, ritualistic incantation as he cuts and tears with the knife: "I love you, I hate you. . . ." With the side of his hand, he makes wavy streaks of red down Janice's thighs. "I love you, I hate you. . . ."

Suddenly he is jolted back to reality by the sound of the front door opening. He grabs a knife and hides. He can see Emily enter, notes the concern on her face as she surveys the overturned living room. He waits for a suitable moment, springs out and stabs her. He drags her into the bedroom. She is alive and struggling, but unable to speak or cry out. He stabs her again and again, until she is still. Then he rips a bedsheet into strips and ties the two girls together, perhaps because they share the common stigma of being women. He may pause again to recite further incantations: "I love you *both*, I hate you *both*. . . ."

He goes to the bathroom and washes his hands, arms and face. He uses a towel to wipe every solid surface that he remembers having touched, including the knife handles and the neck of the Coke bottle. He wants to leave no trace of himself. He puts his clothes on, adjusting his tie before a mirror with customary care. He picks up his attaché case. He inspects the apartment one last time to make sure he has left no incriminating clues. Finally he takes a piece of toilet paper, wraps it around his hand like a glove, and uses it to open the service door. He goes down the fire stairs and walks calmly out of the building.

The police used my suggested image to make an exhaustive probe of Janice's and Emily's friends, acquaintances and office colleagues. At the same time they followed other leads, other theories. Hundreds of known apartment burglars were questioned. Virtually every fingerprint found in the apartment was traced to its owner, who was then interviewed by a team of detectives. Another team spent evenings roaming nightclubs and bars in the area. It was one of the biggest manhunts in New York's history.

Months passed without success. Then, late in April, 1964, came the electrifying announcement: The killer had been caught! He had confessed!

I heard it by phone from my lieutenant friend, a few hours before the flash news went out on TV and in the papers.

"He *confessed?*" I asked.

My theoretical paranoid would never have done that. Perhaps he secretly wished that some women could know of his revenge, but he certainly had no wish for the world in general to know of it. This man confess? To me, it sounded next to impossible.

"Describe this man to me," I asked the lieutenant.

He complied. George Whitmore was a Negro, 19 years old, childish and possibly mentally retarded, almost illiterate, sloppily dressed, careless in his personal habits.

I said flatly: "He isn't your man, confession or no confession."

I was perfectly willing to believe that Whitmore had confessed. Phony confessions are fairly common in police experience, especially when bizarre sexual crimes are involved. Quite often the man who falsely confesses to such a crime is a man who unconsciously wishes he had had the guts to do it. He is often an ineffective sort of man, with weak or absent sexual powers. By confessing to such a crime, he gets credit for being a man—wins symbolic recognition of his sexual potency.

Whether Whitmore actually did confess, and under what circumstances, is a question still unanswered. Within a few weeks after his arrest, he was loudly claiming to be a victim of injustice. He denied that he had confessed. Then he changed his story, admitted that he had confessed but claimed that the police had beaten the confession out of him. He became a *cause célèbre*. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Civil Liberties Union and several other groups came clamoring to his defense, picturing him as a martyr to racial bias, police brutality and the Police Department's anxiety to close the troublesome Wylie-Hoffert murder case.


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**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**


But whether he had confessed or not, whether the police had roughed him up or not, I was certain that this man had not killed Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert. I explained my views to the police, to Max Wylie and others. Many shared my doubts—including a number of police detectives. And, finally, in January, 1965, the police dropped the case against Whitmore.

In part, this happened because Whitmore was able to develop and prove what seemed like a strong alibi. He managed to show that he had been in New Jersey on the day of the murders. The police weren't entirely convinced that this was a leakproof alibi and under other circumstances they might have tried harder to find holes in it. What really made them forget Whitmore was that a new and much better suspect had appeared on the horizon.

The story of this second suspect had begun to unfold secretly about four months previously, in the fall of 1964. An odd married couple in their 30's, Nathan and Marjorie Delaney, had gone to the East 104th Street Police Station and told an interesting tale. Nathan was awaiting trial at the time on a narcotics charge. He explained to the police that he didn't want to compound his troubles by hiding a possible murderer—and perhaps he hoped his cooperation with the police would win him lenient treatment. (Later it did: he won a suspended sentence.) At any rate, he said that he and his wife had been worrying about the Wylie case ever since it had occurred a year ago. They had a friend, Richard Robles, 22, whose behavior during the year had struck them as increasingly strange. Robles was a heroin addict. He needed at least $15 a day to support his habit and he was known to the police as an apartment-house burglar. The Delaneys believed that he had committed a burglary on the day of the Wylie-Hoffert murders. At first they had thought it was just another burglary. But on several occasions since, when lounging dreamily around their East 84th Street pad after a heroin fix, he had talked of girls, knives and blood. Bits and pieces of evidence had built up gradually over the months, until finally the Delaneys became convinced that Richard Robles was the long-sought murderer.

The police were interested. They arranged to bug the Delaneys' pad with listening devices and they asked the Delaneys to draw Robles into conversation about the murder. These conversations were recorded. Robles talked in the dreamy, vague, disconnected fashion of one high on drugs, but his words seemed convincing to the police. He sounded like a better suspect than had George Whitmore.

Shortly before midnight on Tuesday, January 26, 1965, Richard Robles was arrested and booked at the East 104th Street station house. He was a slender, pale young man with close-cropped dark hair, shaky hands and the look of a frightened child.

His arrest was announced in the next morning's newspapers. Once again, the killer had been caught.

And once again I was not satisfied.

I could no more readily see Richard Robles as the killer than George Whitmore. For one thing, there was Robles' history. He had no record of sex perversion, attempted rapes, or sexual assaults. When around women, in fact, he seemed to have been a rather mild-mannered man. His sex drive appeared to be low-powered. He was not the sort of man who could be pictured stabbing two girls to death. He was, instead, the kind of man who could falsely confess to such a crime.

Even more puzzling was his use of heroin. This drug produces a dreamy, slow-moving state. It is definitely not an aphrodisiac. In fact, it tends to have the opposite effect: it suppresses sexual drives, often to the point where the addict has virtually no interest in sex. A heroin addict will commit burglaries and robberies to support his habit, but it is most unlikely that he will commit a sex crime. This is an established fact supported by thousands of clinical and police records.

But such a man could very easily build

grandiose fantasies. In his highly suggestible, dream-wrapped state. he can imagine himself as anyone in the world—a king, a movie star, a murderer. His friends can induce such a fantasy with leading questions and subtle suggestions. Egged on, he will talk of his fantasies as though they were real. He will talk about a murder or any other event as though he had participated in it.

An able attorney named Jack S. Hoffinger was appointed by the court as Richard Robles' defense counsel. One day, unable to keep my worries to myself, I phoned Hoffinger to discuss the case. I found that the same problems were worrying him.

"What the police claim to be Robles' story doesn't make sense to me," he said. "It doesn't hold water."

It is normally easy to find out whether a man has given a false confession. You ask him for details that only the real criminal could supply. You trap him with trick questions. You ask, "Where did you put your coffee cup?" He doesn't know that no coffee cup was found at the scene, so he invents an answer. You challenge him. He backtracks. Finally you have him so confused in a web of falsehoods that his whole story collapses.

I asked Jack Hoffinger, "What is the story the police have attributed to Robles? What did they say he told them?"

As the attorney repeated it, the story was not what either he or I could call believable.

Robles had never seen Janice Wylie or Emily Hoffert before. He went to their apartment building, he said, simply as a burglar. He did not explain how he got past the doorman. He never explained why he chose the girls' apartment in particular. Its door lock was the same as those of other apartments in the building. Most were just as easy to open with a celluloid collar tab or a piece of wire. But he picked that particular apartment. Asked why, he said he didn't know.

All right, that much is barely acceptable. He made a random choice of apartments and happened to end at Janice Wylie's door. This much I could buy—grudgingly.

He opened the lock and went in. Then, he said, he saw Janice. She was obviously surprised to see him at first, but then, according to his story, she calmed down and became friendly. She seemed to welcome his presence, unannounced though it was. They talked for a while. Then, with no further preamble, Janice offered herself to him sexually.

For the next hour or so, as the police say Robles told it, he and Janice engaged in varied sexual activities. Fellatio, anal intercourse and other odd acts were performed and enjoyed by both partners. Finally, overcome by some sudden, uncontrollable sadistic compulsion, Robles was then said to have attacked Janice with a knife and killed her.

It was a shocking story. But it was pure fiction. It never happened.

For one thing, Janice was not the kind of girl who could easily be imagined behaving this way. Not at high noon. Not with her roommate expected home at any moment. Not with a total stranger who had chanced to blunder into her apartment. The entire story was utterly foreign to what was known about Janice Wylie's nature.

Moreover, the story was incompatible with the nature of Richard Robles, heroin addict. As I've pointed out, heroin has a strong depressing effect on sexual drive. I could hardly imagine such a man as Robles getting involved in any highly erotic long-drawn-out adventure like the one he described. I couldn't easily grant that he even had the urge to do so, let alone the physical capacity.

But I could imagine his making up such a story, boasting about it, pumping himself up to larger-than-life size. This could be his way of making up for inadequacies that he felt in himself, a way of picturing himself to the world as more man than he really was.

For a while I wondered why he had embroidered the story so much. He could have achieved his boast of manhood simply by saying he had killed the two girls—or, if he wanted to make the story better, by saying Janice had submitted to intercourse with him beforehand. This would have been boast enough. Why, then, had he embellished the tale with strange accounts of perversion?

An answer occurred to me. Possibly, while questioning him, the police had asked him to explain the jar of cold cream found amid the carnage. Such a lubricant may be necessary in a sex act such as anal intercourse. Robles may have seized on that as a way of explaining the cold cream away, and then may have tried to make it sound more plausible by putting it against a backdrop of a long, erotic orgy.

I could not swallow any of the story. I listened with increasing amazement as Robles' incredible tale, as told to the police, continued. After he killed Janice, he said, Emily returned to the apartment. He killed her to silence her. He was wearing a sport shirt and slacks. He said nothing about having taken them off. If he had kept them on all this time, they would have been splashed with blood—soaked with it. According to his story, he then left the apartment, walked out on 88th Street at high noon on a sunny day, stood at the curb, hailed a cab and went to the Delaneys' apartment.

The more I thought about the story, the more it sounded like a wild heroin fantasy.

Richard Robles went to trial in October, 1965. Most of the questions that had bothered me were brought up by Jack Hoffinger in the courtroom. The


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prosecution argued that all the apparent inconsistencies in Robles' story were simply the result of his being in a heroin dreamworld: he couldn't remember clearly what he had done.

Hoffinger challenged the legality of Robles' confessions. Part of the police case was based on tape recordings made secretly while Robles talked in the Delaneys' apartment. Hoffinger felt that, if he and Robles could listen to these recordings, new evidence in Robles' favor might turn up. But Justice Irwin D. Davidson refused to furnish Hoffinger with a transcript of the recordings.

"Richard Robles is being used as a stand-in for George Whitmore!" shouted Hoffinger vehemently as the trial drew to a close. When the case against Whitmore collapsed, he said, it was necessary to come up with a new suspect. "The police had to come up with *somebody*."

But the jury seemed eager to mete out punishment for the horrifying crime. The jury decided that Richard Robles should suffer the punishment. On December 2, he was declared guilty of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The case was officially closed.

In my mind, it is still open.

Several New York newspapers had published my suggested image of the Wylie-Hoffert killer shortly after the crime. One afternoon I was sitting in a newspaper editor's office, talking about some assignments in psychiatric journalism, when the editor brought up the Wylie case. "The police consulted you on it, didn't they?" he said.

"Yes."

"Off the record, is there anything that seems fishy to you?"

"There certainly is." I told him of all the things that were troubling me.

The editor nodded. "We've been wondering, too." He sifted through a pile of papers on his desk and pulled out a clipping. "Here's your suggested image of the killer. You said he'd be a young man, well built, clean and neat. He'd move in the girls' social set or their daytime career world or both, but they wouldn't necessarily know him."

"Right."

"Did you know that there was just such a guy among the possible suspects at one time? The police questioned him but let him go."

"Nobody ever told me that."

The editor frowned at the clipping.

"This guy was a young writer, good-looking, solidly built, known as an unusually natty dresser. His fingerprint was on the girls' mailbox in the apartment-house lobby. It was a good, fresh print—seemed to be fresher than most of the others. It looked as though he'd visited the apartment sometime recently. When the police questioned him he said sure, he'd been at the apartment visiting Janice. This sounded plausible, except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"Neither the police nor our reporters were able to establish for sure that he was a friend of Janice's. He certainly wasn't among the regular young men visitors. Pat Tolles had never met him."

"In other words, he couldn't prove he'd visited the apartment for a legitimate reason?"

"Correct. But—" The editor shrugged. "The three girls didn't know everything about each other's intimate affairs. It's conceivable that this guy could have been Janice's friend, but that she never happened to mention him to anybody. It isn't likely, but it's conceivable. So this is mere speculation. But there are other things. The young guy had some kind of mental or emotional problem a few years ago when he was in college, had to drop out for a year. A nervous breakdown, his friends called it."

"That alone wouldn't prove anything, of course."

"No, but it would fit the picture of a mentally troubled guy, wouldn't it?"

"It would."

"And here's something else. Do you know what he did after the police questioned him?"

"What?"

"Went to Europe."

I was intrigued. A fresh fingerprint on the mailbox. . . . It neatly fitted my imagined reconstruction of the crime. On his way into the apartment, the intruder had not intended to commit a murder. He may have had no clear plan at all. He may not have been worried about fingerprints. He had leaned against the mailbox to find Janice's apartment number. . . .

"I've got a surprise for you," said the editor. "I've been intending to do this for some time, and when I heard you were dropping in today I decided the time might as well be now. I'm going to interview this young guy by telephone."

I stared at him. He grinned. "Yes, I'm going to see what he has to say for himself. I've arranged with one of our men over there to have him near a certain telephone at this hour on a pretext. The operator should be putting the call through just about now."

After a while, the editor's phone rang. He picked it up, listened, nodded to me. The mysterious young man was on the wire.

It was a very short conversation. The editor introduced himself, started to ask a question, then stopped. He asked another question, stopped again, finally hung up. He looked glum.

"Not the man?" I asked.

The editor shrugged. "He coolly told me that he had said everything he had to say to the police and he wouldn't discuss the case further with anyone, period. Then I asked him when he expected to return to this country."

"What did he say?"

"Never."

Richard Robles and his lawyer, Jack Hoffinger, have spent the time since then preparing an appeal of the murder conviction, and this appeal is presently before the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court awaiting decision. In February, 1968, the court reversed one of the key rulings in the 1965 trial. This was the ruling that denied Robles the chance to listen to the tape recordings made in the Delaney apartment. (The recordings, strangely enough, had not been offered by the prosecution as evidence in the trial.) Hoffinger claimed they might offer a clue to the voluntariness of the alleged oral confession made to the police by Robles and admitted in evidence at the trial. The Appellate Court agreed.

If the appeal is upheld and a new trial is ordered, it will probably be a noisy one. I hope it leads, finally, to the truth. I plan to do everything I can to see that it does—and, if called, I will testify willingly for the defense.

My doubts about the case have not faded and will not fade with time. Richard Robles did not murder anybody.

—Dr. James Brussel

TRUE

"Why don't *we* hide and let *them* find us?"

## WHO'S THE BROAD IN PRO FOOTBALL'S HUDDLE

[*Continued from page* 43]

information on all the public figures in football," she announces to the others, proud of her network of informers that ranges from coast to coast. Hulmes can't help but hear and winces. "Everybody generally recognizes," he snaps, "that Jimmy Orr is the *Line Back* spy in Baltimore." As Hulmes drifts away, Elinor says of him, "He's really a dear. Did you know he doesn't drink or smoke? He's the only square I know who has a sense of humor."

Suddenly Elinor's gaze is arrested by the distant figure of a balding, fiftyish man dressed in a burnt-orange turtleneck golf shirt and burnt-orange slacks. "There's Doctor Eshelman!" she cries. "Doctor Eshelman is a minister who has named himself Sports Chaplain of the World. He travels to a lot of the camps and gives spiritual pep talks to the players. But I think he's become a shoulder-pad worshipper." Doctor Eshelman breaks into a sprint, charging downfield toward an equipment manager, shouting, "Quick! The punter needs a shoe! David Lee needs a shoe!" Elinor screams with delight.

"H'lo, ya sweet thing, ya," drawls Billy Ray Smith, a huge Arkansas tackle, as he lumbers off the field. "I'll tell ya, El'nor, ya get better lookin' every year."

"Is it true that women are still not allowed at the Colts' rookie show?" Elinor at once demands.

"Well, El'nor, we'd love to have ya, but it might not work, what with some o' them boys with their clothes off."

Elinor turns her attention to head coach Don Shula running laps in the distance. "Oh, that's very Detroit-Lionish," she exclaims. Shula, a handsome dark-haired man, presently trots over to bid Elinor welcome. "The Lion coaches," she immediately informs him, "have taken off a collective 100 pounds this year. They went in a group to the jai alai matches in Florida and saw a fat man drop dead of a heart attack."

"You see that hill over there?" says Shula. "I've never gone up that hill walking." Shula charges up the hill and disappears. "I want to interview him after lunch," Elinor says. "I also want to interview the trainer. It's fabulous, the things trainers can tell you. The Cleveland Browns trainer told me one of the reasons Lou Groza was such a great kicker was that he had extremely long toenails."

**NOON TIME**

"Hi, Elinor," says halfback Tom Matte, standing in front of a dormitory with Doctor Eshelman as Elinor comes up the path on her way to lunch. "Here we have the publisher of the most informative and provocative publication in football," Matte intones to the doctor. "The writer who knows exactly where to go to get all the garbage."

Doctor Eshelman's face, as he turns to Elinor, folds into a rubbery smile. In the fashion of old prizefighters, always alert to turn the last taste of publicity into another, he whips out his billfold and shows Elinor a fresh clipping from the Baltimore *Morning Sun* relating that he is the former chaplain of the New York World's Fair, and that on the previous day he told the Colts, "The most complete ballplayer is the fellow who gives attention to the needs of the body, soul, and spirit." Doctor Eshelman explains that he is touring 11 training camps at his own expense. "I'm self-supporting," he says. "God blessed me in my financial investments."

Promising herself that she will give Doctor Eshelman an Elmer Gantry treatment in her forthcoming book, *Football Broadside*, Elinor moves on to the cafeteria, having obtained permission from Harry Hulmes to lunch with the players. Although she has been publishing *Line Back* for six years and now writes a twice-weekly newspaper column that is syndicated to 44 papers, Elinor is not so hospitably accepted in all football circles as she is by the Colts. Only last January in Miami Beach, Jim Kensil, assistant to football Commissioner Pete Rozelle, threw her out of a pre-Super Bowl cocktail party for the press. She had been there an hour when Kensil pointed out to her that if the wives of the press got wind she had been admitted to the party, they would demand to know why *they* had not been invited. "I considered that the height of insult," Elinor says. "Imagine putting me in a position comparable to a lot of lushwell writers' wives."

Besides having been lumped with the "lushwell" writers' wives, Elinor has had to endure a certain amount of resentment from a small minority of the sporting press, whose objection to her takes the form of the question: "What does that broad know about football?" ABC sportscaster Howard Cosell, she says, haughtily looks the other way when she comes into view, pretending he hasn't seen her. Although President Ed Pope of the Pro Football Writers Association of America looked with favor on her application for membership, Elinor was months in receiving her card from New York chapter-head Norman Miller of the *Daily News*. "Normie Miller is impossible," she says. "He thinks *Line Back* is a hoax."

Physically, *Line Back* is a lengthy, twice-folded sheet of paper—powder-blue, yellow, pink, rose or aqua, depending upon Elinor's feminine whim of the week—crammed with a prose style that is not really Hedda Hopper but hard-working Walter Winchell. "A wee bird," *Line Back* whispers, "says Chris Burford and Len Dawson are 'don't invites' and much feuding is splitting up Chiefsville." Directed solely at sophisticated fans, *Line Back* refers to Joe Namath, for example, only as "Broadway Joe" or "Joe Bonus," and more or less commands its readers to be quick on the uptake or get out.

On a piddling circulation of 5,000, *Line Back* barely breaks even, but the fun is in the fact that it is read by the elite and the mighty. Football executives and front-office lieutenants read it


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habitually, as do many thrifty ballplayers. In Baltimore, for example, Jimmy Orr, alone among the players, put up $4 for a subscription last season, but his copy was invariably swiped and pored over by perhaps 20 teammates before he could locate it. "Elinor Kaine," columnist John Crittenden has written in the Miami *News*, "is the Tokyo Rose of pro football." As if that weren't enough, the *Line Back* cult includes a clutch of inmates at Sing Sing as well as the Redemptorist Fathers of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, at whose invitation Elinor participates in their weekly football pool. Presumably, the winner gets the sacramental wine.

Today, in the Colts' training camp, the players, having doffed their pads, emerged from lunch in Bermuda shorts and golf shirts, and as they sprawl out on the dormitory stoops, Elinor moves through them like a minesweeper, relentlessly gathering explosive morsels for *Line Back*.

Spying Don Shula crossing the lawn to his dormitory, she lets out a yoo-hoo that travels up his spine, halting him in his tracks and making his stony chin quiver. A gallant smile comes to his lips, and he escorts Elinor in. She interviews him for an hour, and when they emerge, Elinor is hurling charges at him. "I think coaches run the gamut from conservative to ultraconservative," she tells Shula.

"Well, all right," he protests mildly, "but keep me in the conservative class, will you? We've tried on-side kicks, you know."

"Listen," says Elinor, catapulting to another topic. "I think Doctor Eshelman is publicity hungry."

"Now be careful what you write about him, Elinor. Don't be cruel. He's done a good job here. Actually, I'm very proud of the fact that we were the first club to start a chapel service. We have some pretty good citizens here."

"Luckily," she retorts, "you have some of the other kind to balance things out."

Shaking his head, Shula goes off for the afternoon practice. "What a disappointing interview," Elinor sighs. "He came on with a lot of that 'Oh, Weeb is a *wonderful* coach' crap. Everybody's a 'wonderful coach.' " Elinor sweeps down the hillside to the practice field, where, sprawled on the grass, she takes in a scrimmage. "I think a lot of beaujolais is coming out of Jimmy Orr and Tom Matte," she observes. "I've never seen two men sweat so much on a cool day."

**FIVE P.M.**

Scene, the path leading past the dormitories.

Elinor to center linebacker Bill Curry: Bill, I'm going to have to send you a piece that Norman Mailer wrote about the center syndrome.

Curry: Now listen, Elinor. I've bent over in front of a few quarterbacks in my time, and I assure you emphatically that I have never experienced an erotic thought.

Elinor: Well, Mailer also says there's a class thing between linemen and backs, because linemen can never become backs.

Curry: Sounds like Karl Marx to me.

Tom Matte and defensive back Jerry Logan join Curry, and the three chip in for a joint subscription to *Line Back*.

Reared in New York, Miami Beach and Winnetka, Illinois . . . descendent of old-line Bal Harbour pioneers . . . granddaughter of an auto industry magnate and daughter of a coal company president . . . educated at Smith . . . bred to the turf club set . . . guest of the eastern moneyed crowd—what aberration impelled Elinor Kaine to stake out her destiny amid hired gladiators and lushwell typewriter jockeys? It's scandalous enough that during the Hialeah race meeting she brings horse jockeys to cocktails at the exclusive Bath Club. She writes a winter gossip column for racing's *Morning Telegraph* under a pseudonym, "Flamingo." But professional football! Where did the girl go wrong?

Her symptoms threw off their first clear danger signal in a "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Kaine" letter written in 1955 by Mrs. Allison W. Marsh, a Smith College dean. "The administrative board at its recent meeting reviewed Elinor's record for the past two years and decided that, although by the grace of one decimal point, which is literally by the skin of her teeth, Elinor has a cumulative average of diploma level, she should be very strongly urged to withdraw from Smith College. . . . Her innate ability saves her in a pinch, but her instructors' reports on all sides point to a neglect of her work and an indifferent attitude."

The facts were that instead of turning up for afternoon classes, Elinor had been compiling a 100-percent attendance record at Boston's Suffolk Downs, where she brought her math major to bear on the *Racing Form;* that she agitated her classmates by putting cold cream on toilet seats; that she stole 80 toothbrushes, from which she constructed a mobile that she hung down a stairwell. Her standing was not improved, says a onetime beau, who invited her to dances at Dartmouth, when it became known that she invariably chose as her chaperon an elderly waiter known as Murph, who sustained himself from a suitcase filled with bottles of gin. "All of this," wrote Dean Marsh, without going into the details themselves, "does not add up to much promise for the next two years."

Refusing to take the hint, Elinor hung on at Smith. "The only 'A' I ever got was in a senior writing course," she says. "I got it by stealing a story from Red Smith, but it was an old story and he'd probably stolen it from Damon Runyon. It was sickening to learn that I could have been doing this all along and getting A's." Armed at last with a degree in mathematics, Elinor landed on the Princeton faculty as a computer operator in aeronautical engineering research. "It was as dreary and simple as running an adding machine," says Elinor, noting further that Princeton was a bore, except for the fact that she obtained flamenco lessons from a town butcher, who had toured with Escudero. In exchange for the lessons, she spent her Saturday mornings answering the butcher's phone and wrapping meat.

The reason she has been a working girl since her graduation from Smith, Elinor insists, is that she is not a rich girl and that while she receives a smattering of dividend checks, they do not amount to much more than lipstick money. In any case, her maternal grandfather, Joseph B. Graham, and his brother Robert started a string of glass factories shortly after the turn of the century, proceeding from there to executive positions with Dodge and ultimately purchasing an auto company of their own. They produced the Graham-Paige, which grew into a snazzy speedster of the 1930's. Elinor's paternal grandfather owned the Lawrence F. Kaine Coal Company of New York, meanwhile playing pro football on Staten Island for $5 a game under the pseudonym of Lawrence Francis. The coal company passed into the hands of Elinor's father, Warren Kaine, who from time to time owned thoroughbreds and now lives with his wife in retirement in Aiken, South Carolina.

Elinor, choosing New York over Prince-

ton, passed restlessly through a series of Manhattan office jobs, working in between as a grocery clerk and a hatcheck girl. In 1962, it was her old Dartmouth beau, a tall, bespectacled bachelor named Jack Krumpe, who led Elinor to found *Line Back*.

Krumpe, who now runs the mutuels department at Aqueduct, Belmont and Saratoga, called Elinor's attention to the fact that public interest in pro football had reached unprecedented intensity and that inasmuch as all her various jobs had bored her to tears, she ought to try publishing a pro football periodical—perhaps a newsletter.

All the same, a brilliant suggestion from Krumpe is one thing, but where does a poor little society girl start when she decides to become an oracle on pro football? No problem, recalls Elinor. "I simply went down to Times Square and bought newspapers from every city in pro football," she explains. Adding her own opinionated embellishments to the works of football writers across the nation, she wrote her first issue of *Line Back*. From that issue forward, the privilege of the female to convert fancy into fact has run roughshod over any doubts Elinor may have entertained about her knowledgeability in a man's game. For example, two of her favorite ex-players are Bobby Layne, the high-living quarterback, and Layne's bruiser lineman pal, Ernie Stautner. "They were not devoid of humor," Elinor says, going on to portray Stautner as a down-to-earth guy who cannot tolerate sham, who deflates the arrogant wherever he finds them. That's nice, but has Elinor ever met and spoken to Layne or Stautner? "No, but I saw them come into Toots Shor's once."

Together with Krumpe, she undertook ways to bring *Line Back* to the attention of the football public. They fashioned copies of the newsletter into paper airplanes and from the top row of Yankee Stadium sailed them down on New York Giant fans. "It upset me terribly to see people using *Line Back* to wipe off their seats," Elinor remembers, but she persevered, bribing the cloakroom girl at Shor's to slip *Line Back* into customers' overcoats.

At last, circulating doggedly across the nation, *Line Back* attracted a network of correspondents from among its readers. One writes on the letterhead of a San Francisco synagogue. "I don't know if he's a rabbi or what," says Elinor, "but he came up with an early tip that the 49ers would fire Jack Christiansen." The 49ers fired Christiansen. Elinor has instructed the synagogue spy to root out the indemnity terms that the 49ers really wrung from Oakland when they agreed to accept the Raiders as part of the NFL-AFL merger. Her spy has been taking people to lunch but thus far has obtained nothing but the check.

Among her more fruitful sources is a head coach's wife who writes Elinor regularly, posting her on oodles of football gossip while at the same time suggesting possible targets for *Line Back's* editorial assaults. Still another of Elinor's informers is LeRoy Neiman, a successful New York artist who, in the course of sketching NFL action, circulates along the benches and in dressing rooms with his eyes and ears open. "I'm devoted to *Line Back*," says Neiman, "because it's unnecessary. I prefer nonfunctional things. Of course, I think that at times *Line Back's* content is not as accurate as it sounds, since Elinor gets some of it from me."

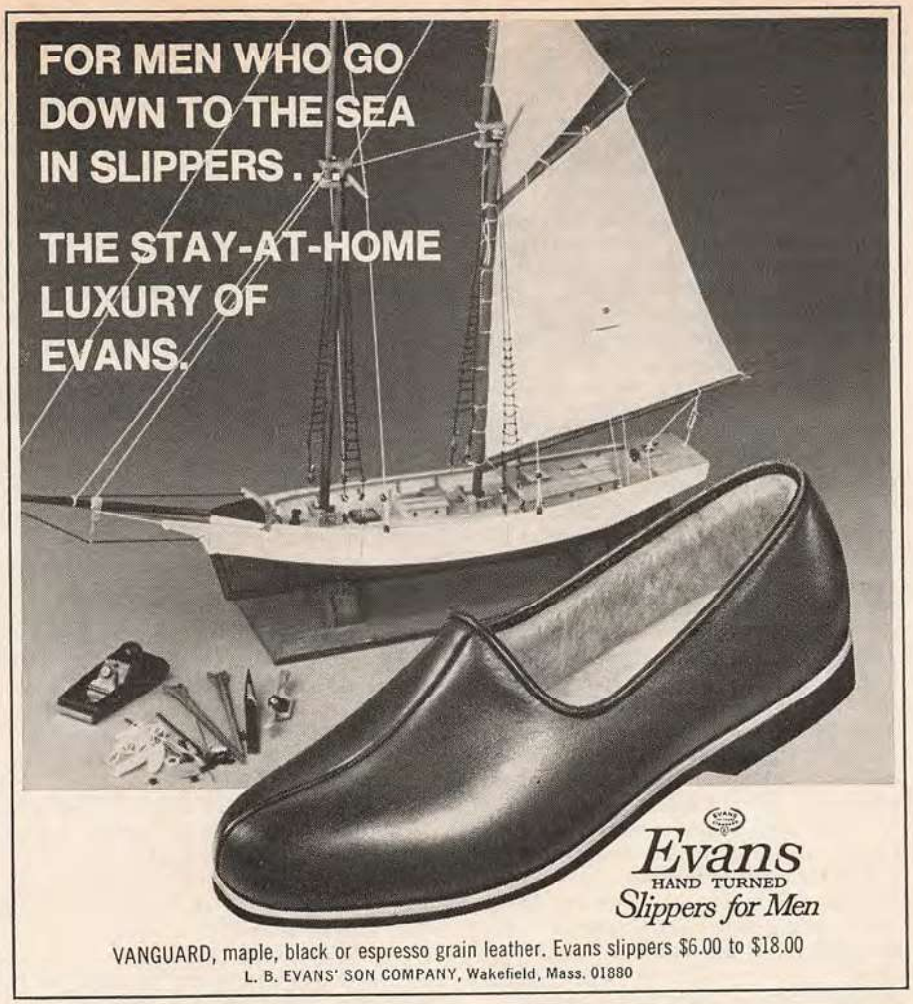
It being difficult to be rude to a lady, general managers and club owners—for example, Art Modell of Cleveland and Ralph Wilson of Buffalo—find themselves mired in lengthy telephone conversations with Elinor. Her head then full of inside intelligence, Elinor plunges into the football weekend. "Going to a Giant game with Elinor," says New York *Post* columnist Larry Merchant, "was the first psychedelic experience I had. She takes in three games at once. She had a radio at her ear and the Jets game on a portable television inside a shopping bag. Besides all that, she has one eye on the scoreboard, and as the scores come up, she's always yelling something like, "Oh, that darned Ralph Wilson told me at Clark's this week that. . . ."

At her home base, however, the New York Giants' brass tell her nothing. They took a drubbing from Elinor during a period when the club produced a radio show, "Ask Allie," on which telephone callers were invited to quiz coach Allie Sherman. Ridiculing Sherman's southern drawl (he was born and raised in Brooklyn), Elinor carried the "Ask Allie" phone number in her syndicated column but changed the area code to that of Savannah, Georgia. Whoever might answer the phone, Elinor pointed out, would say hello in a drawl the equal of Allie's and furnish the caller with just as much football information.

Last year the Giants struck back. Elinor auditioned to do a breezy radio show at half time of Giant broadcasts. "When the Giants found out," says Elinor, "they told the station, 'You can't have Elinor Kaine on the show, and that's final.' Here were the great big Giants getting mad about 'some little broad who doesn't know anything.' "

Dauntless, *Line Back* and Elinor are pressing on into their seventh year, much to the annoyance of her mother, who wishes Elinor would forget football and get married. Capable as she is of talking football for hours on end, an evening with Elinor can approximate a date with Tex Maule. But she suffers no shortage of escorts as she pops in and out of New York night spots. Romance with football players does not interest her. "At 32 I'm getting older than most of them," she points out. That leaves the sportswriters, who are by no means backward about asking her out for a drink. "If they're going out with me for reasons of romance, I don't want anything to do with them," Elinor says.

Working at her marriage to *Line Back*, Elinor steams ahead, and now, having poked her pretty nose into the Baltimore Colts' training camp, she proceeds on a cross-country tour of camps, bearing down next on the Washington Redskins'

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sanctuary at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. She regards the visit as less appetizing than the pâté she carries in the car. She knows that Joe Blair, the Redskins' publicity director, reacts to the sight of her as he would to a tarantula in his bed. And she has reservations about head coach Otto Graham.

"My jury is way out on Otto," she says. "I'm afraid he's going to be another Paul Brown. You ought to see the scene in the Redskins camp. The players act like robot idiots. Otto runs out of the dressing room, and the players run behind him—in *time*."

As Elinor parks by the stadium and strolls to where the squad is running through plays, she sees Joe Blair ahead of her. A thin, sharp-featured man dressed in a striped turtleneck and stark-blue shorts, he catches sight of Elinor. His head swivels away, and he quickens his gait. Moments later, a ball boy jogs up to Elinor and says, "Sorry, ma'am, you're not permitted inside the ropes." Elinor frowns. Casting her eyes around for a place to retreat, she sights a ponderous Negro watching practice from the top of the bleachers. "There's Albert Owens' father!" she cries. "Albert Owens is six-oh, weighs 235, and is a fullback at some jockstrap college in Texas." Elinor sails off to join Albert Owens' father.

"That girl doesn't worry me," Joe Blair is insisting on the sideline. "Look, it's obvious why she can't be standing around down here. All these jockos, how're you gonna have a practice?" Blair seems to grind his teeth as a man brings word to him that Elinor requests an interview with Graham after practice.

Dutifully, Joe Blair passes the word on and soon the head coach greets Elinor on a plot of grass near the dressing room. He affects a smile that appears a trifle determined. Why is it, Elinor asks, that right-handed quarterbacks run the great majority of their plays to the right, and any damn fool on defense is bound to get wise to the pattern. "Well, it's true that ballplayers get into habits," Graham says, "but we keep track of these things and try to correct them." There ensues a protracted technical discussion of quarterbacking, punctuated by demonstrations of drop-back techniques, one of them by Elinor. As she pivots away from Graham, her lips pursed, he smirks at a nearby sportswriter, as if to make it clear he is only humoring the girl. "It's great to be interviewed by a woman," he later says to Elinor, grinning brilliantly at the conclusion of the interview. "When I stop appreciating good-looking women, they can bury me."

Graham has scored points. "He was rather pleasant," Elinor admits grudgingly, back in the car. "But that old-maid bachelor Joe Blair reacts to me the same way nuns would react in an Italian convent if four guys convicted of rape escaped from a nearby prison."

Elinor's spirits soon rise. She is looking forward to the Cleveland camp in Hiram, Ohio, where Art Modell will sit beside her at lunch; in the camps of the Lions and the Cardinals she can count upon hospitality. The Chicago Bears are special favorites. "Jack Concannon is the only pro quarterback with a number below 10 who didn't play college ball at Notre Dame," Elinor points out, "and I just love him for it." The fact is that Concannon wears "11," but head coach Jim Dooley is sweet. "I've come to like him," Elinor says. "He's a kind of gung-ho Aldo Ray jumping around on the sidelines, and I used to think that nobody of intelligence could do that. Well, we'll see about Dooley this year."

Before heading west, however, Elinor must look in on the Philadelphia Eagles at Albright College, Reading, Pennsylvania, where she plans to interview Ben Hawkins, a brilliant young flanker. "I want to make him the Eagles' swinging young bachelor," she says. Arriving in the camp, she stations herself a few yards behind the end zone. Fifty yards downfield, resting on one knee, head coach Joe Kuharich looks out from under his baseball cap and glares at her. Later, marching off the field with his aides, he says, "A lot more women are interested in pro football today, and I suppose some of them read Elinor Kaine and think she knows what she's talking about. She gives them a few inside things like, 'Timmy Brown was in the Copa the other night,' to give the idea she knows something. Yeh, I've read her little paper. I've seen it laying around, so I've glanced at it." Among the items Kuharich may have glanced at was one that told *Line Back* readers at Christmastime: "Please do not forget to thank the man who brought you *Line Back*. Give him a Joe Kuharich funny book." Understandably, Kuharich feels he can do without an Elinor Kaine.

Sitting on a stoop outside a college office building, she greets Ben Hawkins on his way to lunch. A lean, loose-limbed coffee-colored man, Hawkins wears a powder-blue golf shirt, hip-tight dungarees, tan suede moccasins, hippie sunglasses, and a white tennis hat with a full-circle brim pulled down to the crevices of his ears. Elinor whips out a notebook and pen and plunges into her interview.

ELINOR: What kind of car do you drive?

HAWKINS: Aston Martin.

ELINOR: Did you have to send to Europe for it?

HAWKINS: No, I went and got it.

ELINOR: Great! Did you tour around?

HAWKINS: Yes, I went to England, France and Sweden.

ELINOR: What fun did you have? Where did you like the best? They say the girls in Sweden change their bathing suits in public. I wonder if you can speak about that.

HAWKINS: Well, uh. . . .

ELINOR: Do you live by yourself?

HAWKINS: Yes.

ELINOR: Is it a chic pad?

HAWKINS: It's pretty good. It has a bar.

ELINOR: And a huge, heart-shaped bed covered with satin sheets?

HAWKINS: Just a king-sized bed, and a pool table.

ELINOR: Where do you live?

HAWKINS: Society Hill Towers.

ELINOR: That *sounds* like Philadelphia! What kind of moccasins would you call those?

HAWKINS: Oh, just moccasins.

ELINOR: Are you hiding some fantastic hairdo under that hat?

HAWKINS: No. Nothing special.

ELINOR: Is there any reason why you might qualify as the Eagles' most eligible bachelor?

HAWKINS: Gosh, I don't know. Hmmm.

No matter. Elinor will find reason enough. "A fantastic interview, don't you think?" she says to a friend as Hawkins goes off to lunch.

"His answers sounded pretty nothing to me," the friend says.

"Yes, that's true," chirps Elinor. "But I can make them into something fantastic." —Myron Cope

TRUE

**"Well, Miss Sandler . . . it looks like you can't trust anyone *under* 30 either!"**

## HELL NO, THEY WON'T GO!

[*Continued from page* 36]

Students for a Democratic Society keeps bugging me to register and turn in my draft card as a protest. But, man, if I register *now,* they're gonna put me so far back in jail you couldn't even pipe in sunshine."

Where Larry Francis may claim high-minded principle for refusing the draft, Donnie Howard cites an overriding distaste for "the phoniness and corruption of military life," but he also confesses to a reluctance to have "half the gooks in Asia shooting at me."

Both these young men face possible heavy fines, prison sentences, and the ultimate brand of "slacker." They share these dangers in common with an estimated 20,000 "noncooperators" (as they call themselves) now hiding out in the United States or in friendly foreign countries, and with the more than 2,000 dissenters who have burned their draft cards or mailed them to the Justice Department.

Unless one is totally consumed by high principle, or needs it as a psychological excuse for more basic reasons, such drastic actions are largely uncalled for. There are simply too many less-damaging ways of evading the draft. Some are as legal as owning unregistered firearms. Others may shave ethics but do not constitute outright acts of criminal conduct.

To begin with, being drafted isn't really as inevitable as it looks to a teenager. Only 60 percent of registrants between the prime draftable ages of 19 and 26 ultimately wear a uniform.

Stephen Sandler, who is executive secretary of the New York City Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild and who has done draft counseling, points out that there are several categories of legal deferment (according to Selective Service regulations there are 13 such categories). Though the automatic "critical skills or occupation" deferment is gone (all deferments are now granted solely at the discretion of local draft boards), a young man seeking a way out may gain it, for example, by being the only surviving son of a family; by holding public office; by weekend soldiering in the National Guard or a military reserve unit; by being a teacher; or by operating a farm, though one Maryland farmer lost his good standing when it was discovered that his crops included not only corn and tomatoes, but marijuana as well.

Strict definition allows only one classification of exemption (in contrast to deferment). This is 4-D, for divinity students and ordained ministers, priests and rabbis.

Next to 4-D exemption, the 4-F deferment is one of the "safest" classifications. It is as much better to be 4-F than student-deferred, as it would be to smooch with Raquel Welch rather than Kate Smith. The 4-F deferment for physical disability is "permanent," and the registrant lucky enough to be granted one need not fret over being called for periodic review or reclassification. Registrants with other kinds of deferments live subject to changes of hearts, whims or regulations within the Selective Service hierarchy.

Almost one in seven registrants is deferred because of various disabilities (physical, mental or moral). Literally dozens of faults qualify. These range from amputations to being grossly overweight (or appallingly underweight); from having chronic dermatological diseases (which may be nothing more fatal than persistent athlete's foot or ringworm) to heart disorders. The 4-F classification has also been granted to men who sport "excessive, unsightly, or obscene tattoos" and those who are hypersensitive to the stings of wasps or bees.

There is a muddy distinction between the 4-F and the 1-Y classifications. Many of the men classified 1-Y might qualify as 4-F except that their draft boards, suspecting them of malingering, are reserving the power of periodic reexamination. Often 1-Y's are men with serious police records, emotional problems, homosexual backgrounds, or histories of radical political activities thought to border on the subversive.

Still, many recalcitrants prefer the 1-Y classification to the outer perimeters of Saigon. The schemes some of them concoct are far more sophisticated than the favored World War II ploys of chronic bed-wetting and sleeping with bars of strong soap under the armpits to induce temporarily high body temperatures.

One scheme almost certain to succeed is to pretend to homosexuality. Antidraft advisers, functioning in the more than 200 organizations now helping young men beat the draft, rather routinely suggest swishism. Their clients are counseled to prepare their cases well before induction by establishing records of medical treatment for "a homosexual condition" or for "tensions produced by homosexual yearnings." Pretenders are advised to be armed with receipts for treatment and with a physician's letter attesting to their alleged abnormalities. "If they prepare properly and really come on like queens," one Washington antidraft counselor told me, "they figure to score. The draft board members may be lemon-faced and as cool as Jack Frost, but they'll usually hold their noses and vote for deferment."

Some draftees wait until induction, then attempt to convince military authorities of their sissy condition. This is the more difficult path. Suspicious military authorities may take their time to reach a decision, during which the inductee is subject to the disciplines of the parade grounds, and to the harassment of contemptuous GI's who may torment the alleged homosexual with little interference from headquarters.

Confessions of drug addiction usually preclude military service. Though it has not yet been proved by medical research that marijuana is truly a narcotic (it is rather widely used among our troops in Viet Nam), almost anyone can escape the draft by persuading a psychiatrist to attest that the potential warrior is in treatment for "emotional dependency" induced by pot smoking.

Induction center physicians have witnessed their share of bogus epileptic seizures, homemade manic-depressives, and bright young eyes suddenly gone blind at the sight of GI eye charts. Some college men have scored so low on their intelligence tests that one would assume them


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incapable of knotting their own shoelaces.

Marriage no longer stands as an automatic barrier between the bridegroom and his draft board but fatherhood does. Many noncooperators thus confess to having fathered a love child. By providing hard evidence that he supports financially his illegitimate offspring, a "father" may gain 3-A classification and thus be relatively safe from military harm. Should the draftee have no mother-and-child team available through his own resources, some antidraft workers will secure one. Complications may arise, however: unwed mothers have been known to insist on a thin gold band in return for providing safe harbor. Some of them, turned down, have reported the scheme to authorities and thus inspired embarrassing prosecutions of everyone concerned (except themselves) for fraud.

Pentagon and Selective Service officials like to think it is difficult to beat the system. As Lt. Col. Joseph D. Lloyd, a consultant in the Army's Psychology and Neurology section, notes, "Nothing in the regulations demands that we accept 'hard data' at face value."

Outside physicians or psychiatrists may be called in. Even if the draftee continues to play sick or dumb, the chief examining doctor is authorized to overrule the "hard data" and, on the basis of the draftee's general appearance and his own personal observations, to declare the young man fit for drafting. Army authorities believe that draftees who fool the authorities are rare. "It is rather difficult," Colonel Lloyd maintains, "for any individual to sustain a false pattern over the full duration of their tests."

Some 24,000 registrants, more than 70 percent higher than in World War II, have won classification as Conscientious Objectors. This category is vastly misunderstood, however. More C.O.'s than not wind up performing what is called "noncombat service." But since noncombat service includes military medics and since medics are more in demand in Viet Nam than at home, C.O. status can be the most direct route to Saigon.

Men who claim that they cannot in good conscience perform combat duties are asked whether they will perform noncombat duties. If willing, they are classified 1-A-O and wind up as Viet Nam medics. If they refuse, they are offered the option of 1-O classification and "alternative service": this can mean emptying hospital bedpans, performing social work with local community organizations, or possibly serving with the Peace Corps.

For years, a student deferment was as safe as having a father in Congress and a father-in-law on the draft board. This situation has changed for two reasons: (1) it was obviously unfair to young men who could not afford college or qualify for it; (2) draft boards grew disenchanted with antidraft plots and antiwar demonstrations hatched on the campuses.

A major change in the student-deferment situation came early this year when Selective Service announced that it was ending deferments for most graduate students. It had been feared that by the end of 1968 at least 50 percent of the nation's graduate students would be in uniform. But, while educators were alarmed, fall enrollment showed little effect from the new rules, partly because monthly draft quotas had been cut sharply and partly because the induction machinery seemed slow in catching up with the grad students. Enrollment for the coming semester may better indicate whether the anticipated changes will take place.

Looking into the future, Mrs. Betty Vetter, executive secretary of the Scientific Manpower Commission in Washington, thinks the new Selective Service rules may soon prove that a little learning is a dangerous thing. "Anyone previously deferred because he was in college will automatically go into the first draft group along with 19-year-olds straight out of high school," Mrs. Vetter says. "Since the rules also say that the oldest men out of this prime group will be the first to be taken, the practical effect will be to take nobody but college graduates."

Some educators, intellectuals and even kingpins of industry complain that drafting graduate students and college graduates will create a loss of trained manpower in the business and academic worlds that cannot be overcome for a decade. The late Sen. Robert Kennedy saw the matter differently. Only a few weeks before his assassination he asked students at Creighton University in Nebraska whether they approved of student deferments. When half the students responded in the affirmative, Senator Kennedy tongue-lashed them, "How can you possibly say that? Look around you. How many black faces do you see here? How many American Indians? How many Mexican-Americans? The fact is, if you look at any regiment or division of paratroopers in Viet Nam, 45 percent of them are black. How can you accept this?"

The hearts and minds of many remain untouched. Federal agents have discovered groups in New York and Cleveland doing a land-office business in forged Reserve or National Guard forms which, when properly executed and presented to local draft boards, brought 1-D classification. Draftees have "borrowed" epileptic medals from afflicted friends, hoping to pass them off as their own. One youngster proposed to a Russian girl on the theory that the Army would not want a soldier whose "communist connections" might soon be no farther away than a midnight embrace.

The natural foe of noncooperators is Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the crusty 74-year-old director of the Selective Service System, who seems to equate hippies, draft dissenters and communists as all of a kind. (Hippies and draft dissenters do not conduct love-ins for General Hershey: a Washington antidraft counselor parodies him in an underground newspaper column by referring to him as "General Marsbars.")

Hershey approved when 16 University of Michigan students were immediately reclassified 1-A by their various local boards after the students conducted a sit-in against the Ann Arbor board. Though this action was later reversed by a federal judge (who ruled that draft boards have no right to "punish or convict" dissenters in the absence of due judicial process), General Hershey was not dissuaded from writing a directive encouraging local boards to haul antiwar and antidraft activists into uniform.

Red-faced White House spokesmen hastened to claim that the controversial Hershey letter did not constitute "official policy." It has never been rescinded, however, and many local boards continue to proceed as if it were established policy. Capt. William S. Pascoe, Chief of the Office of Public Information for Selective Service, freely admits that draft "delinquents" are the first to be placed on the monthly orders of call. A delinquent is defined as "any individual who has not fully complied with the law." One may become delinquent for such a seemingly small reason as failing to notify the draft board of a change of address.

Local boards are all-powerful. In most instances the board members are older, pillar-of-the-community types who harbor rather conventional outlooks regarding service to one's country. Potential inductees who appear before them armed with books on philosophy, quotes from St. Thomas Aquinas or their own stuttered pronouncements against the brutality of war, may be considered oddballs or outright malingerers who are best rushed into uniform.

A reluctant warrior can expect not to get outside help. The draft registrant has no right to legal counsel when he appears before his local board. This is one of the rare situations in American life when a man's personal freedom is at stake and yet he cannot avail himself of a lawyer.

A local board's decisions may be appealed only through higher draft boards, not through the courts. Appeals boards tend to ratify the original findings on the assumption that local boards "are much closer to the situation." Even in appealing, the registrant may not be represented by an attorney.

When all appeals have failed and induction looms, the registrant has but three choices. First, he may seek a writ of *habeas corpus*, extremely difficult to obtain in these circumstances, which orders that a detained person be brought before a court to determine the legality of his detention. Second, he may flatly refuse induction and thus face criminal charges. Third, he may shoot himself. (Last year 1,388 Selective Service violators were indicted. Of these, almost 800 have been convicted and 58 received maximum sentences. Maximum penalties

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for criminal evasion of Selective Service laws can total 5 years' imprisonment and a $10,000 fine.)

Selective Service and Justice Department officials prefer to see young men dragged kicking and screaming into uniform rather than to prosecute them. Military men hold an opposite view. Though they will not say so for the record, they privately prefer that malcontents be fined, jailed or disciplined outside military channels.

What accounts for the current bumper crop of malcontents? The unpopular Viet Nam war, coupled with the general atmosphere of revolt first inspired by militant civil rightists, is only part of the answer. Some noncooperators blame unfair draft laws. Children of the black ghetto complain that because of educational or economic privations they have never been able to claim student deferments or critical-skill deferments as have more affluent whites. Registrants of only average physical abilities are puzzled when 4-F exemptions or 1-Y deferments are given to professional athletes who continue to score touchdowns or knock home runs for high pay—despite the flat feet, calcium deposits or dim vision that disqualify them militarily.

Law or journalism students consider their budding careers every bit as vital to society as those of future preachers or teachers, but they usually do not receive the same consideration. Nor do the states have uniform standards: New York is quick to defer most schoolteachers, New Jersey is not.

The president of Yale University, Kingman Brewster, Jr., criticizes draft inequities for promoting "cynical, evasive gamesmanship" among the young. "Many feel," Brewster says, "that they have no choice other than to approach the problem of military service in much the same spirit as a tax lawyer. They are left to weave their way down the narrow line which divides proper avoidance from improper evasion."

If a conscription law can in any way be judged fair, then perhaps the "fairest" method would be an across-the-board lottery where all registrants buck exactly the same odds.

But President Johnson's lottery proposal was defeated by Congress.

Sen. Edward Kennedy is generally conceded to be the leading draft reformer in Congress. Last year he offered a resolution calling for changes by executive order to establish a draft lottery; provide uniform standards in all states; and draft 19-year-olds ahead of more mature men who may have launched their careers, or married, or invested several years and thousands of dollars in college. This resolution was never brought to a vote.

Senator Kennedy has since prepared an 88-page bill that may be a model for any future draft-law revision. Among its recommendations is an investigation to be made of the feasibility of developing a volunteer Army large enough to make massive draft calls unnecessary. In the past, the volunteer approach has not worked. "Army officers oppose a strictly professional force," Prof. John Kenneth Galbraith has noted, "out of fear we might have a predominantly black army."

If Viet Nam peace talks prove fruitful, draft dissent may simmer down. Nobody knows for certain. Neither Selective Service officials nor Pentagon spokesmen make predictions beyond the safe one that in the event of peace in Asia "monthly draft quotas will likely decrease along with combat dangers." Meanwhile, dissent grows and new schemes are hatched.

"The first thing I do," an antidraft counselor said, "is to inform the registrant that he has dozens of possible legal escape hatches if he will seek them out. He might fail to qualify physically or mentally. He may live in a state where his occupational skill is honored. He might qualify for deferment under the 'George Hamilton Escape Clause.' All possibilities should be investigated before the registrant runs off to Canada or mails in his draft card or takes any other extreme action."

The "George Hamilton Escape Clause" is, of course, named after the Hollywood actor who once squired Lynda Bird Johnson around. Hamilton received a 3-A deferment after convincing his local board that should he be drafted, his dependent mother could no longer live in the style to which she had become accustomed. Among the comforts which solace Mama Hamilton are a Rolls-Royce, servants and a 39-room Beverley Hills mansion. Hamilton is the perfect example of a man who has taken maximum advantage of the hodgepodge of draft laws.

Perhaps it's just as well that George Hamilton was deferred: any man who can sell such a story has *got* to be too valuable a national resource to peel potatoes or slog through the military mud. Perhaps a place should even be reserved for Hamilton at the peace conference table in Paris. Exercising his persuasiveness on Ho Chi Minh's men, he might render future drafting unnecessary.

—Larry L. King

**ORDER OF CALL**

Only registrants in any of three classifications (1-A, 1-A-O and 1-O) currently are called to service. These are called up in the following order:

**1.** Delinquents (registrants charged with some violation of Selective Service regulations).

**2.** Those who volunteer for the draft.

**3.** Nineteen-to-26-year-olds who are single (or who were married after August 26, 1965) and nonfathers, the oldest going first.

**4.** Married nonfathers, between 19 and 26, who were married on or before August 26, 1965, the oldest going first.

**5.** Married or single nonfathers between the ages of 26 and 35, with the *youngest* being called first.

**6.** Young men between the ages of 18½ and 19 years, nonfathers whether single or married, the oldest going first.


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# man to man answers

**From the staff of TRUE**

**Q: My wife gave me an orange canary a year ago. I know good and well it's got hearing apparatus, but where?** ***Dick Hauley, Wichita, Kans.***

A: Birds hear pretty much the same way as humans and other mammals. Their inner and middle ears closely resemble ours in both form and function. The mystery about their hearing comes from the difference between the outer ears of birds and humans. Ours stick out from our heads and are strong enough to support jewelry. Theirs are just two holes, one on each side of the head, invisible because they are hidden by feathers.

**Q: Please explain the "XXX's" on "mountain dew" jugs, as depicted in cartoons and illustrations.** ***Lloyd Green, Marysville, Calif.***

A: The significance of the X's on the labels of moonshine jugs is to represent the skull-and-crossbones used to indicate poison or death. Moonshine is frequently poisonous and can be fatal.

**Q: What is the salary of a General of the Army and who at the time holds that rank?** ***Roy J. Zahn, Jr., McMinnville, Tenn.***

A: Currently there are two Generals of the Army: Dwight D. Eisenhower and Omar N. Bradley. General Eisenhower draws the pay of a former President. The salary of a General of the Army is $21,154.76 yearly.

**Q: When was cavalry first used as a means of warfare in the United States?** ***Mark Kryza, Cimarron, N.M.***

A: During the Revolutionary War, the Continental Army fought through 1775 and 1776 with a few units of the mounted militia command as its cavalry. Outstanding among these organizations was the Light Horse of the City of Philadelphia, a troop organized in 1774. It served as General Washington's escort in 1775 and in the bitter days of Trenton and Princeton. Another troop was the Connecticut Light Horse. In the summer of 1776 it, too, served in Washington's command. The experience led Washington to recommend the establishment of mounted units in the Continental Army, and the Continental Congress, on December 12, 1776, moved to constitute a regiment of Light Dragoons (Cavalry).

**Q: Why are 18 holes standard for a round of golf?** ***H. E. La Marche, Chicopee Falls, Mass.***

A: The origin dates back to a decision made two centuries ago at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, Scotland, that 18 holes was the most convenient number to play on its course. Until that time, the round at St. Andrews had consisted of 22 holes. In 1764, however, the club passed a resolution that the first four holes should be converted into two, and as this change automatically converted the same four holes into two on the back side, the "round" was reduced from 22 to 18. St. Andrews gradually established preeminence in golf and its 18-hole course was accepted as standard.

**Q: I have heard that the money collected for Social Security is part of the general fund of the Treasury, the same as any other tax collected. Is this true?** ***C. S. Miller, Pitcairn, Pa.***

A: It is true that Social Security contributions flow into the general fund of the Treasury. However, they are immediately appropriated to special funds. There are three trust funds—old-age and survivors' insurance, disability insurance and hospital insurance. The monthly premiums paid by people 65 and over who have enrolled in the supplementary medical insurance program, and a matching contribution made by the federal government, are appropriated into a fourth trust fund. These four Social Security trust funds are kept separate from one another and from the general funds of the Treasury. Benefits and administrative expenses are paid from the trust funds, and funds not needed currently for these purposes are invested in interest-bearing obligations of the United States.

Walter Chandoha

**Q: Is it true that 65 percent of all pure white cats are deaf?** ***E. Vail, Jersey City, N. J.***

A: About 65 percent of all *blue-eyed* white cats are deaf. Almost all *copper-eyed* or *odd-eyed* (one blue, one orange eye) whites can hear, although some odd-eyed whites are deaf in the ear on the side of the blue eye.

**Q: When and where did the first sit-down strike take place?** ***Charles Perkalis, Dover, N. J.***

A: The first recorded sit-down strike occurred in Schenectady, New York, in 1906. The Industrial Workers of the World ("Wobblies") organized it against the General Electric Company there. Most of the 3,000 employees joined in the strike. While picket lines were thrown around the plant, a number of strikers refused to leave the grounds. Those who stayed inside remained for nearly three days, receiving food and drink from those outside. Their demand for higher wages was finally agreed to. The term "sit-down strike" did not come into general use, however, until the summer of 1934 when the tactic was used at an Akron, Ohio, rubber plant.

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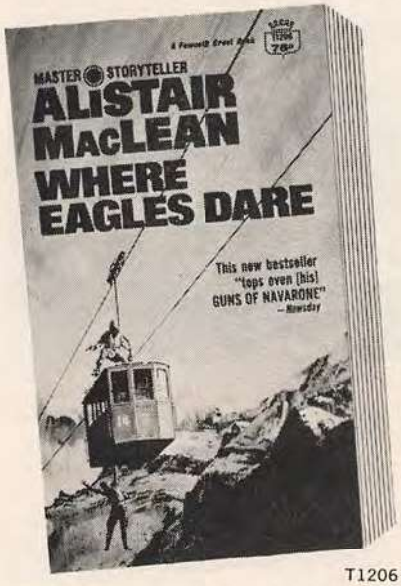


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**Q: Is it possible for a tree to grow upside down? *Thomas Maes, Pittsfield, Mass.***

A: Normally, tree seedlings planted upside down will not survive. However, it's known that cuttings from branches of many species of trees will root and grow when either end of the cutting is placed in soil. In Europe a fruit tree was successfully inverted over a period of time. The technique involved bending and burying the outer part of a branch to stimulate rooting. At the same time a segment of the root system was excavated and propped up to stimulate sprouting. Successive treatments eventually resulted in an "upside-down tree."

**Q: Who invented Eskimo Pie? (The first one I ate was in 1923.) *S. C. Couse, Rochester, Ind.***

A: Christian K. Nelson, who was born in Denmark into a dairying family, and brought to the United States by his parents when he was three or four years old, was the inventor of this chocolate-covered ice cream bar. He got the idea in 1919 when he was both teaching school and running a candy store in Onawa, Iowa. Experience with youngsters made him realize that people liked ice cream and chocolate candy about equally well, and that a product combining the two should have great sales appeal. He first named his new confection "I-Scream" (immortalized by Tin Pan Alley in the hit song, "I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream"). Later it was decided to change the name to Eskimo Pie. By the spring of 1922 sales were averaging a million bars a day.

**Q: Is the food the astronauts eat in space sold commercially? *James Daly, Sayre, Pa.***

A: Yes and no. Our men in space eat perfectly normal foods (a typical dinner in orbit might consist of roast beef, carrots and peas, with brownies for dessert), but they are dehydrated and packaged in a way not generally available. In addition to their dehydrated meals—they're rehydrated from the spacecraft's water supply—the astronauts also carry along snacks such as cookies and sandwiches which have been specially treated to keep them from crumbling.

**Q: I seem to recall hearing that at one time the manufacturers of whisky bottles made them with money sealed in the bottom. To get the money the bottle had to be broken, thereby preventing the bottle from being used again. Does my memory serve me right? *James Randolph, Portsmouth, Ohio.***

A: Placing coins in the glass of whisky bottles was proposed, but was never possible, so it was never done. Metal and glass expand and contract at different rates—the combination would seldom survive the annealing process, and even if it did, the bottles would be easily broken later. The coins proposed for use were to have been five to 10 times the value of the bottle, empty, which would have meant increasing the ultimate price of the bottle to the consumer. Furthermore, it's unlikely the government would have approved. Just before 1900, a glass company had made a so-called "coin" glass by placing coins in the mold so that their impression would be on the glass (but there were no coins in the glass itself). Production of it was stopped when the government informed the company that it was counterfeiting.

**Q: How did the phrase "In the limelight" originate? *Roy L. Ripp, Jr., New Orleans, La.***

A: It's a theatrical term expression, designating the area on stage where the action is and which is, consequently, most brilliantly lit. The derivation of the term is surprisingly straightforward: In 1825 a British Army officer named Thomas Drummond invented a lighting system of intense brilliance that utilized an oxyhydrogen flame directed on a cylinder of lime. Although his invention was designed to make distant surveying stations visible, the new "lime light" was quickly adapted for theater use. The intense brilliant light it produced was the best available in those preelectricity days, and it naturally followed that the leading player—the center of attention on the stage—was "in the limelight."

**Q: How did a man on an oil-drilling crew come to be nicknamed a "wildcatter"? *A. Frank, New York, N.Y.***

A: In the early days of the American oil industry, drilling crews in remote areas of the country saw—and heard—wildcats fight at night over food scraps the men threw out. Hence, the nickname "wildcatter" was coined by the pioneers, who had watched some of the oilmen fight.

**Q: What is the meaning of the skull and crossed bones which are pictured at the feet of Christ on the cross? *A. Dalton, Oxnard, Calif.***

A: The skull and crossbones are symbolic of death. They are placed at the foot of the cross to indicate the fact of death and also that Christ overcame death.

## HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE welcomes any reasonable question, but cannot provide individual replies. The most interesting questions will be answered in these columns. Address your inquiries to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-12, 67 West 44 St., New York, N.Y. 10036

**Q: Would it be any great feat to cross the Great Salt Desert of Utah on foot?** ***Marty Roland, Reno, Nev.***

A: No. Hikers make the crossing frequently. It's a distance of about 40 miles.

**Q: I am interested in knowing something about the Baha'i faith. When and where did it begin?** ***Mrs. Donald Blackwell, Bell, Calif.***

A: The Baha'i faith is a universal religion stressing brotherhood and peace as a way of life. It is based on the teaching of Baha u 'llah who died in 1921. Founded in Iran in the middle of the 19th century, the faith has now spread to approximately 8,000 communities in over 250 countries and territories. Its spiritual and administrative world center is on Mount Carmel, in Israel. The name is pronounced Ba-ha-ee.

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## THE JOB THAT KILLS

[*Continued from page* 47]

Their job is to prevent airplanes from colliding until they touch down on a landing strip. To do so, they keep track of the direction, altitude, speed and attitude (climb, descent, level flight) of every airplane in their assigned blocks of sky. Sitting in the darkened rooms, they "fly" the planes, directing each pilot how fast to proceed, at what altitude and in what direction, to prevent any two from coming together. Their tools are radar, to follow the plane itself, and radio, to give the pilot instructions.

They also have some explicit FAA rules to enforce. Planes must keep three miles apart horizontally and 1,000 feet vertically; jets must not take off or land closer than one minute apart. The controllers refer to these rules as "the book."

For nearly two years before July 3 these rules had been broken. In 1967 there were 47,877,066 aircraft operations in the United States—almost twice as many as 10 years ago—and much of the increase had come in the past two years. Yet neither airport facilities nor controller personnel—nor the amount of available sky—had changed. Safety margins were shaved: flights supposed to land at Kennedy with no less than 60 seconds between them were coming down only 57 to 58 seconds apart—and these two or three seconds represented two or three city blocks in distance. Even under this squeeze, it was assumed that the controllers could avoid collisions.

Miraculously, they did. But the number of near-misses steadily rose, until they averaged nearly 20 a day. The controllers began to complain, but no one listened. Instead, the airlines put on more flights and tried to convince Dad that he should take Mom and the kids along the next time he flew. The FAA could see only the fact that the system was still working.

So the quiet guys in the control tower blew the whistle. On July 3 they began to enforce the rules to the letter. Since that day the situation has called for a reduction in the number of flights into and out of the busiest airports; the airlines have agreed to shift some flights to off-peak hours and less crowded airports; it has been proposed that private aircraft be barred from leading airports at busy times.

Longer range plans are afoot to build more jetports, add runways to existing ones, train more controllers, devise more effective means of keeping aircraft away from each other in flight. These improvements are essential now; they will be imperative when the airbus, with 250 to 500 passengers, and the superspeed SST come into service.

But until flight and airport conditions are bettered, the safety of American commercial aviation is going to rest in the hands of a company of dedicated and incredibly overworked controllers. And at no time will this be more true than during the Christmas season, with its hordes of college students flying home, its throngs of vacationers off to the Caribbean and the ski resorts, its flood of airmail packages and its constant threat of miserable flying weather.

Even on an ordinary day, being an air-traffic controller can only be described as an incredible test of nerves, reflexes, intelligence and stomach. Take the case of John Dickson (which is not his real name), a controller at John F. Kennedy International Airport.

At 11:32 one recent evening, Dickson stepped out of the door of Hangar 11, which houses the air-traffic control center at JFK, reached in his pocket for a cigarette, hesitated and drew his hand away empty. Two packs so far today were enough.

It had been an average day's work. Since 3:05 that afternoon, when he put on his headset microphone and sat down at his radarscope, he had landed 185 airplanes and guided 160 others off the runway and on their way to Paris, Rome, Honolulu, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Phoenix.

There had been only one near-miss; so maybe he'd even feel like playing with the kids in the morning. Last week he'd been on the night shift and hardly saw them at all.

When he arrived home, his wife was still up. She had baked a chocolate cake, and he ate a piece with a cup of coffee. He might have preferred a drink, but liquor was out. Controllers are not allowed alcohol for 24 hours before going on duty. They are also not allowed such medications as tranquilizers or drugs to reduce blood pressure, unless authorized by a flight surgeon. That restriction could be serious for Dickson some day, because heart trouble seems to be an occupational disease. Within the last two years, a controller in Boston suffered a heart attack on the job (he was 26 years old); others were relieved of duty (in New York, one was 30, another 31; in Cleveland, a 35-year-old man; in Oakland, 37).

Dickson is just over 29 years old, and so far his heart is in good shape. No sign of an ulcer either—another common controller's ailment. His base pay is $10,927 a year, which sounds like pretty good money for a man who could squeeze in

TRUE

"You didn't tell me that this new baby king was going to be *Jewish!*"

only one year of college. After that year came military service, where he learned the basics of his trade. On his discharge seven years ago, he drifted into the FAA. Moving up the ladder rapidly, he was now at the top. There aren't any tougher spots for a controller than JFK.

Dickson gets two weeks' vacation a year, and how to take it was on his mind that night. He and his wife discussed the problem. The great difficulty was that he had no idea when he would be able to get off, or whether he could take both weeks at once. A lot of people fly in the summer; so controllers, who are shorthanded the year-round, can't just pack up the kids and go to the seashore for any two weeks.

Furthermore, since planes fly seven days a week, controllers must usually work seven days a week. Any year Dickson can manage 10 or 12 weekends off he considers himself lucky.

In the morning, with the problem unresolved, Dickson slept late. But he was up in time to spend a couple of hours roughhousing with the kids—girls of eight and four and a boy of six—before driving off to the airport. Shortly before 3 p.m., he entered Hangar 11 and strolled to his station.

The radar control room at JFK is huge, a good 50 feet across, and dominated by two giant TV screens, each nine feet by 12, glowing sickly green like oversized fish tanks. A beam sweeps around each screen with hypnotizing regularity, 15 sweeps to the minute. The screens represent the sky directly above the New York area; the little bright ovals, or blips, are planes moving through that sky. With each sweep, they change position slightly.

The room is crammed with desks, at each of which sit two men in shirt-sleeves. In the middle of every desk is a small radar screen, a replica of the large ones on the wall. Everywhere, even hanging on consoles from the ceiling, are banks of telephones and radio switchboards and receivers.

About 20 controllers are sitting on metal chairs; some are talking quietly into their microphones, others are scribbling on paper strips.

Dickson has shed his coat and taken a seat at one of the desks. During the course of the next eight hours he will change positions several times. Controllers move thus for two reasons: to break the tension and to equalize the work load—not all positions are equally busy.

Now, before the action really starts, he explains the workings of the room. "This first man," he says, pointing to an operator seated at the right-hand side of the room, "is the departure controller. He is in radio contact with pilots on the ground and must give them permission before they taxi out to the runway. Each of the strips of paper in front of him represents one airplane. The numbers and letters show its destination and flight plan. As a plane is cleared for takeoff, he will hand its strip to the man on his left.

"The second man picks up the plane on his radar as soon as it starts moving down the runway. He gives the pilot a course and altitude to follow and leads him out of the area, watching the screen all the time to make sure that nobody is in the way. As soon as the plane is clear, he will pass the strip to the man on *his* left, who is in constant telephone contact with the next control point. In this case it is the New York Air Route Traffic Control Center, which is about 40 miles away on Long Island. As soon as they pick the plane up on their radar, it's their baby. They will handle it until it crosses over to the next control area, which may be Cleveland, Boston, or Washington, and so on until it finally reaches its destination.

"These other men," Dickson says, pointing to two other desks in the center of the room, "will be handling planes coming in to land at JFK. If there is little traffic, we bring them right in. Later, when things pick up, we'll put them into holding patterns."

Today almost every air traveler knows what a holding pattern is: a 23,000-foot-high stack of planes doing lazy circles at thousand-foot intervals. As space clears below, each gradually descends step by step, transferred from controller to controller, until its turn to land comes. In effect, the controllers bring them down in a single orderly file. Since JFK has two primary holding patterns that must be blended together, the procedure is not quite so simple as it sounds.

From the moment it taxis out until it lands again, every plane flying under FAA control, including all commercial airliners, is under the guidance of someone on the ground. It is almost literally passed from hand to hand like a baton in a cross-country relay race.

So confident are pilots in the controllers that they almost never shake off orders. That did happen at JFK, however, one evening in February, 1965. A big DC-7B had just taken off and was climbing when the pilot said he saw something heading at him. The controller didn't see it and told him so. The pilot took violent evasive action anyway, and plunged his plane into the ocean. There were no survivors, and subsequent investigation showed that the nearest plane was four miles away at the time.

One of the older men recalls conditions of some years ago. "In those days, I worked in the tower at La Guardia. We had no radar then, and jets hadn't even been heard of. We kept planes separated by time checks. Working hard, we could land them every five minutes. That's about 300 a day, tops. A lot of hairy things used to happen. I remember once a military plane I was handling suddenly went silent. The pilot had lost his radio at 14,000 feet. Looking around, he spotted a Convair and flew alongside. By gestures, he explained to its pilot what had happened. The Convair contacted me and I brought them both down together, the military flying right under the belly of the Convair. At the last minute, as they were coming in, the military pilot peeled off and made a perfect landing."

Someone else comes up with a story about a DC-3. It was a particularly

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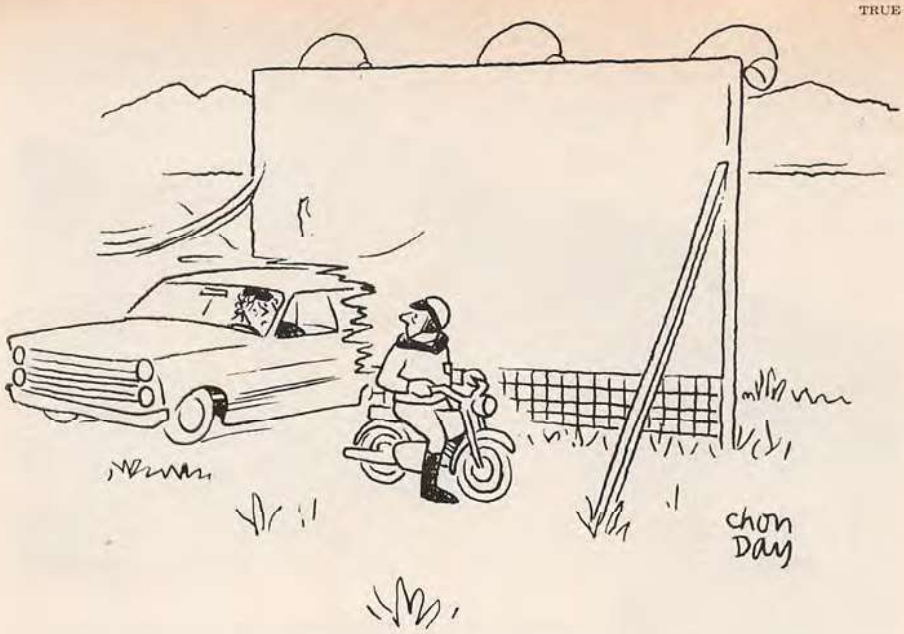


foggy day, and after plane and controller had played cat and mouse for a while, it became obvious that the pilot was totally lost. The controller did the best he could, keeping all other planes as far as possible from the area. Finally, after some anxious minutes, the pilot reported he was landing. "I hadn't the remotest idea what he had in mind," the controller recalled. "Later I found out he'd made a perfect landing on Jones Beach. There wasn't much chance of hitting anybody—it was mid-November."

On the radar screens the blips are beginning to thicken. Business is growing. Dickson talks quietly but firmly into his mike, never looking away from the screen in front of him: "American 67, descend to one-three-oh. Delta 232, runway 31R is negative. TWA 383, you're cleared for ILS, take heading oh-four-zero. National 65, you've got traffic at 3 o'clock. KLM 428, proceed on heading one-nine-zero and stand by. American 67, one-two-oh is taken. Hold one-three-oh."

Altitudes are given in hundreds of feet: "one-three-oh" is 13,000 feet. Headings are normal compass readings: "oh-four-zero" is 40 degrees, or roughly northeast. "Traffic at 3 o'clock" means that the pilot of National 65 (all flight numbers are fictitious) had better look out his right-hand window for something coming at him. "Stand by" means keep flying this course until told otherwise. "ILS" refers to the Instrument Landing System, the preferred way to bring a plane in. Neither JFK nor any other airport in the United States has enough of such sophisticated systems. They're expensive.

Sitting before his screen, Dickson is flying a half-dozen planes simultaneously. In his mind, he sees them all as they move, turn, descend. He knows where they all should be a minute from now, two minutes, five minutes. He's never actually held the controls of a 727 or DC-8 jet, but he must know precisely what these planes, and others likely to show up, can do—how fast they can climb or descend, how steeply they can turn. He cannot, for instance, suddenly request a pilot to lose altitude and speed at the same time. It can't be done without traumatizing the passengers.

For a good controller, handling six planes is easy—no more taxing on the brain and reflexes than is playing six simultaneous games of chess for a grand master. But later, when things get busier, Dickson will be handling 12 and 15, and on some occasions as many as 20. Then the pressure is on that leads to ulcers and heart trouble.

Always there is the possibility of an emergency. An airplane is in functional trouble or running out of fuel. Pilots have strict orders about landing when they're short of fuel, but airlines hate to drop passengers elsewhere than their destination, so some guys stretch the rules. Planes get lost. Usually they are small and privately owned, but they tangle up the air—and a little Cessna can do a lot of damage to the thin skin of a jet, even as it is doing worse to itself.

So while he's playing his multiple chess game, Dickson must keep one corner of his mind alert for the unexpected. Every controller has to memorize Terminal Air Traffic Control Handbook ATP 7110.8. It provides instructions for every contingency, including possible enemy air attack, and how to handle Air Force One, the President's plane (it always gets top priority).

The scopes are swarming now. As the sweep revolves, the blips seem to be doing a slow and graceful kind of dance, turning, sliding, lining up and following one another to the center of the screen, where they vanish. As they do, others appear from the wings and join in, like a well-drilled chorus line—except that these dancers weigh about 100 tons each, move at 165 miles an hour when landing, and can be fatally hurt if they bump.

While the controllers have been following the radar screens, other men have been, in effect, following them. These men, sitting on a platform at the back of the room, are the coordinators. Their job is to make sure that the baton isn't dropped as it goes from hand to hand. The man backing up Dickson, for instance, has a stack of paper strips in his hand: TWA 23, United 155, Eastern 72, all airplanes still 60 miles or more away, heading for JFK. As fast as he can, he hands them to Dickson, who adds them to the stack already in front of him and registers them in his mind. Dickson, just given TWA 23, checks quickly to make sure the pilot is on his frequency, gives him course and altitude, and lets him know it'll be a while before he can land. There are 17 planes ahead of him.

Trouble has developed on the departure ramp. Twenty-six planes are waiting to take off. Everybody wants to leave at the same time. There are at least 10 flights listed to leave JFK at 5 p.m., which is impossible. But 5 p.m. sounds better, and is easier to remember, than 5:23 or 5:18; so 5 p.m. goes on the schedules.

The clutter is tough on passengers, but tougher still on the controllers, because planes taking off use up the same sky as planes coming in, and a logjam on the ramp usually means delays in landing. With no place to send his planes, Dickson has to stack them higher and higher, until he runs out of room.

The coordinator has a fistful of strips. "For Christ's sake," Dickson says, more weary than angry, "where the hell do you want me to put them?"

"All right," the coordinator says, "we'll shut the door for a while." He talks into a hand phone. On the other end is a controller at the air-route traffic center. The message is not to let any more planes into the New York area. They'll just have to kill a little time somewhere, such as over Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, about 75 miles to the west. When that piece of sky becomes filled up, which may take another half hour, the jam will reach as far back as Chicago. Another half hour and it will hit Denver. Within two hours, unless JFK can get sorted out, New York-bound airplanes will be held on the ground in Los Angeles.

The controllers work as fast as they can; there is pressure on them from the airlines, who don't like to irritate passengers, or to pay the $17 a minute it takes to keep a modern jet airborne. There is also pressure from the FAA, which likes to keep everything running at maximum efficiency.

The pressures build up. Early last summer they built up so much that the controllers were tacitly encouraged to cut corners. When the pressures kept building until they became unbearable, the great stack-up of July 3 began. Although cutting corners was the chief reason for the controller revolt, a second reason—and a continuing one—is the chronic shortage of qualified controllers. Nationally there is a shortage of at least 3,000 controllers. Many stations operate at 70 percent of listed controller strength. There is even a story that when the controller in Boston suffered his heart attack on duty, his supervisor would not allow him to leave his position until a replacement could be found.

The FAA training school for controllers in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was closed down about five years ago for economy reasons. The agency had planned to start recruiting and training 2,400 more controllers last June, but

funds for the project were then cut out of the budget. After the great stack-up the money was restored, but money will not immediately even ease the problem. It takes at least two years to train a competent controller.

There was a third reason for the July stack-up: the FAA policy on misses. The agency, conscious of public concern, does not publicize near-misses. Pressed for figures, however, officials concede that the FAA receives and investigates *reports* for some 500 to 600 near-misses a year.

The airlines, basking in their happy, friendly skies, don't acknowledge that such things happen. But they do. They happen not only to planes but to the controllers concerned. A near-miss happened to the controller sitting directly to Dickson's left. He was working his stack of planes, trying to bring them down as fast as possible. The blips on his screen looked like a school of ants clustering around a grain of wheat. "American 307," he said into his mike, "maintain your altitude, take heading right one-six-oh. Eastern 134, descend to one-three-oh and hold your course. American 307, tighten up your turn." Sensing trouble, the coordinator had moved in close. "Let's try putting him above the others instead," he suggested.

"American 307, bear left two-seven-zero, descend to one-three-oh. Eastern 134, climb *immediately* to one-four-oh and hold course."

The blips on the screen separate ever so slightly, but to the men watching them it is the right move. "Not bad," the coordinator says. "Want to take five and go change your drawers?"

This near-miss (these flight numbers, too, are fictitious) was kept in the family. According to both pilots and controllers, only about a tenth of all near-misses are in fact reported. Consequently, rather than 500-600 a year, there are actually 5,000-6,000.

The reason most such close calls go unreported is partly that controllers do not have the time to fill out all the necessary forms. But they have also learned that involvement in a near-miss inevitably means a black mark against a man's efficiency rating. "Hell," one controller summed up, "it could be because a guy was up to his ears in airplanes, and they kept giving him more. Or maybe his radio broke down."

Pilots seldom report near-misses unless some flagrant violation of flying rules is involved. "About the only time I file a report," one pilot said, "is when I come across a guy who does something so stupid that he's just got to be taken out of the sky before he kills himself and a lot of other people."

Since July 3 the controllers have become outspoken about their problems. Listen to one of them. He's had 10 years' experience on the job. He's one of the best in the business.

"It's bad if you get a near-miss early in your watch. You lose confidence. I can't let my mind dwell on it, or I wouldn't be able to control any more. Anyway, we don't have time. Traffic picks up and it may be five, six hours before I can slow down. By then all I'm thinking is that I'll be off soon.

"We're shorthanded all the time. Often I've called guys to come in and work overtime. They say they'd love to but they can't—they've just had a couple of drinks. I can't blame them. Eight hours a day of this is enough for anybody.

"I'm 35 years old. I think I'm good for maybe five more years. As you grow older you slow down and get overcautious. You want to keep more space between planes, to give yourself a little more time. That breaks down the system and makes it tough for the other guys. They have planes to move, too."

Actually this man's five-year prediction is fairly accurate. A study is under way to determine the useful working life of an air-traffic controller. The figure being talked about is 20 years.

"Our equipment isn't as good as it should be," the veteran continues. "In certain areas, we have to double up with the military, using their radar for economy reasons. It is set up to scan higher

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"Surely some of these must make you think of something besides a blotter."


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altitudes, so we can't keep track of lower-flying commercial planes for a hundred miles or so. They just vanish off the screen. We have no idea where they are or what's around them.

"Our radio frequencies break down every once in a while, too, because the equipment is old and badly maintained. Without radio, we're helpless, and so are the pilots up there."

In a single recent month, according to testimony before Congress, one of the busiest traffic-control centers in the country suffered 102 communications breakdowns, totaling 335 hours.

Airline pilots have an understandable concern about air safety and traffic control. A captain who has been piloting commercial airliners in and out of New York for 18 years says:

"Controllers are beautiful. But they can only do so much. How would you like to be up there in a mess and know that the guy on the ground is into his second shift? He isn't as sharp as he was 10 hours ago. Sure, he can make mistakes. Four hours at a stretch is plenty for the kind of work he does.

"They've got these guys handling up to 30 or more planes an hour, which is more than a man should do. It's a terrible job, worse than flying, except that a controller is not as likely to get killed."

The FAA's answer to these comments comes out indirectly. In July, 1967, FAA Administrator William F. McKee testified before a Congressional committee looking into a midair crash between a Piedmont Airlines Boeing 727 and a privately owned Cessna 310, in which 82 people were killed. In this particular accident two of the victims were John T. McNaughton, the recently named Secretary of the Navy, and his wife.

Administrator McKee did not say much about the crash itself. The private plane had been 12 miles off course, and the investigation at that time was still proceeding. However, he did bring out a fundamental deficiency with which the country's air-traffic controllers must contend: inadequate equipment.

There is an urgent need for better control apparatus, particularly in radio. The frequency on which the pilot hears the controller is literally his lifeline. There are not enough frequencies, and the equipment is not sufficiently reliable.

McKee's testimony went into the record, but there was no improvement. Six months later, on December 16, 1967, the FAA set a speed limit of 250 knots—288 miles per hour—on *all* airplanes operating under 10,000 feet. This was the first such blanket order in the history of American aviation; it was a concession of inability to control traffic at faster speeds.

The problem is one John Dickson lives with. At Kennedy Airport, on this ordinary night, the early rush has slackened and the air is beginning to clear up. After his dinner—a sandwich and coffee from the snack bar which he gobbles down at 7:45—he switches over to the departure control position. There is less pressure here because the controller himself can pace the rate of outgoing aircraft. When Dickson starts there are 17 planes on the ramp for takeoff, and almost at once another rush comes at 8 p.m. when the last of the tourists and the businessmen head on their way. Then things are peaceful. When the night crew arrives at 11 p.m., they will inherit a nice clean sky.

There was still one question for him to answer. Given the pace, the pressure and the tension, why on earth would anyone want to be an air-traffic controller? Dickson thinks about it.

"As jobs go," he says, "it has its lively moments. I like the challenge of it, and also the fact that you can't drag it home with you in a briefcase. You either do it right, or you read about it in the papers."

He left out two points. One is that, like nine out of 10 controllers, he has never done anything else in his working life. The other is that fortunately there are men who take pride and satisfaction in doing something very difficult with skill and grace.

In the years to come, there will be more and more planes, moving faster and faster. Faced with already overcrowded skies, with forecasts of fantastic growth (the number of commercial and private aircraft should double by 1977), and with the looming hulk of the jumbo jets, the stretched-out jets, and finally the SST's—and given a shove by the controllers' great stack-up—the FAA is undertaking a crash program.

"Crash" seems to be the operative word. Shortly after a spectacular midair collision over New York City on December 16, 1960, which killed 135 people, an improved radar system was installed. Had it been in operation on that snowy day, the crash would almost certainly not have taken place. Perhaps what is needed now to spur improvements is another gory crash. The odds are shortening in favor of it.

Meanwhile, if you're flying this Christmas, fight off that touch of nervousness. You're in good hands, capable and dedicated. Maybe sometimes the electronic eyes and ears that guide those hands aren't up to snuff. Maybe there just aren't enough hands to go around, or those that happen to be holding *your* life are a little shaky from overwork.

But help is on the way. New controllers are being recruited. With great aptitude, hard work and diligent study, they will be able to take care of you by Christmas, 1972.

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—Mark Strage

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## THE NAME OF THE GAME IS IMPORTED

[*Continued from page* 55]

Jersey offers the oriental sika, plus a choice of four colors in fallow deer (some hunters collect all four). It also has the African aoudad and mouflon from Sardinia. In California there's a preserve that specializes in aoudad and the odd Himalayan tahr, a shaggy, short-horned goatlike animal. Tennessee has a place listing aoudad, mouflon, Barbados sheep, sika and fallow deer, and tops off the list with a real prestige trophy, the European red stag.

In a New Mexico mountain setting a large preserve tempts hunters with fallow deer in the valleys and ibex high on the slopes. Near Picacho, New Mexico, another has aoudad and fallow deer. Texas has over a dozen entrepreneurs in exotic game. The list of species roaming their lands is long, with all those so far named now being hunted, and such irresistible possibilities for the future as African oryx and kudu, Indian sambar and barasingh deer and nilgai still building up herds. Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Illinois and the Virginias all have preserves offering nonnative big game.

I've often hunted at the Y.O. Ranch near Mountain Home, Texas. The Y.O. is basically a working ranch, one of the oldest in Texas, where cattle, sheep and angora goats are raised. Owner Charles Schreiner III bought his first exotics—a buck and two doe axis deer—15 years ago for $350 as surplus animals from the Rickenbacker Ranch. He got them mostly for the fun of having them. Then as a few others became available, he added these, turning the stock loose on the Y.O.'s 70,000-acre spread.

Most Texas ranches, including the Y.O. have long charged "trespass fees" for hunting native whitetail deer (Schreiner was getting $100 for a whitetail). Soon axis deer, progeny from his transplants, began showing up. Whitetail hunters kept badgering him to let them collect this unusual trophy.

"To keep them quiet," Schreiner says, "I asked $150. They really got after these new animals. I kept raising the price—I had to—and searching for more axis. The hunters were about to clean me out."

Today the ranch has several hundred hardy, prolific axis deer. All the Y.O.'s exotic big game, with the exception of a few display animals, is raised in the wild right along with native whitetails and wild turkeys. Hunters eagerly pay $400 for each axis buck they shoot. So many requests come in for hunting time that the greatest problem is raising enough trophies. Adding substantially to the business is the $20 and $30 per day for room and board paid by each hunter staying at the ranch.

I heard that the Y.O. gets "from 300 to 500 hunters every year." The cheapest exotic trophy on the place is the extremely prolific wild Corsican ram, pegged at $300. Five other species bring $400 each. It can be concluded that well over $100,000 per season, plus fees for services, changes hands.

That means big business. For some places it's practically a wholesale business, with a sophisticated sales approach. Consider Frank G. Huntress' Guajolote Ranch, 25 miles northwest of San Antonio. It brags, "Game guaranteed—hunter pays for what he kills." Guajolote will take individual hunters, but it concentrates on *parties* of hunters, groups of as many as 20, though six to nine are more commonplace. These are usually businessmen, often arriving by private or company plane for a few days of relaxation. The lodge is plush and the hunting is of a quality that brings repeat business.

The Texas ranchers who have gone in for the introduced animals have found they provide an extremely lucrative crop, without the drastic price hazards of conventional livestock. A domestic lamb close to a year old, even when fattened, will weigh little more than 100 pounds on the hoof. On the market it will bring at best $25 to $30. For the same amount of range a mouflon can be raised. The mouflon—a wild sheep originally from Sardinia and Corsica—may look larger, but it takes an exceptional ram to weigh 100 pounds. At two years old a mouflon will have a fair head, at three a good one, at four real trophy horns. Many a hunter, however, will pop the yearling or two-year-old and go home happy—having paid $300 plus hunting fees or board and lodging. Furthermore, mouflon live wild, without the tender loving care of various kinds of wage-earning stockmen.

The Schepps Valley Hunting Preserve at Salem, New Jersey, affords another good illustration of what exotic game can accomplish in returns. Schepps Valley offers hunting for feral goats—common goats gone wild—at $100 to $150, depending on length of horn (it takes several years to grow long horns). These go very well. But a sika or fallow deer eats no more, requires no greater living space—and brings $250 at a younger age.

The trend to exotics has wildlife biologists worried. Some states have begun experimentation with foreign big game from the private preserves. What effect will these new animals have over the years on native game? For example, both Texas and New Mexico already have public hunting for aoudad, the 300-pound North African wild sheep. But Arizona officials worry that the aoudad may cross their borders and usurp the range of the endangered native desert bighorn.

There are fallow deer roaming wild in Nebraska, Kentucky, Alabama. In fact, they are legal game during deer seasons. Maryland also has some fallow deer. In one area of Kentucky there are European red stag. Maryland and Virginia both have annual public hunts for Japanese sika. Florida is trying sika, too. New Mexico's state game department has gone all out, raising ibex, oryx, kudu, Persian gazelles and Asian red sheep in an effort to put huntable herds on public lands.

Will our native game suffer from these newcomers? Arrayed against the concerned wildlife authorities are people who take a quite different view—naturalists and hunters with worldwide experience. They contend that there is room for both and that the future will see many an exotic big-game species thriving as a transplant in the United States while becoming virtually extinct on its home ground.

They may be right. Take the mouflon, the only wild sheep native to any portion of Europe. For centuries this heavy-horned handsome animal with a thick "mane" running down its chest roamed the remote and rugged uplands of Sardinia and Corsica. Today it has been brought almost to extinction there, yet it is common on hunting preserves in several parts of the United States.

The black buck is a graceful spiral-horned antelope of India's grassy plains and forest edges. Once India's herds teemed literally in the thousands. Today many a hunter trying India has come back without a black buck because he could not find one or could not find a trophy head. Several hunters of my acquaintance have taken better black buck from more abundant herds in the United States than they found in its native land.

I was on a black buck hunt only recently with a friend from Wisconsin. He had been loudly offering his chip-on-shoulder opinion that any animal raised on a preserve was certain to be about as huntable as a cow in a corral. We drove my pickup out into the pasture where we were to hunt. This "pasture" stretched over 2,500 acres—about four square miles. Most hunters after whitetail deer cover less than half that area in a week's hunt. We drove slowly, scanning the land with our glasses.

"Lord, but there's a good whitetail buck!" my man exclaimed. "I could shoot it so easy."

He repeated the observation several times. At last I saw a group of black buck. They are stunning creatures—in my opinion every black buck must be born running. These were going probably 40 miles an hour in great leaps and bounds.

"Get out!" I barked. "There's a good buck in that bunch. They're going to cross the trail about a hundred yards down there."

The hunter shook himself into position, rifle ready. He'd spotted his trophy.

"Shoot!" I yelped.

He turned with a blank expression. "They're already gone!" Three days later, without a fair shot, he was ready to quit and try an easier hunt for native deer. But I urged him to stay with it, and he finally connected.

Not all preserve animals are that wild. Some exotics reared on small acreages do become almost tame (as does

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native game in like circumstances). But there are cash-in-hand hunters who *like* the animals that way. They want trophies without the hard work it takes to get most native big game.

So fast do hunters deplete the stock at preserves that their owners constantly scour the country for fill-ins. I recently met a young couple from California traveling with a truck and a large trailer specially built for hauling animals.

The couple told me, "We just delivered a load of deer and mouflon picked up in Florida to a place in Tennessee. Many surplus animals are available. They're hard to find, but we do quite well buying and selling them in truckload lots." They mentioned several farms in Missouri that raise fallow and sika deer.

Though the prices quoted here may sound as if money was no consideration to preserve hunters, actually it is. Comparing private to public hunting, most preserve enthusiasts feel they get a better deal. There was a time when a hunter could go on almost any kind of big-game hunt fairly economically. Today it costs a nonresident hunter an average of $400 to $600 to go after native elk, from $200 to $400 to try for antelope or mule deer, around $1,000—often more—to scale the peaks well guided after one of our native wild sheep. These costs are just to *try*. Nothing is guaranteed. On the exotic-big-game preserves, the hunter pays only as he kills.

For instance, a friend of mine who is a hardworking hunter wanted a trophy aoudad. He spent a week on a preserve in exceedingly rough country trying to come up with an exceptional specimen. This hunter wore himself to a frazzle, but he failed to bag his game. His cost? Nothing but his personal expenses and transport. There was no guide or outfitter fee, no license to buy. Had he made a kill, he would have paid $350.

Hunting for foreign big-game imports in the United States began a good many years ago with the Russian boar, an animal that has now escaped so often from preserves that it has become practically a "native" on public lands. In its pure strain, or crossbred with feral swine that roam the wilds in a surprising number of states, it has achieved tremendous popularity on preserves. At $100 to $200 per boar, preserves in New Hampshine, Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, Illinois, the Virginias, Pennsylvania, California stay booked up with hunting applications. One Pennsylvania operation claims a kill last year of 300 boars.

Texas was the original focal point for the introduction of horned and antlered exotics for several reasons. Ranches are large, with room enough for big-game animals to roam. The Texas climate is comparable to that of the regions where most of these animals originated. The ranchers are wealthy enough to indulge in the fun of private hunting. Fee hunting itself grew out of the bird-shooting preserves, which became so well patronized that the demand was born for places to hunt big game at a price.

Preserve-minded persons were quick to realize that although native game was managed by the state through specified open seasons of a month or so, privately owned—introduced—game could be hunted whenever its owner allowed, and in most instances without a license.

Trends in the business now are toward horned animals—sheep, goats, antelope—rather than toward animals of the deer family, which drop their antlers after breeding season and thus are huntable for only a few months each year.

There is also a trend toward larger, rarer species such as oryx and eland. Getting these big fellows started, however, can be anguishing. On large ranches the animals ready for hunting are turned out to roam at will. But the few original animals to start a herd must be carefully nurtured in a breeding pasture. A game-proof fence may cost as much as $5,000 a mile. Accidents can happen, too.

One operator trying to get oryx started told me, "We finally found a male for $1,800. It was two years before we located a female. Two more years and a calf was born. It died. I located another female. When released in the breeding trap she ran full tilt, hit a post head-on and broke her neck."

There is no doubt that the big-game preserves are here to stay, and their real problem for years to come will be trying to keep up with demand. A few years ago the city dweller wanting to get away from it all saved for a chicken farm in the country. Tomorrow's dreamer may plan king-size—perhaps for an elephant ranch in Florida. —Byron W. Dalrymple

## I BUILT MY SOUTH SEAS DREAM BOAT

[*Continued from page* 50]

of the monsters. It was rotten in the center. The tree was useless.

I realized then that it would be difficult to find on Upolu the kind of trees we needed. Not only were most of the large ones decayed, but there were few on the island because so much of the land had been cleared for growing crops. To add to our troubles, the villagers we had hired as helpers expected to be paid wages comparable to those they recently had been getting as extras in an American movie. I could not possibly match the pay—I had only $200, which must last for many months. I decided to abandon Upolu and start anew on the more primitive island of Savai'i, 25 miles west.

My partner had become ill because of the starchy native food and the general living conditions—which, if one has an aversion to pork, can be difficult. He left for New Zealand to receive better care, and I was alone but determined to complete the canoe.

I stopped in Apia, the cosmopolitan capital city of Western Samoa, to see Faanana, high chief of the village of Satufia on Savai'i, whom I had met on a flight from the Fiji islands. He was pleased and interested when I asked to stay in his village and build my canoe. In a letter of introduction he instructed his son Siloto to help me. Armed with the letter, I went on to the island.

A beautiful spot of tropical fantasy, Savai'i proved to have an interior dense with tangled vegetation, drenched by incessant rain. Several cone-shaped volcanic peaks rise to more than 6,000 feet. The rain forest covers most of the island's 700 square miles except for a narrow strip along the coast. Most of the population is concentrated along the strip, where coconut palms are numerous. Savai'i is not only lovely, but its virgin forests are filled with many large hardwood trees.

I was apparently one of the few foreigners—with the exception of the missionaries—to visit the island in years. As I walked through the villages, the children formed lines behind me, shouting *"Papalagi,"* a name given to the first European explorers. Papalagi means "sky piercer," for it seemed to the natives that the early ships, as they appeared on the horizon with their great white sails, came from the sky.

When I arrived in the village of Satufia, I looked up Siloto. He was at the top of a 40-foot coconut palm, cutting fronds for the roof of his *fale*, his house.

He came down at once, and I handed him the letter from his father. He read it, looked at me and grinned, showing two rows of exceptionally healthy teeth—a characteristic of his people. In clear English, he asked, "You want to build a double canoe 60 feet long? Where are your tools?" I told him I wanted to construct the vessel entirely of native materials using only native tools.

Siloto looked across the lagoon toward the boundless sea beyond. "A canoe like this has not been built for a long time," he mused, folding the letter. "Only my great-grandmother, who is 130 years old, has seen an alia—and she is the oldest living person in Samoa. It would be an almost impossible task for one man. My father must be going crazy." He smiled at me, then shrugged his shoulders and bade me welcome to his home.

Word of my scheme spread rapidly through the village, and we heard much laughing and excited gossiping. That evening my host and I sat down cross-legged on a mat to a meal of octopus soup, boiled green bananas dipped in coconut cream and fresh hot cocoa. After dinner, several *matai*—family heads—arrived. They were anxious to see the American and to hear his unusual proposal.

We threshed over my plan. They told me a 60-foot canoe would be unwieldy and difficult to maneuver in the water, and that it would probably swamp because of the ocean wave rhythm. When I showed the matai the model I had made, they immediately saw faults in its design. They suggested an outrigger instead of a second hull. I decide to compromise and build a double canoe smaller than the original plan—one hull to be 40 feet long and three feet deep, the other 28 feet long and one-and-a-half feet deep. I told the matai I was determined not to use nails, screws or other modern—but foreign—materials. The sailing gear would be attached with sennit, a cord braided from coconut-husk fiber. The sails would be woven from *laufala* leaves and reinforced with sennit.

As I talked in the dancing firelight to the beflowered village elders, I could sense their growing agreements. They were pleased. I could hear the warm South Pacific lapping insistently at the nearby shore—and I knew that not men, but the sea, was my challenge. The sea, with its cruel vagaries, would be the test.

I slept that night, as I was to sleep every night for nine months, on a laufala mat under a mosquito net.

Siloto and I left the village early the following morning and began a gradual uphill walk into the interior. Siloto, who had a little black goatee, was barefoot and wore only a lavalava about his loins. Two and a half miles from the village we passed Siloto's plantation; he pointed out the bananas he grew for export and his taro, coconuts, *ta'amu* (the "elephant ears" plant), yams, several kinds of citrus fruits, cocoa beans and squash. All around, papayas grew wild.

We were greeted by an appropriate downpour as we entered the dense jungle growth of the rain forest immediately beyond the plantation. A storm of bird cries and scuttling sounds heralded our arrival in the deep woods—sounds a Samoan believes are made by *tagata pu'upu'u* (little people) hurrying out of the way. Soon we were slashing at the undergrowth with long, razor-sharp bush knives to clear a path. We had hacked through the jungle for about two miles before Siloto suggested we begin a crisscross pattern in search of a tree.

We were looking for *tava*, a wood similar to mahogany but much harder. After searching for an hour, Siloto pointed to a tree with a 50-foot trunk, tapering in diameter from about five feet at the base to three feet at the top. The trunk was smooth and the branches mushroomed only high above us. It was perfect for the larger hull.

"That's it," he said, and promptly sat on the ground and rolled a cigarette. He seemed amused as I cut away the undergrowth around the base of the trunk. Then I picked up my ax, set my feet securely in the moist earth and swung, throwing my body into the initial blow.

TRUE

"It could be worse. At least he let us keep our weapons."

Clunk!—the ax hit the tree with a tremendous metallic smack and bounced off. I staggered back, and felt as if I had shattered every bone in my hands. Incredulous, I asked, "What's this tree made of, iron?" Siloto grinned and lighted up. When he had finished with his smoke, he rose and we began slowly chipping away at this colossus. The tree was not felled that day.

Thereafter, following a rigorous routine, Siloto and I left the village early each morning with a basketful of fresh young coconuts. These, plus bananas and papayas picked along the way, were our only food until the evening meal. It took an hour and a half to climb to the site every day. We worked continuously in rain and 90° temperature first to cut the tree down, then to trim it and chip away the excess wood so the log would be light enough to pull down to the village.

Every afternoon about 3 o'clock we stopped work and left for Siloto's plantation. There we gathered oranges and papayas, pulled up taro roots and replanted their stalks, and cut bunches of bananas. We carried as much food as we could back to the village in palm-frond baskets hung on the ends of notched poles balanced over our shoulders. In this manner I learned to lug up to 150 pounds back to the village.

Always hot and sweaty, we arrived shortly after dark each evening and dropped the food at Siloto's fale. Then came the most pleasant hour of the day, the time for bathing in a nearby spring. The Samoans are clean, and they take leisurely daily baths. The villagers were curious about me. I usually had a large audience—mostly women—watching me at my bath. Sometimes the women joined me, laughing and teasing and pulling at me, their flowered garments floating innocently away in the water. The Samoans have no inhibitions when it comes to exposure. Bodies are natural and beautiful to them.

After enjoying the cool, pure water in the rock-lined bathing spring, Siloto and I would return to the fale and sit down on floor mats to the dinner his wife Faatasi had prepared. Men usually do the cooking in Samoa, but our situation was considered unusual and Siloto was an unusual man. We devoured taros, bananas and the shellfish and octopus Faatasi had gathered during low tide from the shallow pools on the reef. Since our work exhausted us, sleep came soon and easily.

It took three weeks to rough out the trunk into a hull light enough to move. Then Siloto and I cut three new miles of 12-foot-wide path from his plantation into the jungle and hired 26 young men to drag the hull the five miles to the village and the shore. The moving job took us two days, rolling the hull over sections of *musooi* tree trunks cut along the path. Because salt water kills bacteria in the wood which might later cause decay, we put the rough hull in the water to soak while we hunted for a second, smaller tava tree.

We found it two miles from the village. The log from that was easier to handle; moving it took only one day and 12 men. Both logs were then lodged in a palm-frond shelter, and we began the task of finishing the insides and shaping the outsides. It took us more than two months to peel the hulls down to a thickness of 1½-2 inches and to sand them smooth. We chipped away at the hardwood for as much as 16 hours a day; our hands grew tender, then gradually toughened with thick callouses.

When the hulls were smooth, our work was still not half done. For almost every one of the remaining 49 pieces of the canoe, we had to cut down a separate tree. The individual parts were roughed out in the jungle and carried to the village on our shoulders. Each had to be perfectly fitted and bound into place with sennit. At least four miles of sennit were used to lash the canoe together and rig it.

While we had been working intensively on the hulls, Siloto's plantation had been suffering from neglect—crops and weeds alike grow so quickly in the tropics that a plantation requires constant tending, or nature simply takes over. Siloto now had to make up for the time lost from his land, and I said goodbye to another partner.

Working alone again for the most part, I became obsessed with my task. My hands, though hardened and strong, sometimes left flecks of blood on the wooden tools. But the devotion I showed brought its reward from the villagers. The children brought me coconuts to drink while I toiled. Neighboring craftsmen often helped me carve. Several village women volunteered to plait the laufala-leaf sails, and local chiefs sent numerous contributions of sennit. People from all over the island came to see my unique project.

Eight months after my arrival on the island, the canoe was finished—complete with sails and paddles. Twenty villagers and I lowered her gently into the water. She promptly swamped. The hulls drew an average of only six inches and could sail in shallow water, but the freeboard was too low. We bailed the canoe out and hauled her back into the shelter, and I spent another month adding higher sideboards to the large hull and covering the small one over.

Once again the villagers and I launched her. This time it was for good. We first tested the canoe in the calm lagoon, then on the open sea.

We were ready to make the great effort—to sail over more than a hundred miles of ocean to Pago Pago, on the island of Tutuila, in American Samoa.

I handpicked a crew of eight strong men for the voyage. There was no problem with capricious females wanting to come along—it is taboo for Samoan women to ride in canoes except in emergency. The entire village came to our farewell party. It was a raucous, happy celebration spiced with soft-hipped, bare-breasted young girls who danced in our honor, with kava—the powerful local brew—and with good wishes from all. We left just before dawn, still high.

As the curve of the sun began its protrusion above the horizon, we rounded the southeast point of Savai'i and encountered for the first time the ocean's strength. The nine of us fought it with every muscle and pushed on to a tiny volcanic bump in the ocean called Apolima. We could not land there, because the single village is in the cone of the dead volcano and cannot be reached when the tide is out—as it was then. *"Hoy! Hoy!"*—we began again the monotonous chant, driving on to Manono island, several miles to the east.

When we reached Manono in mid-afternoon, a group of fishermen in outriggers escorted us to a small village. We ate heavily and rested for an hour, but decided not to stay, for there was a se-


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vere shortage of fresh water on the island. Gleeful children splashed out into the water as we left, shouting good-byes. Several village men insisted on helping us paddle back into the sea; a mile out they said farewell, dived into the sparkling water and swam back to their island.

We glided toward Upolu, and by early evening we reached its shallow lagoon. Paddling along the north shore, we passed the flickering lights of the sleepy villages, and at midnight anchored offshore. Nine Samoan Vikings curled up on the canoe deck, only to wake at dawn stranded on a reef by the low tide. We hunted shellfish until the tide rose to free us, then continued on our way to Apia, the capital. There we planned to rest in the magnificent harbor, and lay in provisions we needed for the 90-mile trip to Pago Pago.

As we approached Apia, the residents saw us and ran down to the beach, speculating on what sort of strange craft this was and where it had come from. We were a sensation in Apia—the newspapers and radio station carried stories of our quest, and hundreds of people came to see the canoe.

The notoriety was good for my ego, but my crew wasn't impressed. They quit. They were weary and considered the rest of the trip too risky. When they departed for Savai'i on a more modern, more seaworthy boat, I was left with a huge empty canoe.

I persuaded a Samoan friend, Tani—who had wives all over the islands and was always anxious to leave one for another—to help me sail the canoe to the east end of Upolu. We dipped in at villages along the way, recruiting seven men with the promise to pay them $10 each upon reaching American Samoa.

When we arrived at our takeoff point, everyone was nervous. The tough part of the trip lay directly ahead, for between Upolu in Western Samoa and Tutuila in American Samoa is 60 treacherous miles of open ocean. I expected to take time to get the provisions I had forgotten about in Apia when the first crew quit.

Our plan was to leave at night and make landfall on Tutuila by the following afternoon. The local law officer, however, said he could not verify my crew's immigration clearance until the next day. I told him we would wait, but I intended to do no such thing; we had to leave at once while the wind was up. As soon as he left us, we broke for the canoe, climbed in and began paddling furiously. The officer yelled just as furiously from the shore.

One young man became frightened, jumped out and swam back. The rest paddled on.

The slap, slap of the paddles continued evenly until 1 o'clock in the morning, when spirits started lagging as the crew became weary. They rallied a bit when a squall lent us wind for the sail and a respite from work, but it passed quickly.

The men were not a little worried about the prospect of being swept into the vast wastes of the South Pacific. I cajoled them—by challenging their bravery—to keep paddling until dawn. Like Columbus and his crew, we struck an agreement: if we couldn't see Tutuila by dawn we would head back. At dawn there was no land behind, and ahead of us, only clouds banked on the eastern horizon. We had little choice but to keep going.

As the mists of sunrise cleared, we could make out the low mass of an island on the horizon. Soon the mountains of Tutuila loomed deceptively near. We pressed on toward the island, wondering at times if it were a mirage, for it seemed to get no closer. We argued over whether we were moving at all against the mighty ocean current. The blue-green island silhouette ahead teased us like a wicked maiden.

Our paddles dipped and dipped and dipped into the glass-smooth sea. There was not the slightest breath of wind to help us. Midday passed, and the sun beat down, hotter and hotter. Our impromptu bolt from Upolu had precluded buying provisions; we had only a small can of salt beef, a single breadfruit and a quart of water—for eight men.

Hunger and thirst increased as our strength waned. The simple act of pulling the paddles through the water became torture. But we had to keep the canoe moving—we had hit a strong southerly current, and nothing could prevent our being swept into the endless sea but our own exhausted efforts.

Tani and I took turns controlling the difficult steering oar, and the men began paddling in shifts. Several swam alongside the canoe from time to time to cool off. We tried to keep the furious sun from dehydrating our bodies by draping wet cloths over our heads and shoulders.

The hazy blue-green of the silhouette ahead became a sharper green—the island was coming closer. At last we could see the ocean floor through the clear water below us. We passed over a reef and finally, in the late afternoon, tired, thirsty and somewhat in shock, my sorry crew and I touched Cape Taputapu, on the southern coast of Tutuila. The flush of success swept away the hardship of the previous 24 hours; we boasted to the villagers who thronged to greet us.

The next morning I hiked over a mountain and caught a bus to Pago Pago. There I withdrew the money I needed from a bank account I had set up by mail, straightened out the immigration problem for the crew, and arranged to have my canoe shipped to Hawaii. When I returned to the village, I found that a feast had been prepared for us. All the marriageable girls in the village came and served the food.

That night we danced and sang until we collapsed.

Several months later I sold the canoe to the Polynesian Cultural Center in Alie, Hawaii, for $2,000. There it rests on exhibit, without a name, but a monument to men who have challenged the sea—and have won. —**Mark Richmond**


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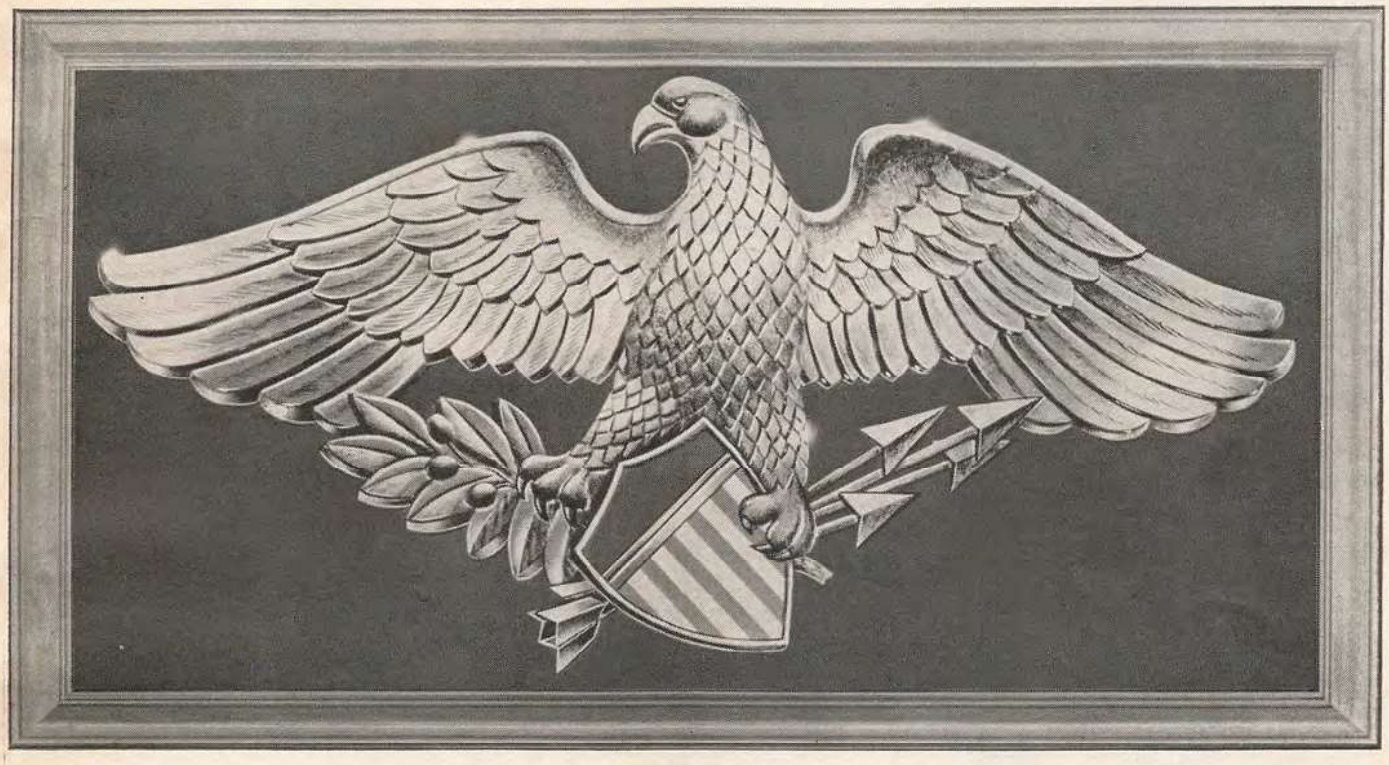

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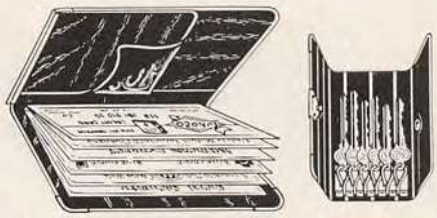

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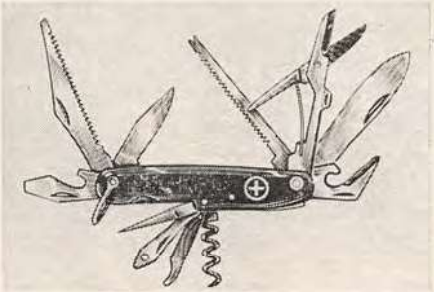

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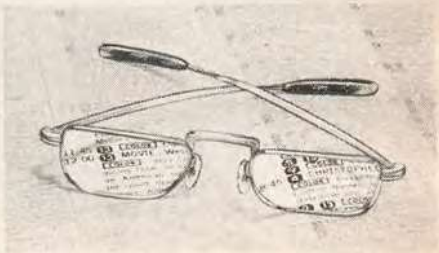

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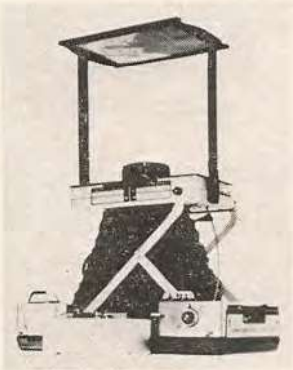

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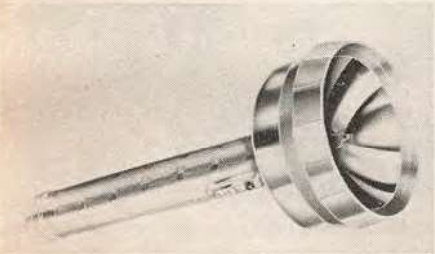

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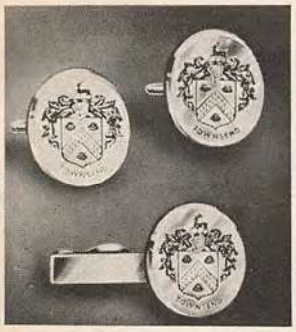

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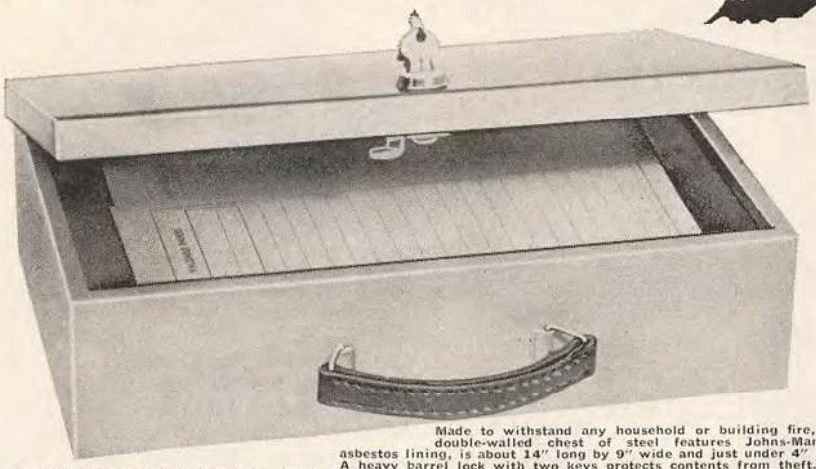

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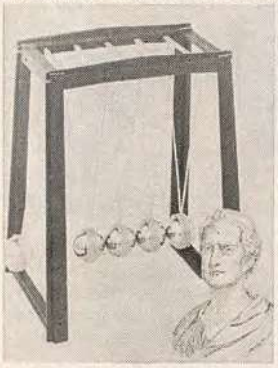

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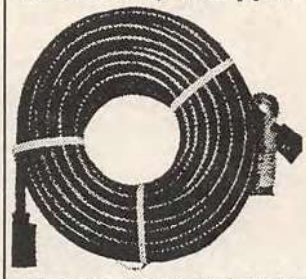

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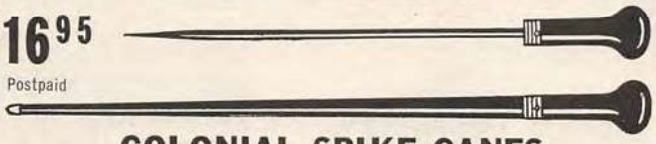

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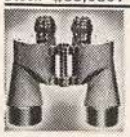

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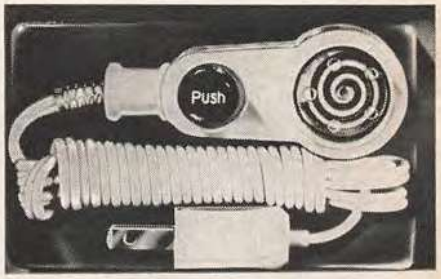


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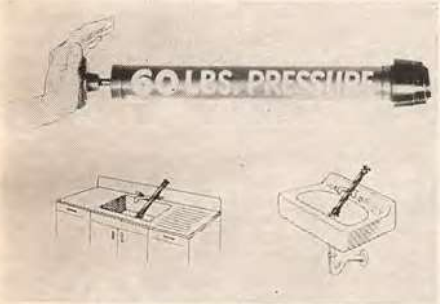


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BY JOHN DuBARRY

# strange but true

**Whether a closemouthed** counterfeiter can "utter" false money—the legal term for putting it in circulation—once posed a unique problem for the United States government. In 1883 Joshua Tatum eyed the new Liberty Head nickel in his New England home and decided it could be improved. For one thing, it bore "V" for 5 but not "cents"; for another, the edge, as on all nickels, was plain. He got a jeweler to mill the edges of 1,000 new nickels and gold-plate the coins. They looked then as if they were half eagles—$5 gold pieces, freely circulated at the time—of evidently new design. That was how shopkeepers regarded them whenever Tatum silently tendered one to buy a five-cent cigar . . . and pocketed $4.95 in change. Having grossly profited by $4,950, he and the jeweler embellished another 5,000 coins, and Tatum went on the road to make a career of five-cent purchases. Of course the scheme didn't last, and there were plenty of witnesses against him when he was put on trial. But his lawyer brought out that never had he bought more than five cents' worth of merchandise with his gilded nickel. And to the question whether he had ever asked for change, witnesses had to answer he hadn't. For Tatum couldn't speak: he was a deaf-mute. Accepting $4.95 that wasn't asked for was no crime, so he had to be set free. The U.S. Mint hurriedly added "cents" to the Liberty nickel design, and Congress acted to prevent similar transgressions in the future. Thereafter it was illegal to mutilate any American coin or "utter" such marred money, silently or otherwise.

**Cupid's bow** is something more than an old-fashioned emblem for Valentine greeting cards. Men in at least two primitive African societies use a real bow and arrow to make a hit on females of their choice. Among the Masai, warrior-herdsmen of Kenya, the shooting begins after teen-age candidates for manhood have undergone circumcision. During their period of recuperation, they idle about the tribal settlements, shooting birds to obtain warrior-headdress feathers, and twanging blunt arrows at the girls as love messages. Later each youth will acquire a girl as a premarital companion until he comes of age for mature marriage. The Kalahari desert bushman also goes courting with bow and arrow. His weapon is entirely symbolic, however, being a tiny scale model. The bow is carefully fashioned from a three-inch sliver of animal bone; the arrows are grass straws. With this armament he stalks his G-stringed quarry and shoots an arrow into her rump. If she pulls it out and breaks it, he's out of luck. If she pulls it out and doesn't break it, he's in.

**One relic of Rome** that has been around for 2,500 years seems indestructible, though it has no material existence. The finger-throwing game of *morra* exists today in southern Italy much as it did when players called their bets in Latin. Old Roman gamblers knew it as *micatio*. Two facing players hold each other's gaze while from clenched right fists they simultaneously extend one or more fingers and call a number. If a player correctly calls the total fingers shown, he wins the round; a set number of rounds makes game. A Roman phrase for indicating a man of integrity was, "You could play micatio with him in the dark." Perhaps honesty is rarer now; for some years, morra has been forbidden by law in Italy, in an effort to reduce fights, as well as to control gambling. Yet scarcely anybody pays attention to the law, and morra continues into its 26th century, with no end in sight.

**Though the ocean** covers four-fifths of the globe, it is singularly insect-free. While some 75,000 kinds of insects swarm on land, just one insect type—an insignificant-appearing bug hardly a quarter-inch long—has the whole sea to itself. *Halobates,* the sea strider, is a relative of the water striders whose feet dimple the surface of quiet inland ponds. The sea strider walks on the heaving surface of the warm tropical ocean, apparently never gets seasick, presumably eats minute marine organisms—little is known of its habits—and lays eggs on a drifting bird feather, bit of weed, or other flotsam. A mystery is how it survives sea-lashing hurricanes. Scientists deduce that because *Halobates* can also break through the surface film and swim underwater—a feat not possible for pond striders—it submerges, like a submarine, to quiet depths until the storm passes over.

**Israeli-Arab** scrimmaging in the Near East today is sportsmanlike compared to what went on in that region during a more glamorous struggle—the Crusades. Histories tend to omit certain details. Western Europe's knights, foot soldiers and armed peasantry descended on the Arab-held Holy Land with high morale but low morals. They slaughtered male captives—sometimes after promising them freedom—and shipped off women and children as slaves. They made prisoners carry round their necks the severed heads of fallen comrades. The heads were useful for catapulting into besieged towns. After taking Jerusalem, the crusading Christians slew its mixed population of Moslems and Jews alike. But things didn't always go so well. During the slow advance toward Jerusalem, famine several times threatened the crusading horde. Knights drank their horses' blood. Among the horseless lower ranks, some men cooked flesh cut from dead Arabs or Turks and ate it. This practice shocked nobody except the enemy, who considered it revolting and as sinful as eating pork . . . a dietary taboo observed by both sides in the present-day Near East conflict.

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